

OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME XI.

THE CHRONICLE OF EDWARD THE FIRST.

THE MAYOR OF QUINBOROUGH.

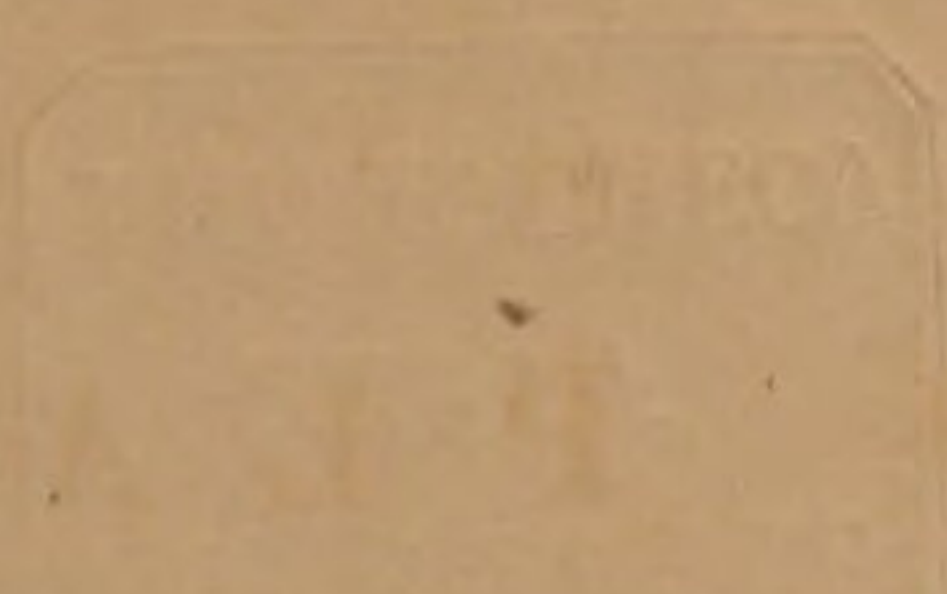
GRIM, THE COLLIER OF CROYDON.

THE CITY NIGHT CAP.

THE PARSON'S WEDDING.

M.DCCC.XXVII.

REPRINT COLLECTION



O. E. D. P. L. A. Y.

OLD PLAYS

VOLUME XI

THE CROMWELL OF HOWARD THE FIRST

THE MAYOR OF GLIMBOROUGH

OR, THE COLLIER OF CROFTON

AT BIRMINGHAM FOR THE CITY NIGHT CLUB

THE RABBIT'S WEDDING

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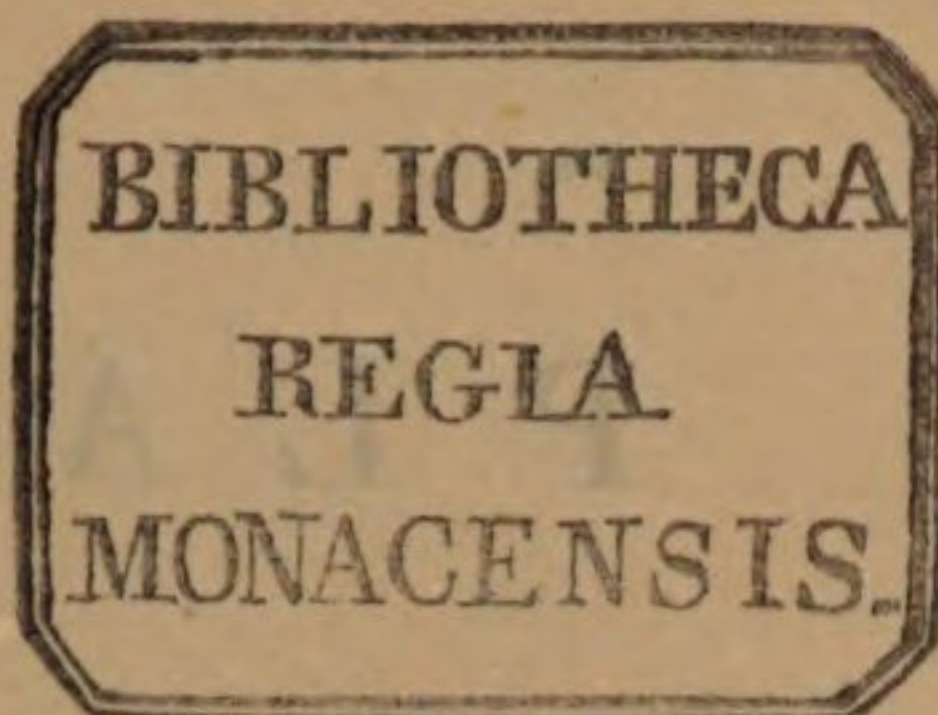
A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
OLD PLAYS.
IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. XI.

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WITH
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THE
CHRONICLE
OF
EDWARD THE FIRST.

VOL. XI.

B

CHRONICLE

OR

EDWARD THE FIRST.

ALL the biographers of George Peele concur that he was a native of Devonshire, but the date of his birth is unknown. It is supposed that he was sent to the University of Oxford about 1573, and it has been ascertained that he took his degree of Master of Arts of Christ-Church College in 1579. On his arrival in London soon afterwards, he seems to have commenced poet and perhaps actor¹, and the earliest performance to which his name is attached is dated two years after he quitted the University.² In 1584 "the Arraignment of Paris," a court entertainment, was printed without his name, but Nash in his Address before Greene's "Menaphon" in 1587, assigns it to him in the following terms: "I dare commend George Peele unto all that know him, as the chief supporter of pleasance now living, the Atlas of poetry, and *primus verborum artifex*; whose first increase, the Arraignment of Paris, might plead to your opinions his pregnant dexterity of wit and manifold variety of invention, wherein, (*me judice*) he goeth a step beyond all that write." As Nash calls it Peele's

¹ Mr. Malone recovered from among P. Henslowe's papers at Dulwich College a letter from which it is to be gathered, that Peele had acquired some reputation in a particular part which Ned Allen was also to undertake for a wager. (See Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell, III. 335.) "The merrie conceited Jests of George Peele, Gentleman, sometime Student in Oxford," were several times republished with and without date, and from one of these it is likewise apparent that Peele took upon himself to play at Bristol, though he cheated both the audience and his fellow actors. It is not impossible that he was the "humorous George" addressed by the Juggler in the Prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, and that he performed one of the characters in it, as well as delivering the Prologue.

² Watson's "Εκατομπαθια, or passionate Century of Love," was entered on the Stationers' books in 1581, and Mr. Malone asserts that it was printed in that year, though the only edition known is without date. Peele's verses "to the author" are the last of a collection of laudatory poems by him, J. Lilly, G. Bucke, T. Achelley, C. Downhalus, and M. Roydon.

“*first* increase,” we might conclude that the Arraignment of Paris was his earliest work of importance, though in the interval between 1584 and 1587, he perhaps had established his reputation by other performances.

It is impossible to rely implicitly upon the representations in the “Merry conceited Jests of George Peele,” but as far as they deserve credit³ they certainly shew (to use an expression of Greene in his “Groats-worth of Wit,” and supposed to be applied to Peele) that he was driven “to extreme shifts” to maintain himself; sometimes resorting to methods of obtaining money by false pretences, as well as by positive theft, which in the present day would have brought him under the lash of the law. Oldys states, that at his death he left behind him a wife and daughter; but this is only an inference from an assertion in the pamphlet to which we are now referring, that he married and had a daughter of ten years old, whom he now and then employed to assist him in his fraudulent contrivances.

Peele was engaged by the citizens of London to pen some of the pageants presented on the election of Lord Mayor, and in his capacity of City Poet he appeared as early as 1585: the shews of the same kind in 1590 and 1591 were also by him, but it does not seem that he was the only writer employed for the purpose.

Peele’s pen was always ready to pay court to the great, and their gifts on these occasions no doubt often relieved his necessities. In 1589 he published “An Eclogue Gratulatory” to Robert Earl of Essex and Ewe, on his return from Portugal; and in the same

³ There is one reason for placing more confidence in these stories of Peele, than they perhaps would otherwise merit; viz. that several of them were incorporated into a Comedy attributed to Shakespeare, (but perhaps by Wentworth Smith) called “the Puritan Widow.” The hero is called George *Pie-board*, which in fact, is only George *Peele*, and the incidents refer to the events of his life, which gives the piece, otherwise entertaining, an artificial value. It was first printed in 1607, at least nine years after the death of Peele, but it was probably acted considerably earlier, and before the town had had much time to forget “a man very well known in the City of London and elsewhere.”

year appeared his "Farewell" to Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake, which on their return to England was followed by a complimentary poem in a dialogue between two shepherds. In 1590 he described the "Triumphs at Tilt" before Queen Elizabeth on the 17th of November; and three years afterwards produced "The Honour of the Garter," entitled to the Earl of Northumberland on his being installed at Windsor on the 6th of June, 1593. At this date it has been supposed that Peele was under the patronage of the last mentioned nobleman, but merely because he dedicated the preceding tract to him.

Peele's productions deserve peculiar attention, because he was one of the very earliest writers of English blank verse not for the stage, and because there is no doubt that he preceded Shakespeare as a dramatic poet, and like Marlow, Lodge, and Greene set an example in this kind which our great bard followed. The historical play now for the first time reprinted from the old copy of 1593 (compared with that of 1599) and added to this collection, is in many respects a very remarkable production, and appears to have been popular for several years. It is probable that it was written before 1590, and from Henslowe's MS. we learn that it was acted on the 29th of August, 1595, and produced him the then considerable sum of 40 shillings as his share of the profits.

Peele was dead when Francis Meres published his *Palladis Tamia* in 1598, and according to this authority, he owed his premature fate to his vices. (fol. 286.) It is a remarkable fact, that during the whole contest between Nash and Harvey, in which the latter abused the former for his abandoned associates, Peele is not mentioned as one of them. Either Nash was not then intimate with Peele, or Harvey had some other motive for not introducing his name. This literary warfare was carried on principally previous to the year 1594, and there is every reason to suppose that Peele was then alive; but if he had been dead, this circumstance would not have protected him from the malignity of Harvey.

In the "Phoenix Nest," 1593, and in "England's Helicon," 1600, Peele has several lyrical productions chiefly extracted from his other works; and in 1591 R. Jones, the printer and stationer, obtained a licence for "The Hunting of Cupid, by George Peele," but if published it has not been recovered. "England's Parnassus," 1600, contains several quotations from Peele. In addition to the Pageants before mentioned, he was author of the following dramatic performances, and no doubt of various others that have not come down to us.

1. The Araygnment of Paris. A Pastorall, presented before the Queene's Majestie, by the Children of her Chappell. 1584. 4to.

2. The famous Chronicle of King Edward the First, sirnamed Edward Longshankes, &c. 1593. 1599. 4to.

3. The Old Wives Tale. A pleasant conceited Comedie, plaied by the Queene's Majesties players. 1595. 4to.

4. The Love of King David and faire Bethsabe; with the Tragedie of Absalon. 1599. 4to.

5. The Turkish Mahomet and Hyrin, the faire Greeke. Perhaps never printed⁴.

In Peele's Jests are also mentioned some translations from the Greek which he was making for a gentleman, who was imprudent enough to pay him before hand, and which were therefore never completed.

⁴ That there was such a play there can be no doubt, as frequent allusion is made to it in old dramas; but Peele's claim to the authorship of it depends upon a passage in the "Merry conceited Jests," where his "christianly pen" is said to have written *finis* to it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD I. *King of England.*

EDMUND, *Duke of Lancaster, his brother.*

GILBERT DE CLARE, *Earl of Gloucester.*

MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

EARL OF SUSSEX.

CRESSINGHAM.

JOHN BALIOL, *King of Scotland.*

Eight LORDS OF SCOTLAND.

VERSES.

LLUELLEN, *Rebel of Wales.*

SIR DAVID OF BRECKNOCK, *his brother.*

RICE AP MEREDITH.

OWEN AP RICE.

GUENTHER.

Four BARONS OF WALES.

A BISHOP.

FRIAR HUGH AP DAVID.

JACK, *his Novice.*

HARPER.

FARMER.

JOHN.

LORDS, MESSENGERS, SOLDIERS, SAILORS, &c.

QUEEN MOTHER.

QUEEN ELINOR.

JOAN OF ACON.

THE LADY ELINOR.

MAYORESS OF LONDON.

GUENTHIAN.

NURSE.

POTTER'S WIFE.

KATHERINA, LADIES, &c.

DRAMATIC PERSONS.

Edward I. King of England.

Robert, Duke of Lancaster, his brother.

Guinevere, Queen, Countess of Cornwall.

Mortimer, Earl of March.

John of Gaunt.

Blanch, Countess of Artois.

John, Duke of Bedford.

John, Duke of Gloucester.

John, Duke of Lancaster.

John, Duke of York.

John, Duke of Burgundy.

John, Duke of Brabant.

John, Duke of Flanders.

John, Duke of Normandy.

John, Duke of Brittany.

John, Duke of Aquitaine.

John, Duke of Gascony.

John, Duke of Guienne.

John, Duke of Poitou.

John, Duke of Aunis.

John, Duke of Saintonge.

John, Duke of Angoulême.

John, Duke of Limousin.

John, Duke of Provence.

John, Duke of Forcalquier.

John, Duke of Valentignas.

John, Duke of Sisteron.

John, Duke of Arles.

John, Duke of Viennois.

John, Duke of Savoy.

John, Duke of Geneva.

John, Duke of Montferrat.

John, Duke of Saluzzo.

John, Duke of Aosta.

John, Duke of Tignes.

John, Duke of Courmayeur.

John, Duke of Chablais.

John, Duke of Faucigny.

John, Duke of Annecy.

John, Duke of Thoiry.

John, Duke of Bugey.

John, Duke of Valais.

John, Duke of Fribourg.

John, Duke of Solothurn.

John, Duke of Bern.

John, Duke of Lucerne.

John, Duke of Uri.

John, Duke of Schwyz.

John, Duke of Unterwalden.

THE
FAMOUS CHRONICLE HISTORY
OF
KING EDWARD THE FIRST.⁵

*Enter GILBERT DE CLARE, Earl of Gloucester, with the
EARL OF SUSSEX, MORTIMER, the Earl of March,
DAVID, Lluellen's brother, waiting on ELINOR, the
QUEEN MOTHER.*

Q. Mother. My Lord Lieutenant of Gloucester and
Lord Mortimer,
To do you honour in your sovereign's eyes,
That as we hear is newly come a-land

⁵ The events in this "famous Chronicle History," which are in part taken from Holinshed, extend from about 1274, when Edward returned from Palestine, to 1296, when the wars with Scotland commenced; or perhaps even later, for they are most irregularly introduced, just as suited the purpose of the author, and without attention to chronology. The scene lies in England, Scotland, and Wales.

It is hardly possible that any play should have been worse printed than Peele's *Edward I.* in 1593; and the copy of 1599, though it makes a few corrections of the grosser blunders, yet introduces several new ones, and implicitly adopts others: this will be evident from the result of a collation of both, as pointed out in the notes.

In Evans's "Collection of Old Ballads" there is one called "A Warning-piece to England against pride and wickedness," which relates to the chief incidents of the life of Queen Elinor, as detailed in Peele's Play, and which was probably founded upon it: it is perhaps the ballad to which Anthony Wood alludes in his account of Peele. Doubtless the character of the Queen was drawn in the odious light in which it is represented to gratify the vulgar prejudice against the Spaniards, in consequence of the existing war when the play was written.

From Palestine, with all his men of war,
 The poor remainder of the royal fleet,
 Preserv'd by miracle in Sicil road,
 Go mount your coursers, meet him on the way:
 Pray him to spur his steed: minutes are⁶ hours
 Until his mother see her princely son
 Shining in glory of his safe return.

[*Exeunt Lords; manet Queen Mother.*]

Illustrious England, ancient seat of Kings,
 Whose chivalry hath royaliz'd thy fame,
 That sounding bravely through terrestrial vale,
 Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
 Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world!
 What warlike nation, train'd in feats of arms,
 What barbarous people, stubborn, or untam'd,
 What climate under the meridian signs,
 Or frozen zone under his brumal stage,
 Erst have not quak'd and trembled at the name
 Of Britain, and her mighty conquerors?
 Her neighbour realms of Scotland, Denmark, France,
 Aw'd with her deeds, and jealous of her arms
 Have begg'd defensive and offensive leagues.
 Thus Europe, rich and mighty in her kings,
 Hath fear'd brave England, dreadful in her kings.
 And now to eternize Albion's champions,
 Equivalent with 'Trojans' ancient fame,
 Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,
 Veering before the wind, ploughing the sea;
 His stretched sails fill'd with the breath of men,
 That through the world admire his manliness.
 And lo, at last arriv'd in Dover road,
 Longshank, your king, your glory, and our son,
 With troops of conquering lords and warlike knights,
 Like bloody-crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
 Higher than all the army by the head,
 Marching along as bright as Phœbus' eyes;
 And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
 And England's peers shall see their sovereign!

⁶ The 4to. of 1593, reads "Minutes and hours."

The trumpets sound, and enter the train, viz. his maimed soldiers with head-pieces and garlands on them, every man with his red-cross on his coat: the Ancient borne in a chair, his garland and his plumes on his head-piece, his ensign in his hand. Enter after them Gloucester and Mortimer, bare headed, and others, as many as may be. Then Longshanks and his wife Elinor, Edmund Couchback, and Joan and Signor Mountfort, the Earl of Leicester's prisoner; with Sailors and Soldiers, and Charles de Mountfort, his brother.

Q. Mother. Gloucester! Edward! Oh, my sweet sons!
[And then she falls and swoons.]

Longsh. Help, Ladies! Oh ingrateful destiny,
 To welcome Edward with this tragedy!

Gloucester. Patient, your highness: 'tis but mother's
 love

Receiv'd with sight of her thrice valiant sons.

Madam, amaze not; see his majesty

Return'd with glory from the holy land.

Q. Mother. Brave sons! the worthy champions of our
 God,

The honourable soldiers of the highest,

Bear with your mother, whose abundant love

With tears of joy salutes your sweet return,

From famous journies hard and fortunate.

But, Lords, alas, how heavy is our loss,

Since your departure to these Christian wars!

The king your father, and the prince your son,

And your brave uncle, Almaine's emperor,

Aye me, are dead!

Longsh. Take comfort, Madam; leave these sad la-
 ments:

Dear was my uncle, dearer was my son,

And ten times dearer was my noble father;

Yet were their lives valued at thousand worlds,

They cannot 'scape the arrest of dreadful death,

Death, that doth sieze and summon all alike.

Then, leaving them to heavenly blessedness

To join in thrones of glory with the just,

I do salute your royal majesty,
My gracious mother queen, and you my lords,
Gilbert de Clare, Sussex, and Mortimer,
And all the princely states of England's peers,
With health and honour to your hearts' content.
And welcome, wished England, on whose ground
These feet so often have desir'd to tread!
Welcome, sweet queen, my fellow traveller!
Welcome, sweet Nell, my fellow mate in arms,
Whose eyes have seen the slaughter'd Saracens
Pil'd in the ditches of Jerusalem.
And lastly welcome, manly followers,
That bear the scars of honour and of arms,
And on your war-drums carry crowns as kings,
Crown mural, naval and triumphant all;
At view of whom the Turks have trembling fled,
And Saracens, like sheep before the walls,
Have made their cottages in walled towns.
But bulwarks had no fence to beat you back:
Lords, these and they will enter brazen gates,
And tear down lime and mortar with their nails.
Embrace them, Barons: these have got the name
Of English gentlemen and knights at arms:
Not one of these but in the champain field
Hath won his crown, his collar, and his spurs.
Not Cæsar, leading through the streets of Rome
The captive kings of conquer'd nations,
Was in his princely triumphs honour'd more
Than English Edward in this martial sight.
Countrymen, your limbs are lost in service of the Lord,
Which is your glory and your country's fame:
For limbs you shall have living, lordships, lands,
And be my counsellors in war's affairs.
Soldiers, sit down: Nell, sit thee by my side.
These be Prince Edward's pompous treasury!
[*The Queen Mother being set on one side, and Queen
Elinor on the other, the King sitteth in the midst,
mounted highest, and at his feet the ensign under-
neath him.*]
Oh glorious Capitol! beauteous senate-house!
Triumphant Edward! how like sturdy oaks

Do these thy soldiers circle thee about,
To shield and shelter thee from winter's storms?
Display thy cross, old Aimes of the Vies:
Dub on your drums, tanned with India's sun;
My lusty western lads: Matrevers thou
Sound proudly here a perfect point of war
In honour of thy sovereign's safe return.
Thus Longshanks bids his soldiers *Bien venu*.

[*Use drums, trumpets and ensigns, and then speak*
Edward.

Longsh. Oh God, my God, the brightness of my
day!

How oft hast thou preserv'd thy servant safe,
By sea and land, yea in the gates of death.
Oh God, to thee how highly am I bound
For setting me with these on English ground!
One of my mansion-houses will I give
To be a college for my maimed men,
Where every one shall have an hundred marks
Of yearly pension to his maintenance.
A soldier that for Christ and country fights
Shall want no living whilst king Edward lives.
Lords, you that love me, now be liberal
And give your largess to these maimed men;

Q. Mother. Towards this erection doth thy mother
give

Out of her dowry, five thousand pounds of gold,
To find them surgeons to recure their wounds;
And whilst this ancient standard-bearer lives
He shall have forty pound of yearly fee,
And be my beadsman, father, if you please.

Longsh. Madam, I tell you, England never bred
A better soldier than your beadsman is;
And that the Soldan and the army felt.

Edmund. Out of the dutchy of rich Lancaster,
To find soft bedding for their bruised bones,
Duke Edmund gives three thousand pounds.

Longsh. Gramercies, brother Edmund.
Happy is England under Edward's reign

When men are had so highly in regard,
That nobles strive who shall remunerate
The soldiers' resolution with regard
My Lord of Gloucester, what is your benevolence?

Gloucester. A thousand marks and please your majesty.

Longsh. And yours, my Lord of Sussex?

Sussex. Five hundred pound, and please your majesty.

Longsh. What say you, Sir David of Brecknock?

David. To a soldier Sir David cannot be too liberal; yet that I may give no more than a poor knight is able, and not presume as a mighty earl, I give, my lord, four hundred fourscore and nineteen pounds. And so, my lord of Sussex, I am behind you an ace.

Sussex. And yet, sir David, ye amble after apace.

Longsh. Well said, David: thou couldst not be a Camber Briton,

If thou didst not love a soldier with thy heart.
Let me see now if my arithmetic will serve
To total the particulars.

Q. Elinor. Why, my lord, I hope you mean I shall be a benefactor to my fellow-soldiers.

Longsh. And well said, Nell.

What wilt thou I set down for thee?

Q. Elinor. Nay, my lord, I am of age to set it down for myself.

You will allow what I do, will you not?

Longsh. That I will, madam,
Were it to the value of my kingdom.

Q. Elinor. What is the sum, my lord?

Longsh. Ten thousand pounds, my Nell.

Q. Elinor. Then, Elinor, bethink thee of a gift worthy the King of England's wife, and the King of Spain's daughter, and give such a largess, that the chronicles of this land may crack with record of thy liberality:

Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

[She makes a Cypher.]

There, my lord; neither one, two, nor three,
But a poor cypher in agrum, to enrich good fellows,
And compound their figure in their kind.

Longsh. Madam, I commend your composition,
An argument of your honourable disposition.
Sweet Nell, thou should'st not be thyself, did not
With thy mounting mind, thy gift surmount the rest.

Glocester. Call you this *ridiculus mus*? Marry, sir,
this mouse would make a foul hole in a fair cheese.
'Tis but a cypher in agrum, and it hath made of ten
thousand pounds a hundred thousand pounds.

Edmund. A princely gift, and worthy memory.

Glocester. My gracious lord, as erst I was assign'd
Lieutenant to his Majesty, here render
I up the crown, left in charge with me
By your princely father King Henry;
Who on his death-bed still did call for you,
And dying will'd to you the diadem.

Longsh. Thanks, worthy lords:
And seeing by doom of Heaven it is decreed,
And lawful line of our succession,
Unworthy Edward is become your king,
We take it as a blessing from on high,
And will our coronation be solemniz'd
Upon the fourteenth of December next.

Q. Elinor. Upon the fourteenth of December next?
Alas, my lord, the time is all too short
And sudden for so great solemnity.
A year were scarce enough to set a-work
Tailors, embroiderers, and men of rare device,
For preparation of so great estate.
Trust me, sweet Ned, hardly shall I bethink me
In twenty weeks what fashion robes to wear.
I pray thee, then, defer it till the Spring,
That we may have our garments point device⁷.
I mean to send for tailors into Spain,
That shall confer of some fantastic suits

⁷ See Note 35 to *Eastward Hoe*, vol. IV.

With those that be our cunning'st Englishmen.
What! let me brave it now or never, Ned.

Longsh. Madam, content ye: would that were
greatest care!

You shall have garments to your heart's desire.
I never read but Englishmen excell'd
For change of rare devices every way.

Q. Elinor. Yet pray thee, Ned, my love, my lord.
and king,

My fellow-soldier, and compeer in arms,
Do so much honour to thy Elinor,
To wear a suit that she shall give thy grace;
Of her own cost and workmanship, perhaps.

Q. Mother. 'Twill come by leisure, daughter then,
I fear:

Thou'rt too fine-finger'd to be quick at work.

Longsh. 'Twixt us a greater matter breaks no
square,

So it be such, my Nell, as may beseem
The majesty and greatness of a king.
And now, my lords and loving friends,
Follow your general to the court,
After his travels, to repose him then,
There to recount with pleasure what is pass'd
Of wars alarums, showers and sharpest storms.

[*Exeunt all, saving the Queen and her daughter.*]

Q. Elinor. Now Elinor, now England's lovely
queen,

Bethink thee of the greatness of thy state,
And how to bear thyself with royalty
Above the other queens of Christendom;
That Spain reaping renown by Elinor,
And Elinor adding renown to Spain,
Britain may her magnificence admire.
I tell thee, Joan, what time our highness sits
Under our royal canopy of state,
Glistering with pendants of the purest gold,
Like as our seat were spangled all with stars,
The world shall wonder at our majesty,

As if the daughter of eternal Ops,
 Turn'd to the likeness of vermilion fumes,
 Where from her cloudy womb the Centaurs leapt,
 Were in her royal seat enthronized.

Joan of Acon. Madam, if Joan thy daughter may
 advise,

Let not your honour make your manners change.
 The people of this land are men of war;
 The women courteous, mild, and debonair,
 Laying their lives at princes' feet
 That govern with familiar majesty.
 But if their sovereigns once 'gin swell with pride,
 Disdaining commons' love, which is the strength
 And sureness of the richest commonwealth,
 That prince were better live a private life,
 Than rule with tyranny and discontent.

Q. Elinor. Indeed, we count them headstrong
 Englishmen;

But we shall hold them in a Spanish yoke,
 And make them know their lord and sovereign.
 Come daughter, let us home for to provide,
 For all the cunning workmen of this isle
 In our great chamber shall be set a-work,
 And in my hall shall bountifully feed.
 My king, like Phœbus, bridegroom-like, shall march
 With lovely Thetis^s to her glassy bed,
 And all the lookers on shall stand amaz'd
 To see King Edward and his lovely queen,
 Sit lovely in England's stately throne. [*Exeunt ambo.*
Enter LLUELLEN, alias Prince of Wales; RICE ap Me-
redith, OWEN ap Rice, with swords and bucklers, and
frieze jerkins.

Lluellen. Come Rice and rouse thee for thy coun-
 try's good;
 Follow the man that means to make you great:
 Follow Lluellen, rightful Prince of Wales,
 Sprung from the loins of great Cadwallader,

^s The old copies have this name *Xheis*, but the mistakes and
 corruptions of this kind are numerous.

Descended from the loins of Trojan Brute.
 And though the traiterous Saxons, Normans, Danes,
 Have pent the true remains of glorious Troy⁹
 Within the western mountains of this isle,
 Yet have we hope to climb these stony pales,
 When Londoners, as Romans erst amaz'd,
 Shall trembling cry, Lluellen's at the gate!
 T' accomplish this thus have I brought you forth
 Disguis'd to Milford-Haven, here attend
 The landing of the Lady Elinor.
 Her stay doth make me muse: the wind stands fair
 And ten days hence we did expect them here.
 Neptune, be favourable to my love,
 And steer her keel with thy three-forked mace,
 That from this shore I may behold her sails,
 And in mine arms embrace my dearest dear.

Rice. Brave Prince of Wales, this honorable match
 Cannot but turn to Cambria's common good:
 Simon de Montfort, her thrice valiant son,
 That in the barons' wars was general,
 Was lov'd and honour'd of the Englishmen.
 When they shall hear she's your espoused wife,
 Assure your grace, we shall have great supply
 To make our roads in England mightily.

Owen. What we resolv'd must strongly be per-
 form'd,
 Before the king return from Palestine.
 While he wins glory at Jerusalem
 Let us win ground upon the Englishmen.

Lluellen. Owen ap Rice, tis that Lluellen fears:
 I fear me Edward will be come ashore
 Ere we can make provision for the war.
 But be it as it will, within his court
 My brother David is, that bears a face
 As if he were my greatest enemy.
 He by his craft shall creep into her heart

⁹ The edition of 1593, followed by that of 1599 gives this line as follows:

"Have *spent* the true *Romans* of glorious Troy"
 but the sense seemed to require the two alterations introduced.

And give intelligence from time to time
Of her intentions, drifts and stratagems.
Here let us rest upon the salt sea shore,
And while our eyes long for our hearts' desires
Let us, like friends, pastime us on the sands.
Our frolic minds are ominous of good.

Enter FRIAR HUGH AP DAVID, GUENTHIAN *his*
wench, in flannel, and JACK his NOVICE.

Friar. Guenthian, as I am true man
So will I do the best I can:
Guenthian, as I am true Priest,
So will I be at thy behest:
Guenthian, as I am true friar
So will I be at thy desire.

Novice. My master stands too near the fire:
Trust him not, wench, he will prove a liar.

Lluellen. True man, true friar, true priest and true
knave,
These four in one this trull shall have.

Friar. Here swear I by my shaven crown,
Wench, if I give thee a gay green gown,
I'll take thee up as I laid thee down,
And never bruise nor batter thee.

Novice. Oh, swear not master; flesh is frail.
Wench, when the sign is in the tail
Mighty is love and will prevail:
This churchman doth but flatter thee.

Lluellen. A pretty worm, and a lusty friar,
Made for the field, not for the quire.

Guenthian. Mas^{9*} friar, as I am true maid,
So do I hold me well apaid:
'Tis churchman's lay and verity
To live in love and charity;
And therefore ween I, as my creed,
Your words shall company my deed.
Davy, my dear, I yield in all,
Thine own to go and come at call.

Rice. And so far forth begins our brawl.

Friar. Then, my Guenthian, to begin,
Sith idleness in love is sin,

^{9*} i. e. *Master* Friar, a common abbreviation.

Boy to the town I will thee hie
 And so return even by and by,
 When thou with cakes and muscadine,
 And other junkets good and fine,
 Hast fill'd thy bottle and thy bag.

Novice. Now, master, as I am true wag,
 I will be neither late nor lag,
 But go and come with gossip's cheer,
 Ere Gib our cat can lick her ear.
 For long ago I learnt in school,
 That lover's desire and pleasures cool.
 Sanct Ceres sweets and Bacchus vine ;
 Now, master, for the cakes and wine. [*Exit Novice.*]

Friar. Wench, to pass away the time in glee,
 Guenthian, sit thee down by me,
 And let our lips and voices meet
 In a merry country song.

Guenthian. Friar, I am at beck and bay
 And at thy commandment to sing and say,
 And other sports among.

Owen. I, marry, my Lord, this is somewhat like a
 man's money.
 Here's a wholesome Welch wench
 Lapt in her flannel as warm as wool,
 And as fit as a pudding for a friar's mouth.

[*The Friar and Guenthian sing : Lluellen speaks
 to them.*]

Lluellen. *Pax vobis, pax vobis :* good fellows, fair
 fall ye.

Friar. *Et cum spiritu tuo.*
 Friends have you any thing else to say to the Friar?

Owen. Much good do you, much good do you,
 My masters, heartily.

Friar. And you, sir, when ye eat.
 Have ye anything else to say to the Friar?

Lluellen. Nothing ; but I would gladly know
 If mutton^s be your first dish what shall be your last
 service?

¹⁰ See note 68 to the *Honest Whore*, part I. vol. III.

Friar. It may be, sir, I count it physic
To feed but on one dish at a sitting.

Sir, would you anything else with the Friar?

Rice. Oh, nothing sir; but if you had any manners
You might bid us fall to.

Friar. Nay, and that be the matter good enough.
Is this all ye have to say to the Friar?

Lluellen. All we have to say to you, sir: it may be,
sir, we would walk aside with your wench a little.

Friar. My masters and friends, I am a poor friar, a
man of God's making, and a good fellow as you are,
legs, feet, face and hands, and heart, from top to toe
of my word right shape and christendom; and I love
a wench as a wench should be loved, and if you love
yourselves, walk good friends I pray you, and let the
friar alone with his flesh.

Lluellen. Oh friar, your holy mother, the Church,
teaches you to abstain from these morsels; therefore,
my masters, 'tis a deed of charity to remove this stum-
bling block, a fair wench, a shrewd temptation to a
friar's conscience.

Guenthian. Friend, if you knew the friar half so well
as the Bailey of Brecknock, you would think you might
as soon move monk Davie into the sea, as Guenthian
from his side.

Lluellen. Mass, by your leave, we'll prove.

Guenthian. At your peril if you move his patience.

Friar. Brother, brother, and my good country-
men—

Lluellen. Countrymen? Nay, I cannot think that an
English friar will come so far into Wales barefooted.

Owen. That's more than you know; and yet my
lord he might ride, having a filly so near.

Friar. Hands off, good countryman, at few words
and fair warnings.

Lluellen. Countryman! Not so, sir: we renounce
thee, friar, and refuse your country.

Friar. Then brother, and my good friends, hands
off, and if you love your ease.

Rice. Ease me no easings: we'll ease you of this
carriage.

Friar. Fellow, begone quickly or my pike staff and I will set thee away with a vengeance.

Lluellen. I am sorry, trust me, to see the Church so impatient.

Friar. Ye dogs; ounes! do me a shrewd turn and mock me too? flesh and blood will not bear this. Then rise up Robert and say to Richard *Redde rationem villicationis tuæ*. Sir countryman, kinsman, Englishman, Welchman, you with the wench, return your *habeas corpus*; here's a *certiorari* for your *procedendo*.

Owen. Hold, Friar, we are thy countrymen.^{10*}

Rice. Paid! Paid! Digon! we are thy countrymen, *Mon Dieu!*

Friar. My countrymen! Nay, marry sir, you shall not be my countrymen, you sir; you, specially you sir, that refuse the Friar and renounce his country.

Lluellen. Friar hold thy hands! I swear as I am a gentleman, I am a Welchman and so are the rest, of honesty.

Friar. Of honesty say'st thou? they are neither gentlemen nor Welchmen that will deny their country. Come hither, wench, I'll have a bout with them once more for denying of their country.

[*Make us if ye would fight.*

Rice. Friar, thou wottest not what thou sayest: This is the Prince, and we are all his train, Disposed to be pleasant with thee a little; But I perceive, Friar, thy nose will bide no jest.

Friar. As much as you will with me, sir, But not any hand with my wench: I and Richard my man here, For here *contra omnes gentes*— But is this Lluellin, the great Camber Briton?

Lluellen. It is he, Friar: give me thy hand and gramercies twenty times. I promise thee thou hast cudgell'd two as good lessons into my jacket as ever churchman did at so short warning: the one is not to be too busy with another man's cattle; the other not in haste to deny my country.

^{10*} The Friar falls upon them with his staff, which here and elsewhere he calls Richard and his man Richard.

Friar. 'Tis pity, my lord, but you should have more of this learning, you profit so well by it.

Lluellen. 'Tis pity, Friar, but thou shouldst be Lluellen's chaplain, thou edifiest so well; and so shalt thou be of mine honour: here I entertain thee, thy boy, and thy trull, to follow my fortune *in secula seculorum*.

Friar. And Richard my man, sir, and you love me; he that stands by me and shrunk not at all weathers, and then you have me in my colours.

Lluellen. Friar, agreed: Rice, welcome the ruffians.

Enter the HARPER and sing to the tune of "Who list to lead a Soldier's life."

Go to, go to, you Britons all,
And play the men both great and small:
A wondrous matter hath befall
That makes the Prophets cry and call
Tum date dite dote dum.

That you must march, both all and some,
Against your foes with trump and drum:
I speak to you from God, that you shall overcome.
With a turn both ways.

Lluellen. What now? Who have we here?
Tum date dite dote dum.

Friar. What, have we a fellow dropt out of the element. What's he for a man?

Rice. Know'st thou the goose-cap?

Friar. What! not Morgan Pigot our good Welch prophet. Oh, 'tis a holy harper.

*Rice.*¹¹ A prophet, with a murrain! Good, my lord, let's hear a few of his lines, I pray you.

¹¹ He is sometimes called *Meredith* and sometimes *Rice* in the old copy, but they are the same person.

Novice. ¹² My Lords, 'tis an odd fellow, I can tell you, as any in all Wales. He can sing rhyme with reason, and rhyme without reason, and without reason or rhyme.

Lluellen. The devil, he can. Rhyme with reason, and rhyme without reason, and reason without rhyme. Then good Morgan Pigot, pluck out thy spigot and draw us a fresh pot, from the kinder kind ¹³ of thy knowledge.

Friar. Knowledge, my son, knowledge, I warrant ye. How say'st thou, Morgan, art thou not a very prophet?

Horper. Friar, friar, a prophet verily
For great Lluellen's love,
Sent from above
To bring him victory.

Rice. Come then, gentle prophet, let us see how thou canst salute thy Prince. Say, shall we have good success in our enterprise or no?

Harper. When the weathercock of Carnarvon ¹⁴ steeple shall engender young ones in the belfry, and a herd of goats leave their pasture to be clothed in silver,

Then shall Brute be born anew,
And Wales record their ancient hue.
Ask Friar David if this be not true.

Friar. This, my lord, a' means by you.
Oh, he is a prophet, a prophet!

Lluellen. Soft you now, good Morgan Pigot,
And take us with ye a little, I pray.
What means your wisdom by all this?

Harper. The weathercock, my lord, was your father, who by foul weather of war, was driven to take sanc-

¹² Jack the Novice probably came in again with the Harper but his return to the scene is not mentioned.

¹³ i. e. "Kilderkin of thy knowledge."

¹⁴ Both the old copies read *Camarthen* in this place and *Carnarvon* shortly afterwards.

tuary in Saint Mary's at Carnarvon, where he begat young ones on your mother in the belfry, viz. your worship, and your brother David.

Lluellen. But what didst thou mean by the goats?

Harper. The goats that leave the pasture to be clothed in silver, are the silver goats your men wore on their sleeves.

Friar. Oh, how I love thee, Morgan Pigot, our sweet prophet.

Lluellen. Hence, rogue with your prophecies! out of my sight!

Rice. Nay, good my lord, let's have a few more of these metres: he hath great store in his head.

Novice. Yea, and of the best in the market, and your lordship would vouchsafe to hear them.

Lluellen. Villain away! I'll hear no more of your prophecies.

Harper. When legs shall loose their length¹⁵,
Returning weary home from out the holy land,
A Welchman shall be king
And govern merry England.

Rice. Did not I tell your lordship he would hit it home anon?

Friar. My lord, he comes to your time, that's flat.

Novice. I master, and you mark him, he hit the mark pat.

Friar. As how, Jack?

Novice. Why thus: when legs shall loose their length,
And shanks yield up their strength,
Returning weary home from out the holy land,
A Welchman shall be king
And govern merry England.

Why, my lord, in this prophesy is your advancement as plainly seen, as a three half-pence through a dish of butter in a sunny day.

¹⁵ It should seem both from the sense, and from the subsequent repetition of this prophesy by the Novice, that the line

“And shanks yield up their strength,”
has been accidentally omitted here.

Friar. I think so, Jack; for he that sees three half-pence must tarry till the butter be melted in the sun, and so forth; apply boy.

Novice. *Non ego*, master: do you and you dare.

Lluellen. And so, boy, thou meanest, he that tarries this prophesy may see Longshanks shorter by the head and Lluellen wear the crown in the field.

Friar. By lady, my lord, you go near the matter. But what saith Morgan Pigot more?

Harper. In the year of our Lord God 1272, shall spring from the loins of Brute, one whose wife's name being the perfect end of his own,¹⁶ shall consummate the peace between England and Wales and be advanced to ride through Cheapside with a crown on his head; and that's meant by your lordship, for your wife's name being Ellen, and your own Lluellen, beareth the perfect end of your own name: so it must needs be that for a time Ellen flee from Lluellen, ye being betrothed in heart each to others, must needs be advanced to be highest of your kin.

Lluellen. Jack, I make him thy prisoner. Look, what way my fortune inclines, that way goes he.

Rice. Sirrah, see you run swiftest

Friar. Farewell: be far from the spigot. [Exit.]

Novice. Now, Sir, if our country ale were as good as your metheglin, I would teach you to play the knave, or you should teach me to play the harper.

Harper. *Ambo*, boy: you are too light witted as I am light minded.

Novice. It seemed to me thou art fittest and passing well. [Exeunt *ambo*.]

Enter GUENTHER to LLUELLEN with letters.

Lluellen. What tidings bringeth Guenther, with his haste?

Say, man, what bodes thy message, good or bad?

Guenther. Bad my lord; and all in vain I wot
Thou star'st thine eyes upon the wallowing main,

¹⁶ Instead of "the perfect end of his own" the old copies have it "the perfect end of his ground" which is nonsense.

As erst did Ægon to behold his son,
To welcome and receive thy welcome love;
And sable sails he saw, and so mayst thou,
For whose mishap the brackish seas lament.
Edward, oh Edward!

Lluellen. And what of him?

Guenther. Landed he is at Dover with his men,
From Palestine safe; by his English Lords
Receiv'd in triumph like an earthly god:
He lives to wear his father's diadem,
And sway the sword of British Albion.
But Elinor, thy Elinor!

Lluellen. And what of her?
Hath amorous Neptune gaz'd upon my love,
And stopp'd her passage with his forked mace?
Or, that I rather fear, oh deadly fear,
Enamour'd Nereus doth he withhold
My Elinor?

Guenther. Nor Neptune, Nereus, nor other God
Withholdeth from my gracious lord his love;
But cruel Edward, that injurious king,
Withholds thy liefest lovely Elinor:
Taken in pinnace on the narrow seas
By four tall ships of Bristow, and with her
Lord Emerick, her unhappy noble brother,
As from Montargis hitherward they sail'd.
This say I¹⁷ in brief—these letters tell at large.

[*Lluellen reads his brother David's letters.*]

Lluellen. Is Longshanks then so lusty now become?
Is my fair love, my beauteous Elinor ta'en?
Villains, damn'd villains, not to guard her safe,
Or fence her sacred person from her foes!
Sun, could'st thou shine, and see my love beset,
And didst not clothe thy clouds in fiery coats,

¹⁷ The copy of 1593 has it,

“This say in brief—these letters tell at large.”

The edition of 1599 adds the pronoun, improving the sense, but slightly injuring the measure.

O'er all the heavens with winged sulphur flames,
 As when thy ¹⁸ beams, like mounted combatants,
 Battled with Python ¹⁹ in the fallow'd lays?
 But if kind Cambria deign me good aspect,
 To make me chiefest Brute of western Wales,
 I'll short that gain-legg'd ²⁰ Longshanks by the top,
 And make his flesh my murdering falchion's food.
 To arms! true Britons, sprung of Trojan seed,
 And with your swords write in the book of time,
 Your British names in characters of blood.
 Owen ap Rice, while we stay for further force,
 Prepare, away in post, and take with thee
 A hundred chosen of thy countrymen,
 And scour the marches with your Welchmen's hooks,
 That Englishmen may think the devil is come.
 Rice shall remain with me; make thou thy bode
 In resolution to revenge these wrongs
 With blood of thousands guiltless of this rage.
 Fly thou on them amain! Edward, my love
 Be thy life's bane. Follow me, countrymen!
 Words make no way: my Elinor is surprized,
 Robb'd am I of the comfort of my life!
 And know I this, and am not veng'd on him?

[*Exit Lluellen and the other Lords. Manent the Friar and Novice.*]

Friar. Come boy, we must buckle I see, the prince is of my profession right. Rather than lose his wench he will fight *ab ovo usque ad mala*.

Novice. Oh master, doubt you not but your novice will prove a hot shot with a bottle of metheglin.

[*Exeunt: ere* ²¹ *the wench falls into a Welch song, and the Friar answers, and the Novice between.*]

¹⁸ "As when *the* beams;" both editions.

¹⁹ *Pyetion*, both editions.

²⁰ i. e. "*ungain*-legg'd Longshanks."

²¹ The meaning probably is that they *go out*, but *ere*, or *before* they do so "the wench falls into a Welch song."

Enter the Nine Lords of Scotland, with their Nine Pages; GLOCESTER, SUSSEX, KING EDWARD in his suit of glass; QUEEN ELINOR, QUEEN MOTHER: the KING and QUEEN under a canopy.

Longsh. Nobles of Scotland, we thank you all
For this day's gentle princely service done
To Edward, England's king and Scotland's lord.
Our coronation's due solemnity
Is ended with applause of all estates:
Now then let us appose and rest us here.
But specially we thank you, gentle lords,
That you so well have governed your griefs,
As being grown unto a general jar,
You chuse king Edward by your messengers,
To calm, to qualify, and to compound.
Thank Briton's strife of Scotland's climbing peers.
I have no doubt, fair lords, but you well wot
How factions waste the richest commonwealth,
And discord spoils the seat of mighty kings.
The barons' wars, a tragic wicked war,
Nobles, how hath it shaken England's strength.
Industriously, it seems to me, you have
Loyally ventur'd to prevent this shock;
For which, sith you have chosen me your judge,
My lords, will you stand to what I award?

Baliol. Victorious Edward, to whom the Scottish
kings
Owe homage as their lord and sovereign,
Amongst us nine is but one lawful king:
But might we all be judges in the case,
Then should in Scotland be nine kings at once,
And this contention never set or limited.
To stay these jars we jointly make appeal
To thy imperial throne, who knows our claims.
We stand not on our titles before your grace,
But do submit ourselves to your award;
And whom your majesty shall name to be our king
To him we'll yield obedience as a king.
Thus willingly, and of their own accord,
Doth Scotland make great England's king their judge.

Longsh. Then nobles, since you all agree in one,
That for a crown so disagree in all,
Since what I do shall rest irrevocable,
And lovely England to thy lovely queen,
Lovely queen Elinor, unto her turn thy eye,
Whose honour cannot but love thee well;
Hold up your hands in sight, with general voice
That are content to stand to our award.

[*They all hold up their hands and say "he shall."*
Deliver me the golden diadem.
Lo, here I hold the goal for which ye striv'd,
And here behold, my worthy men at arms,
For chivalry and worthy wisdom's praise,
Worthy each one to wear a diadem:
Expect my doom, as erst on Ida's hills
The goddesses divine waited the award
Of Danae's son. Baliol stand farthest forth.
Baliol, behold I give thee the Scottish crown:
Wear it with heart and with thankfulness.
Sound trumpets and say all after me,
God save King Baliol, the Scottish king!

[*The trumpets sound; all cry aloud, "God save
King Baliol, the Scottish King."*

Thus, lords, though you require no reason why,
According to the conscience in the cause,
I make John Baliol your anointed king.
Honour and love him, as behoves him best,
That is in peace of Scotland's crown possess'd.

Baliol. Thanks, royal England, for thy honour
done.

This justice that hath calm'd our civil strife,
Shall now be ceas'd with honourable love.
So moved of remorse and pity,
We will erect a college of my name:
In Oxford will I build, for memory
Of Baliol's bounty and his gratitude;
And let me happy days no longer see
Than here to England loyal I shall be.

Elinor. Now brave John Baliol, Lord of Galloway,
And King of Scots, shine with thy golden head.

Shake thy spears, in honour of his name,
Under whose royalty thou wear'st the same.

QUEEN ELINOR'S SPEECH.

The welkin, spangled through with golden spots,
Reflects no finer in a frosty night
Than lovely Longshanks in his Elinor's eye:
So Ned, thy Nell in every part of thee,
Thy person's guarded with a troop of queens,
And every queen as brave as Elinor.
Give glory to these glorious crystal quarries,
Where every robe an object entertains
Of rich device and princely majesty.
Thus like Narcissus, diving in the deep,
I die in honour and in England's arms;
And if I drown, it is in my delight,
Whose company is chiefest life in death,
From forth whose coral lips I suck the sweet
Wherewith are dainty Cupids' caudles²² made.
Then live or die, brave Ned, or sink or swim,
An earthly bliss it is to look on him.
On thee, sweet Ned, it shall become thy Nell
Bounteous to be unto the beauteous:
Ore prie^{22*} the palms, sweet fountains of my bliss,
And I will stand on tiptoe for a kiss.

Longsh. He had no thought of any gentle heart,
That would not seize desire for such desert.
If any heavenly joy in women be,
Sweet of all sweets, sweet Nell, it is in thee.
Now lords, along: by this the Earl of March
Lord Mortimer, o'er Cambria's mountain tops
Hath rang'd his men and feels Lluellen's mind:
To which confines, that well in wasting be,
Our solemn service of coronation past,
We will amain to back our friends at need;
And into Wales our men at arms shall march,
And we with them in person, foot by foot.
Brother of Scotland, you shall to your home,

²² Both the edit. of 1593 and that of 1599 read, "Wherewith
are dainty Cupids' *candles* made:" but the meaning seems to re-
quire *caudles* or *cordials*.

^{22*} So it stands in the original, but it is not very easy to make
sense of the passage.

And live in honour there fair England's friend.
 And thou sweet Nell, Queen of King Edward's
 heart,
 Shall now come lesser at thy dainty love,
 And at coronation meet thy loving peers,
 When storms have pass'd, and we have cool'd the
 rage
 Of these rebellious Welchmen, that contend
 'Gainst England's majesty and Edward's crown.
 Sound trumpets! Heralds lead the train along:
 This be King Edward's feast and holiday. [*Exeunt*²³.
Enter the Mayoress of London from church, and
music before her.

Q. Elinor. Gloucester, who may this be? A bride or
 what?

I pray ye, Joan, go see,
 And know the reason of the harmony.

Joan. Good woman, let it not offend you any whit
 For to deliver unto me the cause,
 That in this unusual kind of sort
 You pass the the streets with music so?

Mayoress. Mistress, or madam, whate'er you be,
 Wot you I am the Mayor of London's wife,
 Who, for I have been delivered of a son,
 Having not these dozen years had any before,
 Now in my husband's year of mayoralty,
 Bringing him a goodly boy,
 I pass unto my house a maiden bride:
 Which private pleasure, touching godliness,
 Shall I here no way I hope offend the good.

Q. Elinor. You hope so, gentle mistress; do you in-
 deed?

But do not make it parcel of your creed.

Mayoress. Alas, I am undone! it is the Queen;
 The proudest Queen that England ever knew.

[*Exeunt Mayoress et omnes*²³.]

²³ The stage-direction ought to run *Exeunt all excepting Queen Elinor, Joan, and Gloucester.*

²⁴ It ought to be "*Exit Mayoress cum suis:*" and in the next line but one Joan goes out with the Queen and Gloucester, but her name is omitted.

Q. Elinor. Come, Gloucester, let's to the court, and revel there. [*Exeunt Gloucester and the Queen.*]

Enter MEREDITH, DAVID, and LLUELLEN.

David. Soft: is it not Meredith I behold?

Lluellen. All good, all friends. Meredith, see the man Must make us great, and raise Lluellen's head: Fight thou, Lluellen, for thy friend and thee.

Meredith. Fight, maugre fortune strong, our battle's strong,
And bear thy foes before thy pointed lance.

David. Not too much prowess, good my lord, at once.

Some talk of policy another while.

Meredith. How come thy^{25*} limbs hurt at this assault?

Lluellen. Hurt for our good, Meredith, make account.

Sir David's wit is full of good device,
And kindly will perform what he pretends.

David. Enough of this, my lord, at once.
What will you, that I hold the king in hand?
Or what shall I especially advise,
Sitting in council with the English lords,
That so my counsel may avail my friends?

Lluellen. David, if thou wilt best for me devise,
Advise my love be render'd to my hand.
Tell them the chains that Mulciber erst made,
To tie²⁵ Prometheus' limbs to Caucasus,
Nor furies pangs shall hold me long from her,
But I will have her from the usurper's tent.
My beauteous Elinor! If aught in this,
If in this case thy wit may boot thy friends,
Express it then in this, in nothing else.

David. I, there's a card that puts us to our trump;
For might I see the star of Leicester's loins
It were enough to darken and obscure
This Edward's glory, fortune and his pride.
First hereof can I put you out of doubt:

²⁵ *My:* Edit. 1593 and 1599.

^{25*} The 4to of 1593 has "it, To try Prometheus' limbs," &c. but in the copy of 1599 it is altered as in the text.

Lord Mortimer of the king hath her in charge,
And honourably entreats your Elinor.
Some think he prays Lluellen were in heaven,
And thereby hopes to coach his love on earth.

Lluellen. No: where Lluellen mounts, there Ellen
flies.

Inspeakable are my thoughts for her:
She is not from me in death to be divorc'd.

Meredith. Go to, it shall be so; so it shall be.
Edward is full resolved of thy faith,
So are the English lords and barons all:
Then what may let thee to intrude on them
Some new found stratagem to feel their wit?

*David.*²⁶ It is enough, Meredith take my weapons:

I am your prisoner; say so at the least.
Go hence, and when you parley on the walls,
Make shew of monstrous tyranny you intend
To execute on me, as on the man
That shamefully rebels 'gainst kin and kind.
And 'less thou have thy love and make thy peace,
With such conditions as shall best concern,
David must die, say thou, a shameful death.
Edward, perhaps, with ruth and pity mov'd
Will in exchange yield Elinor to thee,
And thou by me shalt gain thy heart's desire.

Lluellen. Sweetly advis'd. David thou blessest me:
My brother David, lengthener of my life!
Friends, gratulate to me my joyful hopes. [Exeunt.

Enter LONGSHANKS, SUSSEX and others.

Longsh. Why, barons, suffer ye our foe to breathe?
Assault, assault, and charge them all amain!
They fear, they fly, they faint, they fight in vain.
But where is gentle David? in his den²⁷?

²⁶ The five preceding lines, in the old copies, are given to David, to whom they certainly do not belong: his answer begins at "It is enough," and as he immediately addresses Meredith, it is probable that the speech "Go to: it shall be so," &c. ought to be assigned to Meredith.

²⁷ Query, ought we not to read "In his tent?"

Loth were I aught but good should him betide.

[Sound an alarum.]
*On the walls, enter to*²⁸ LONGSHANKS, SUSSEX, MORTIMER, DAVID *the Friar*, MEREDITH *holding DAVID by the collar, with a dagger in his hand.*

Longsh. Where is the proud disturber of our state, Traitor to Wales and to his sovereign?

Lluellen. Usurper, here I am. What dost thou crave?

Longsh. Welchman, allegiance, which thou ow'st thy king,

Lluellen. Traitor, no king, that seeks thy country's sack.

The famous renegade of Christendom.

Longsh. Ambitious rebel! know'st thou who I am?
 How great, how famous and how fortunate?
 And dar'st thou carry arms against me here,
 Ev'n when thou should'st do reverence at my feet?
 Yea, fear'd and honour'd in the farthest parts
 Hath Edward been, thy noble Henry's son.
 Traitor, this sword unsheath'd hath shined oft
 With reeking in the blood of Saracens;
 When like to Perseus on his winged steed,
 Brandishing bright the sword of adamant,
 That aged Saturn gave fair Maia's son,
 Conflicting though with Gorgon in the vale,
 Sitting before the gates of Nazareth,
 My horse's hoofs I stain'd in Pagan's gore,
 Sending whole countries^{28*} of heathen souls
 To Pluto's house. This sword, this thirsty sword,
 Aims at thy head, and shall, I hope, ere long
 Gage and divide thy bowels and thy bulk,
 Disloyal villain thou, and what is more——

Lluellen. Why, Longshanks, thinks't thou I will be scar'd with words?

No: didst thou speak in thunder like to Jove,

²⁸ In the old editions it is given as if Longshanks entered upon the walls in consequence of the omission of the preposition *to*: the fact is, that Meredith with Sir David, &c. enter on the walls to Longshanks, &c. who stand below.

^{28*} Qy. *Centuries*, or hundreds, which aids the measure.

Or shouldst, as Briareus, shake at once
 A hundred bloody swords with bloody hands,
 I tell thee, Longshanks, here he faceth thee
 Whom nought can daunt, no not the stroke of death.
 Resolv'd ye see : but see the chance of war :
 Know'st thou a traitor and thou see'st his head ?
 Then, Longshanks, look this villain in the face :
 This rebel, he hath wrought his country's wrack ;
 Base rascal, bad ²⁹ and hated in his kind,
 Object of wrath and subject of revenge.

Longsh. Lluellen, call'st thou this the chance of war ?

Bad for us all, pardy, but worse for him.
 Courage, Sir David ! kings you know must die,
 And noble minds all dastard fear defy.

David. Renowned England, star of Edward's globe,
 My liefest lord, and sweetest sovereign,
 Glorious and happy is this chance to me,
 To reap this fame and honour by my death ;
 That I was hew'd with foul defiled hands,
 For my beloved king and country's good,
 And died in grace and favour with my prince.
 Seize on me, bloody butchers, with your paws :
 It is but temporal that you can inflict.

Longsh. Bravely resolv'd, brave soldier, by my life !

Friar. Hark, you sir, I am afear'd you will not be so resolv'd by that time you know so much as I can shew you : here be hot dogs, I can tell you, mean to have the baiting of you.

Mortimer. Lluellen, in the midst of all thy braves,
 How wilt thou use thy brother thou hast ta'en ?
 Wilt thou let his master ransom him ?

Lluellen. No, nor his mistress, gallant Mortimer,
 With all the gold and silver of the land.

Meredith. Ransom this Judas to his father's line !
 Ransom this traitor to his brother's life !
 No : take that earnest penny of thy death.
 This touch, my lords, comes nothing near the mark.

[*Meredith stabs him into the arms and shoulders.*]

²⁹ The quartos read "had and hated in his kind."

Longsh. Oh damned villain, hold thy hands! Ask and have.

Lluellen. We will not ask nor have. Seest thou these tools? *[He shews him hot pincers.]*

These be the dogs shall bait him to the death,
And shall by piece-meal tear his cursed flesh;
And in thy sight here shall he hang and pine.

Longsh. Oh villains, traitors, how will I be veng'd!

Lluellen. What threat'st thou, Edward? Desperate minds contemn

That fury menaceth. See thy word's effects.

[He cuts his nose.]

David. Oh gracious heaven, dissolve me into clay!
This tyranny is more than flesh can bear,

Longsh. Bear it, brave mind, since nothing but thy blood

May satisfy in this extreme estate.

Sussex. My lord, it is in vain to threaten them;
They are resolved, ye see, upon his death.

Longsh. Sussex, his death! they all shall buy it dear.
Offer them any favour for his life,

Pardon, or peace, or aught what is beside:

So love me God as I regard my friends!

Lluellen, let me have thy brother's life

Even at what rate and ransom thou wilt name.

Lluellen. Edward, King Edward, as thou list be term'd,

Thou know'st thou hast my beauteous Elinor;

Produce her forth to plead for David's life:

She may obtain more than a host of men.

Longsh. Wilt thou exchange thy prisoner for thy love?

Lluellen. Talk no more to me: let me see her face.

Mortimer. Why, will your majesty be all so base
To stoop to his demands in every thing?

Longsh. Fetch her at once: good Mortimer begone.

Mortimer. I go; but how unwilling heaven doth know.

Meredith. Apace Mortimer; if thou love thy friend.

Mortimer. I go for dearer than I leave behind.

[*Mortimer goes for Elinor and conducts her in.*

Longsh. See, Sussex, how he bleedeth in my eye,
That beareth fortune's shock triumphantly.

Friar. Saw—haw, master: I have found, I have found.

Lluellen. What hast thou found, Friar, ha?

Meredith. News, my lord: a star from out the sea
The same is risen and made a summer's day.

[*Then Lluellen spieth Elinor and Mortimer, and sayeth thus.*

Lluellen. What Nell, sweet Nell, do I behold thy face?

Fall heavens, fleet stars, shine Phœbus' lamp no more!
This is the planet lends this world her light:
Star of my fortune this, that shineth bright:
Queen of my heart, loadstar of my delight.
Fair mould of beauty, miracle of fame,
Oh let me die with Elinor in mine arms!
What honour shall I lend thy loyalty
Or praise unto thy sacred deity?

Meredith. Marry this, my lord, if I may give you counsel: sacrifice this tyke in her sight, her friend, which being done, one of your soldiers may dip his foul shirt in his blood; so shall you be waited with as many crosses as King Edward.

Longsh. Good cheer, Sir David: we shall up anon.

Mortimer. Die Mortimer: thy life is almost gone.

Elinor. Sweet Prince of Wales, were I within thine arms,

Then should I in peace possess my love,
And heavens open fair their crystal gates
That I may see the palace of my intent.

Longsh. Lluellen, set thy brother free:
Let me have him, thou shalt have Elinor.

Lluellen. Sooth, Edward, I do prize my Elinor
Dearer than life; but there belongeth more
To these affairs than my content in love:
And to be short, if thou wilt have thy man,

Of whom, I swear, thou thinkest over well,
The safety of Lluellen and his men
Must be regarded highly in this match.
Say therefore, and be short, wilt thou give peace
And pardon to Lluellen and his men?

Longsh. I will herein have time to be advis'd.

Lluellen. King Edward, no; we will admit no pause,
For goes this wretch, this traitor, to the pot.
And if Lluellen be pursued so near
May chance to shew thee such a tumbling cast,
As erst our father when he thought to 'scape
And broke his neck from Julius Cæsar's tower³⁰.

Sussex. My lord, these rebels all are desperate.

Mortimer. And Mortimer of all most miserable.

Longsh. How say you, Welchmen, will you leave
your arms
And be true liegemen unto Edward's crown?

All the Soldiers. If Edward pardon surely what is
past,

Upon conditions we are all content.

Longsh. Belike you will condition with us then?

Soldier. Special conditions for our safety first,
And for our country Cambria's common good,
T' avoid the 'fusion of our guilty blood.

Longsh. Go to: say on.

Soldier. First for our followers, and ourselves and all,
We ask a pardon on the prince's word:
Then for this lord's possession in his love:
But for our country chief these boons we beg,
And England's promise princely to thy Wales;
That none be Cambria's prince to govern us
But he that is a Welchman, born in Wales
Grant this and swear it on thy knightly sword,
And have thy man and us and all in peace.

Lluellen. Why, Camber Britons, are ye so incens'd?
Will you deliver me to Edward's hands?

Soldier. No, Lord Lluellen; we will back for thee
Thy life, thy love and golden liberty.

Mortimer. A truce, with honourable conditions ta'en:
Wales' happiness, England's glory, and my bane.

³⁰ "From Julius Cæsar's town," both editions.

Longsh. Command retreat be sounded in our camp.
Soldiers, I grant at full what you request.

David good cheer. Lluellen ope the gates.

Lluellen. The gates are open'd: enter thee and thine.

David. The sweetest sun that e'er I saw to shine.

Longsh. Madam, a brabble well begun for thee:
Be thou my guest, and Sir Lluellen's love. [Exeunt.

MORTIMER *solus.*

Mortimer, a brabble ill begun for thee:
A truce, with capital conditions ta'en,
A prisoner sav'd and ransom'd with thy life.
Edward, my king, my lord and lover dear,
Full little dost thou wot how this retreat,
As with a sword, hath slain poor Mortimer.
Farewell the flower, the gem of beauty's blaze,
Sweet Ellen, miracle of nature's hand!
Fuellen in thy name, but heaven is in thy looks: ^{30*}
Sweet Venus, let me saint or devil be
In that sweet heaven or hell that is in thee. [Exit.
Enter JACK and the HARPER, getting a standing against the Queen comes in.

The trumpets sound: Queen Elinor in her litter borne by four Negro Moors; Joan of Acon with her, attended on by the Earl of Gloucester and her four footmen. One having set a ladder to the side of the litter she descended and her daughter followeth.

Q. Elinor. Give me my pantables ³¹.

Fie; this hot weather how it makes me sweat:
Hey ho, my heart: ah, I am passing faint.
Give me my fan that I may cool my face.
Hold; take my mask, but see you rumple not.
This wind and dust, see how it smolders me:
Some drink, good Gloucester, or I die for drink.
Ah Ned, thou hast forgot thy Nell I see,
That she is thus inforc'd to follow thee.

^{30*} This line seems to have no meaning, as her name is not *Fuellen*: perhaps we ought to read, according to what follows, and as the verse requires:

"Hell in thy name, but heaven in thy looks."

a play upon *Ellen*.

³¹ i. e. her pantofles or slippers.

Glocester. This air's distemperature, and please your
majesty,
Noisome through mountain vapours, and³² thick mist,
Unpleasant needs must be to you and your company
That never was wont to take the air,
Till Flora have perfum'd the earth with sweets,
With lilies, roses, mints and eglantine.

Q. Elinor. I tell thee, the ground is all too base
For Elinor to honour with her steps ;
Whose footpace, when she progress'd in the streets
Of Acon and the fair Jerusalem,
Was nought but costly Arras points,
Fair island tapestry and azur'd silk :
My milk-white steed treading on cloth of ray,
And trampling proudly underneath her feet
Choice of our English woollen drapery.
This climate o'er lowering with black congealed clouds,
That take their swelling from the marish soil,
Fraught with infectious fogs³³ and misty damps,
Is far unworthy to be once embalm'd
With redolence of this refreshing breath,
That sweetens where it lights, as do the flames
And holy fires of Vesta's sacrifice.

Joan. Whose pleasant fields, new planted with the
spring,
Make Thamesis to mount above the banks,
And like a wanton wallowing up and down,
On Flora's beds and Napæes silver down.

Glocester. And Wales for me, madam, while you
are here ;
No climate good unless your grace be near.
Would Wales had aught to please you half so well,
Or any precious thing in Glocester's gift,
Whereof your ladyship would challenge me.

Joan. Well said, my lord ; 'tis as my mother says,
You men have learnt to woo a thousand ways.

³² The old copies read

" Noisome through mountain's vapours send thick mist."

³³ The Edit. of 1593 has it *frogges* which is corrected in the later copy.

Glocester. Oh madam, had I learnt, against my need,
Of all those ways to woo, one way to speed,
My cunning then had been my fortune's guide.

Q. Elinor. Faith, Joan, I think thou must be Glo-
cester's bride.

Good earl, how near he steps unto her side,
So soon this eye these younglings have espied.
I'll tell thee girl, when I was fair and young
I found such honey in sweet Edward's tongue
As I could never spend one idle walk,
But Ned and I would piece it out with talk:
So you, my Lord, when you have got your Joan,
No matter, let the mother be alone.
Old Nell is mother now, and grandmother may;
The greenest grass doth droop and turn to hay.
Woo on, kind clerk, good Glocester love thy Joan:
Her heart is thine, her eye is not her own.

Glocester. This comfort, Madam, that your grace
doth give
Binds me in double duty whilst I live.
Would God, King Edward see and say no less!

Q. Elinor. Glocester, I warrant thee upon my life
My king vouchsafes his daughter for thy wife.
Sweet Ned hath not forgot since he did woo
The gall of love and all that 'longs thereto.

Glocester. Why was your grace so coy to one so
kind?

Q. Elinor. Kind, Glocester? so methinks indeed:
It seems he loves his wife no more than need,
That sends for us in all the speedy haste,
Knowing his queen to be so great with child,
And make me leave my princely pleasant seats
To come into his ruder part of Wales.

Glocester. His highness hath some secret reason why
He wisheth you to move from England's pleasant courts.
The Welchmen have of long time suitors been,
That when the war of rebels sorts an end,³⁴

³⁴ i. e. arrives at an end. *Sortir effect.* Fr. See note 27. to Mar-
low's Edward II. vol. II.

None might be prince and ruler over them,
But such a one as was their countryman;
Which suit, I think, his grace hath granted them.

Q. Elinor. So then it is King Edward's policy
To have his son, forsooth son if it be,
A Welchman: well Welchman it liketh me.
And here he comes.

*Enter EDWARD LONGSHANKS, and his Lords, to the
QUEEN and her footmen.*

Longsh. Nell, welcome into Wales.
How fares my Elinor?

Q. Elinor. Ne'er worse: beshrew
Their hearts, tis 'long on—

Longsh. Hearts, sweet Nell?
Shrew no hearts where such sweet saints do dwell.

[He holds her hand fast.]

Q. Elinor. Nay then, I see I have my dream: I pray
let go

You will not will you, whether I will or no?
You are disposed to move me.

Longsh. Say any thing but so.
Once, Nell, thou gav'st me this.

Q. Elinor. I pray let go: you are dispos'd I think—

Longsh. I, madam; very well.

Q. Elinor. Let go and be naught, I say.

Longsh. What ails my Nell?

Q. Elinor. Aye me, what sudden fit is this I prove?
What grief, what pinching pain, like young men's love,
That makes me madding run thus to and fro.

Longsh. What melancholy Nell?

Q. Elinor. My lord, pray let me go.
Give me sweet water. Why, how hot it is.

Glocester. These be the fits trouble men's wits.

Longsh. Joan, ask thy beauteous mistress how she
doth.

Joan. How fares your majesty?

Q. Elinor. Joan, aggrieved at the heart
And anger'd worse, because I came not right in:
I think the king comes purposely to spite me.
My fingers itch till I have had my will:

Proud Edward, call in thy Elinor; be still.
It will not be, nor rest I any where
Till I have set it soundly on his ear.

Joan. Is that the matter? then let me alone.

Q. Elinor. Fie, how I fret with grief.

Longsh. Come hither Joan :
Know'st thou what ails my queen?

Joan. Not I, my lord :
She longs, I think, to give your grace a box
On the ear.

Longsh. Nay, wench, if that be all, we'll ear it well.
What all amort³⁵! How doth my dainty Nell?
Look up sweet love—unkind! not kiss me once?
That may not be.

Q. Elinor. My lord, I think you do it for the nonce.

Longsh. Sweetheart, one kiss.

Q. Elinor. For God's sake let me go.

Longsh. Sweetheart, a kiss.

Q. Elinor. What, whether I will or no?
You will not leave? let be I say.

Longsh. I must be better chid.

Q. Elinor. No will? take that then, lusty lord. Sir
leave when you are bid.

Langsh. Why so, this chare is char'd.

Glocester. A good one by the rood.

Q. Elinor. No force, no harm.

Longsh. No harm that doth my Elinor any good.
Learn, lords, 'gainst you be married men, to bow to
women's yoke;
And sturdy though you be, you may not stir for every
stroke.

Now, my sweet Nell, how doth my queen?

Q. Elinor. She vaunts
That mighty England hath felt her first,
Taken a blow basely at Elinor's hand.

Longsh. And vaunt she may, good leave, being curst
and coy:

³⁵ See note 22 to *Ram Alley*, vol. V.; and note 24 to *Greene's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, vol. VIII.

Lack nothing, Nell, whilst thou hast brought thy lord a lovely boy³⁶.

*Q. Elinor. Veniacion*³⁷, I am sick, good Katherina:
I pray thee be at hand.

Kath. Spain. This sickness, I hope, will bring king Edward a jolly boy.

Longsh. And Katherine who brings me that news shall not go empty handed. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter MORTIMER, LLUELLEN, and MEREDITH.

Mortimer. Farewell, Lluellen, with thy loving Nell. [*Exit Mortimer.*]

Lluellen. God-a-mercy, Mortimer; and so farewell.

Meredith. Farewell and be hang'd, half Sinon's sapons³⁸ brood.

Lluellen. Good words, Sir Rice: wrongs have best remedy

So taken with time, patience, and policy.

But where is the Friar? who can tell?

Enter FRIAR.

Friar. That can I, master, very well:

And say i'faith, what hath befel,

Must we at once to heaven or hell?

Elinor. To heaven Friar? Friar, no, fie;
Such heavy souls mount not so high. [*Friar lies down.*]

Friar. Then, Friar, lie thee down and die:

And if any ask the reason why,

Answer and say thou canst not tell,

Unless because thou must to hell.

Elinor. No, Friar, because thou did'st rebel:

Gentle Sir Rice, ring out his knell.

Lluellen. And Maddock toll thy passing bell.

So there lies a straw and now to the law.

³⁶ These two lines are given in the old copies to the queen, but they belong rather to any body else, and are probably spoken by the king.

³⁷ It is not clear whether the poet means to make the queen here speak Spanish or Italian, probably the first; but *Veniacion* is neither the one nor the other. *Ven' aqui* would be Spanish.

³⁸ It is not easy to guess what word *sapons* is misprinted for; perhaps *sapient*. It may be that Peele means that Mortimer is one half of the brood of *Sinon*, and the other half of the brood of *Sapor*, a King of Persia.

Masters and friends; naked came we into the world and naked are we turned out of the good towns into the wilderness. Let me say mass, methinks we are a handsome commonwealth, a handful of good-fellows, set a sunning to dog on our own discretion: what say you, sir? We are enough to keep a passage: will you be ruled by me? We'll get the next day from Brecknock the book of Robin Hood: the Friar he shall instruct us in his cause, and we'll even here fare and well, since the king has put us among the discarding cards, and as it were turned us with deuces and treys out of the deck³⁹, every man take his standing upon Mannock-deny, and wander like irregulars up and down the wilderness. I'll be master of misrule: I'll be Robin Hood that once: Cousin Rice thou shalt be little John, and here's Friar David as fit as a die for Friar Tuck. Now my sweet Nell, if you will make up the mess with a good heart for Maid Marian, and do well with Lluellen under the green wood trees, with as good a will as in the good towns, why *plena est curia*.

Elinor. My sweetest love, and this my infract fortune
 Could never vaunt her sovereignty,
 And should'st thou pass the ford of Phlegethon
 Or with Leander swim^{39*} the Hellespont,
 In deserts *Ænophrius* ever dwell,
 Or build thy bower on *Ætna's* fiery tops,
 Thy Nell would follow thee and keep with thee,
 Thy Nell would feed with thee and sleep with thee.

Friar. *O, Cupido, quantus, quantus!*

Merelith. Bravely resolv'd, madam: and then what rests, my lord Robin, but we will live and die together like Camber Britons, Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian.

Lluellen. There rests nothing now, cousin, but that I sell my chain⁴⁰ to set us all in green, and we'll all play the pioneers to make us a cave and cabin for all weathers.

³⁹ *Deck* is the old word for *pack*. See Todd's Johnson's Dictionary.

^{39*} "Win the Hellespont," in the original. In the next line *Ænophrius* may possibly be misprinted for *Ænotrian*.

⁴⁰ See note * to Albumazar, vol. VII. p. 129.

Elinor. My sweet Lluellen, though this sweet be
gall,
Patience doth conquer by out-suffering all.⁴¹

Friar. Now Mannock-deny, I hold thee a penny
Thou shalt have neither sheep nor goat
But friar David will fleece his coat :
Wherever Jack, my novice, jet⁴²
All is fish with him that comes to net ;
David, this year thou payest no debt. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter MORTIMER, solus.

Why, friar, is it so plain, indeed ?
Lluellen, art thou flatly so resolv'd
To roist it out and roost so near the king ?
What shall we have a passage kept in Wales
For men at arms, and knights adventurous ?
By cock, sir Rice, I see no reason why
Young Mortimer should not make one among⁴³
And play his part on Mannock-deny here,
For love of his beloved Elinor.
His Elinor ? were she his, I wot,
The bitter northern wind upon the plains,
The damps that rise from out the quechy⁴⁴ plots,
Nor influence of contagious air should touch ;
But she should court it with the proudest dames,
Rich in attire, and sumptuous in her fare,
And take her ease in beds of softest⁴⁵ down.
Why, Mortimer, may not thy offers move,
And win sweet Elinor from Lluellen's love ?
Why, pleasant gold and gentle eloquence,
Have 'tic'd the chastest nymphs, the fairest dames,
And vaunts of words, delights of wealth and ease

⁴¹ This line is spoiled both in meaning and measure in the old copies,

“ Patience doth conquer *me* by out-suffering all.”

⁴² See note 23 to Edward II. vol. II.

⁴³ In this line the negative has been accidentally omitted in the old quartos.

⁴⁴ Qy. *quashy* or *squashy*.

⁴⁵ The quartos both read “ *safest* down.”

Have made a nun to yield Lluellen's⁴⁶
 Being set to see the last of desperate chance.
 Why should so fair a star stand in a veil,
 And not be seen to sparkle in the sky?
 It is enough Jove chang'd his glittering robes
 To see Mnemosyne and the flies.⁴⁷
 Masters, have after gentle Robin Hood:
 You are not so well accompanied, I hope,
 But if a potter come to play his part,
 You'll give him stripes or welcome, good or worse.
 Go Mortimer, and make there love holidays;
 The King will take a common 'scuse of thee,
 And who hath more men to attend than Mortimer?

[*Exit Mortimer.*]

*Enter LLUELLEN, MEREDITH, FRIAR, ELINOR, and
 their train.*

*They are all clad in green, &c. sing, &c. "Blith and
 bonny." The song ended, LLUELLEN speaketh.*

Lluellen. Why so; I see, my mates, of old
 All were not lies that Bedlams told,⁴⁸
 Of Robin Hood and little John,
 Friar Tuck and Maid Marian.

Friar. I, forsooth, master.

Lluellen. How well they couch'd in forest green,
 Frolic and lively with oaten teen,
 And spent their day in game and glee:
 Lluellen, do seek if aught please thee,
 Nor though thy foot be out of town
 Let thine look black on Edward's crown;
 Nor think this green is not so gay
 As was the golden rich array,
 And of sweet Nell, my Marian.
 Trust me, as I am a gentleman,
 Thou art as fine in this attire,
 As fine and fit to my desire,

⁴⁶ There is probably a word lost here.

⁴⁷ This passage obviously requires some restoration: the latter part is most likely misprinted.

⁴⁸ Qy. *Beldams*, an easy error of the press.

As when of Leicester's hall and bower
 Thou wert the rose and sweetest flower.
 How say'st thou, friar, say I well?
 For any thing becomes my Nell.

Friar. Never made man of a woman born
 A bullock's tail a blowing horn;
 Nor can an ass's hide disguise
 A lion, if he ramp and rise.

Elinor. My lord, the friar is wondrous wise.

Lluellen. Believe him, for he tells no lies.
 But what doth little John devise?

Meredith. That Robin Hood beware of spies.
 An aged saying and a true,
 Black will take no other hue;
 He that of old hath been thy foe
 Will die but will continue so.

Friar. Oh, masters, whither shall we go^{48*}?
 Doth any living creature know?

Lluellen. Rice and I will walk the round.
 Friar, see about the ground,

Enter MORTIMER.

And spoil what prey is to be found,
 My love I leave within thy trust
 Because I know thy dealing just.
 Come, potter, come and welcome too,
 Fare as we fare, and do as we do.
 Nell, adieu: we go for news.

[*Exeunt Lluellen and Meredith.*]

Friar. A little serves the friar's lust,
 When *nolens volens* fast I must,
 Master, at all that you refuse.

*Mortimer.*⁴⁹ Such a porter would I choose,
 When I mean to blind a 'scuse:
 While Robin walks with little John
 The Friar will lick his Marian:
 So will the Potter if he can.

Elinor. Now Friar, sith your lord is gone,
 And you and I are left alone;

^{48*} The insertion of *go* was not required here by the sense, but by the rhyme.

⁴⁹ Mortimer stands aside while Elinor and the Friar converse.

What can the Friar do or say
To pass the weary time away?
Weary, God wot, poor wench, to thee
That never thought these days to see.

Mortimer. Break, heart, and split my eyes in twain!
Never let me hear those words again.

Friar. What can the Friar do or say
To pass the weary time away?
More dare I do than he dare say,
Because he doubts to have a way.

Elinor. Do somewhat, Friar: say or sing
That may to sorrow solace bring;
And I meanwhile will garlands make.

Mortimer. Oh, Mortimer, were it for thy sake,
A garland were the happiest stake,
That ever this hand unhappy drew.

Friar. Mistress, shall I tell you true?
I have a song, I learnt it long ago:
I wot not whether you'll like it well or ill.
'Tis short and sweet, but somewhat troll'd before:
Once let me sing it, and I ask no more.

Elinor. What, Friar, will you so indeed?
Agrees it somewhat with your need?

Friar. Why, mistress, shall I sing my creed?

Elinor. That's fitter of the two at need.

Mortimer. Oh wench, how may'st thou hope to
speed?

Friar. Oh mistress, out it goes:
Look what comes next, the Friar throws.

[*The Friar sits along, and sings.*]

Mortimer. Such a sitting who ever saw?
An eagle's bird of a jackdaw.

Elinor. So, sir; is this all?

Mortimer. Sweet heart, here is no more⁵⁰.

Elinor. How now, good fellow, more indeed
By one, than was before.

Friar. How now? The devil instead of a ditty.

Mortimer. Friar a ditty
Came late from the city,

⁵⁰ At these words Mortimer probably advances.

To ask some pity
Of this lass so pretty :
Some pity, sweet mistress, I pray you.

Elinor. How now, friar! where are we now, and
you play not the man?

Friar. Friend Copesmate, you that came late from
the city

To ask some pity
Of this lass so pretty,
In likeness of a doleful ditty;
Hang me if I do not pay you.

Mortimer. Oh friar, you grow choleric: well, you'll
have

No man to court your mistress, but yourself.
On my word, I'll take you down a button-hole.

Friar. Ye talk, ye talk, child ⁵¹.

Enter LLUELLEN and MEREDITH.

Lluellen. 'Tis well, potter; you fight in a good
quarrel.

Meredith. Mass! this blade will hold: let me see
then, Friar.

Friar. Mine's for mine own turn, I warrant: give
him his tools. Rise and let's to it; but no change and
if you love me. I scorn the odds, I can tell you: see
fair play, an you be gentlemen.

Lluellen. Marry, shall we, friar. Let us see: be
their staves of a length? Good: so, now,
Let us deem of the matter,
Friar and potter,
Without more clatter,
I have cast your water,
And see as deep into your desire,
As he that hath dived every day into your bosom. Oh
friar,

Will nothing serve your turn but larks?
Are such fine birds for such coarse clerks?
None but my Marian can serve your turn.

Elinor. Cast water, for the house will burn.

⁵¹ From what follows, it is evident that they fall to work with
their blades and staves.

Friar. Oh mistress, mistress, flesh is frail;
'Ware when the sign is in the tail:
Mighty is love and doth prevail.

Lluellen. Therefore, friar, shalt thou not fail
But mightily your foe assail,
And thrash this potter with thy flail.
And, potter, never rave nor rail,
Nor ask questions what I ail,
But take this tool and do not quail,
But thrash this friar's russet coat;

[*They take the flails.*]

And make him sing a dastard's note,
And cry, *Peccavi miserere*, David,
In amo amavi. Go to.

Mortimer. Strike, strike!

Friar. Strike, potter, be thou lief or loth;
And if you'll not strike, I'll strike for both.

Mortimer. [*Strikes.*] He needs must go that the
devil drives.

Then friar, beware of other men's wives.

Friar. [*Strikes.*] I wish, master proud potter, the
devil have my soul,
But I'll make my flail circumscribe your knoll.

Lluellen. Why so; now it cottens⁵², now the game
begins;

One knave currieth another for his sins.

Friar. [*Kneels.*] Oh master, shorten my offences in
mine eyes.

If this crucifige do not suffice,
Send me to heaven in a hempen sacrifice.

Mortimer. [*Kneels.*] Oh masters, masters! let this be
warning;

The Friar hath infected me with his learning.

Lluellen. Villians, do not touch the forbidden hair⁵³
Now to delude or to dishonour me.

Friar. Oh master, *quæ negata sunt grata sunt.*

⁵² See note 25, to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. II. and note 13 to *Green's Tu Quoque*, vol. VII.

⁵³ The old copies both read "the forbidden hair;" but the rhyme, which seems intended, requires *tree* to be substituted for *hair*.

Lluellen. Rice, every day thus shall it be:
We'll have a thrashing set among the friars; and he
That of these challengers lays on slowest load,
Be thou at hand, Rice, to gore him with thy goad.

Friar. Ah potter, potter! the Friar may rue
That ever this day this our quarrel he knew;
My pate addle, mine arms black and blue.

Mortimer. Ah friar! who may his fate's force eschew?
I think, friar, you are prettily school'd.

Friar. And I think the potter is handsomely cool'd.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Mortimer.*]

Mortimer. No, Mortimer; here that eternal fire
That burns and flames with brands of hot desire.
Why, Mortimer, why dost thou not discover
Thyself her knight, her liegeman, and her lover?

[*Exit.*]

Enter JOHN BALIOL, King of Scots, with his train.

Baliol. Lords of Albania, and my peers in France,
Since Baliol is invested in his rights,
And wears the royal Scottish diadem,
Time is to rouse him, that the world may wot
Scotland disdains to carry England's yoke.
Therefore, my friends, thus put in readiness,
Why slack we time to greet the English king
With resolute message, to let him know our minds?
Lord Versses, though thy faith and oath be ta'en
To follow Baliol's arms for Scotland's right,
Yet is thy heart to England's honour knit:
Therefore, in spite of England and thyself,
Bear thou defiance proudly to thy king:
Tell him, Albania finds heart and hope
To shake off England's tyranny betime,
To rescue Scotland's honour with the sword.
Lord Bruce, see cast about Versses' neck,
A strangling halter, that he mind his haste.
How sayst thou, Versses; wilt thou do this message?

Versses. Although no common post, yet for my king,
I will to England, maugre England's might,
And do my errand boldly, as becomes:

Albeit, I honour English Edward's name,
And hold this slavish contemnment in scorn ⁵⁴.

Baliol. Then hie away, as swift as swallow flies,
And meet me on our road on England's ground:
We there think of thy message and thy haste.

[*Sound trumpets. Exit Baliol, with his train.*

Enter KING EDWARD LONGSHANKS, EDMUND Duke of Lancaster, GLOCESTER, SUSSEX, DAVID, CRESSINGHAM, all booted from Northam ⁵⁵.

Longsh. Now have I leisure, lords, to bid you welcome into Wales.

Welcome, sweet Edmund, to christen thy young nephew;

And welcome Cressingham; give me thy hand.

But Sussex, what became of Mortimer?

We have not seen the man this many a day.

Sussex. Before your highness rid from hence to Northam,

Sir Roger was a suitor to your grace

Touching fair Elinor, Lluellen's love;

And so, belike denied, with discontent

A ⁵⁶ discontinues from your royal presence.

Longsh. Why, Sussex, said we not for Elinor,

So she would leave whom she had lov'd too long,

She might have favour with my queen and me.

But, man, her mind above her fortune mounts,

And that's a cause she fails in her accounts:

But go with me, my lord of Lancaster,

We will go see my beauteous lovely queen,

That hath enrich'd me with a goodly boy.

⁵⁴ The old copies read

"And hold this slavish contemnment to scorn."

⁵⁵ The quartos give this latter part of the stage direction as follows: "Glocester, Sussex, David, *Crespall* booted from Northam." But the name is *Cressingham*, as afterwards appears; and an abbreviation in the MS. was most likely coupled by the printer with the next word *all*, as the king and his peers have *all* just ridden from Northam.

⁵⁶ i. e. "*He* discontinues," not an uncommon vulgarism in printing old plays.

[*King Edward, Edmund, Gloucester, &c. go into the Queen's chamber: the Queen's tent opens; she is discovered in her bed, attended by MARY, Duchess of Lancaster, JOAN OF ACON, her daughter, and the QUEEN dandles his*⁵⁷ *young son.*

Longsh. Ladies, by your leave:
How doth my Nell, mine own, my love, my life,
My heart, my dear, my dove, my queen, my wife?

Q. Elinor. Ned, art thou come? sweet Ned; welcome my joy!

Thy Nell presents thee with a lovely boy:
Kiss him and christen him after thine own name.
Hey, ho! whom do I see? my lord of Lancaster, welcome heartily.

Edmund. I thank your grace: sweet Nell, well met withal.

Q. Elinor. Brother Edmund, here's a kinsman of yours:
You must need be acquainted.

Edmund. A goodly boy; God bless him. Give me your hand, sir:

You are welcome into Wales.

Q. Elinor. Brother, there's a fist, I warrant you, will hold a mace as fast as ever did father or grandfather before him.

Longsh. But tell me⁵⁸ now, lapped in lily bands,
How with my queen, my lovely boy it stands,
After thy journey and these childbed pains?

Q. Elinor. Sick, mine own Ned, thy Nell for thy company;

That lured her with thy lies all so far,
To follow thee unwieldy in thy war.

But I forgive thee, Ned, my limbs delight,
So thy young son thou see be bravely dight,
And in Carnarvon christen'd royally.

Sweet love, let him be lapp'd most curiously:

⁵⁷ i. e. the king's young son.

⁵⁸ The quarto of 1599 reads "But tell me now," correcting the older edition, which has it, "But tell in now."

He is thine own, as true as he is mine ⁵⁹;
Take order then that he be passing fine.

Longsh. My lovely lady, let that care be less:
For my young son the country will I feast,
And have him borne as bravely to the font
As ever yet king's son to christening went.
Lack thou no precious thing to comfort thee,
Dearer ⁶⁰ than England's diadem to me.

Q. Elinor. Thanks, gentle lord. Nurse rock the
cradle: fie,
The king so near, and hear the boy to cry?
Joan, take him up, and sing a lullaby.

Longsh. 'Tis well, believe me, wench: Godamercy,
Joan!

Edmund. She learns, my lord, to lull a young one of
her own.

Q. Elinor. Give me some drink.

Longsh. Drink nectar, my sweet Nell:
Worthy for seat in heaven with Jove to dwell.

Q. Elinor. Gramercies, Ned. Now, well remem-
ber'd yet;

I have a suit, sweet lord; but you must not deny it.
Whereas, my lord of Gloucester, good Clare, mine host,
my guide—

Good Ned, let Joan of Acon be his bride:
Assure yourself that they are th'roughly woo'd.

Glocester. God send the king be taken in the
mood ⁶¹!

Longsh. Then, niece, 'tis like that you shall have a
husband.

Come hither, Gloucester: hold—give her thy hand;
Take her, sole daughter to the Queen of England.

[*Longshanks gives her to Gloucester.*]

⁵⁹ The editions of 1593 and 1599, both give this line:

“He is thine own, as true as he is *thine*.”

⁶⁰ The edit. of 1593 reads *Dereare*, and that of 1599, *Dear are*:
the mistake is obvious.

⁶¹ “God send the king be taken in the mood,” is a line which
clearly belongs to Gloucester, and it is spoken aside. The old
copies both assign it to Longshanks, who begins at “Then
“niece,” &c.

For news he brought, Nell, of my young son,
I promis'd him as much as I have done.

Glocester and Joan hand in hand.

We humbly thank your majesty.

Edmund. Much joy may them betide,
A gallant bridegroom and a princely bride.

Longsh. Now say, sweet queen, what doth my lady
crave.

Tell me what name shall this young Welchman have,
Born Prince of Wales by Cambria's full consent.

Q. Elinor. Edward, the name that doth me well con-
tent.

Longsh. Then Edward of Carnarvon shall he be,
And Prince of Wales, christen'd in royalty.

Edmund. My Lord, I think the Queen would take a
nap.

Joan. Nurse, take the child and hold it ⁶² in your
lap.

Longsh. Farewell, good Joan; be careful of my
Queen.

Sleep, Nell, the fairest swan mine eyes have seen.

[They close the tent.]

Edmund. I had forgot to ask your Majesty
How do you with the Abbies here in Wales?

Longsh. As kings with rebels, Mun; our right pre-
vails.

We have good Robin Hood and Little John,
The Friar and the good Maid Marian:
Why, our Lluellen is a mighty man.

Glocester. Trust me, my Lord, methinks 'twere very
good

That some good fellows went and scour'd the wood,
And take in hand to cudgel Robin Hood.

I think the Friar, for all his lusty looks,
Nor Robin rule with their gleams and hooks ⁶³,
But would be quickly driven to the nooks.

⁶² The oldest of the quartos omits it.

⁶³ There is some mistake in this line, and probably instead of
gleams we ought to read *glaives* i. e. halberds. See note 44, to
Edward II. vol. II.

David. I can assure your highness what I know :
The false Lluellen will not run nor go,
Or give an inch of ground, come man for man ;
Nor that proud rebel called Little John,
To him that wields the massiest sword in England.

Glocester. Welchman, how wilt thou that we understand ?

But for Lluellen, David, I deny ;
England hath men will make Lluellen fly,
Maugre his beard, and hide him in a hole,
Weary of England's dints and manly dole.

Edmund. Glocester, grow not so hot in England's rights
That paints his honour out in every fight.

Longsh. By Gis ⁶⁴ fair Lords, ere many days be past,
England shall give this Robin his breakfast.
David, be secret, friend, to that I say,
And if I use thy skill thou know'st the way,
Where this proud Robin and his yeomen roam.

David. I do, my lord, and blindfold thither can I run.

Longsh. David enough : as I am a gentleman
I'll have one merry flirt with little John
And Robin Hood and his Maid Marian.
Be thou my counsel and my company,
And thou may'st England's resolution see.

Enter SUSSEX before the four Barons of Wales.

Sussex. May it please your majesty, here are four
good squires of the cantreds where they do dwell,
come in the name of the whole country to gratulate
unto your highness all your good fortunes, and by me
offer their most humble service to your young son, their
prince, whom they most heartily beseech God to bless
with long life and honour.

Longsh. Well said, Sussex : I pray bid them come
near.

Sir David, trust me this is kindly done
Of your countrymen.

David. Villains, traitors to the ancient glory and

⁶⁴ See note 75 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

renown of Cambria. Morris Vaughan, art thou there?
And thou, proud Lord of Anglesey? [Aside.]

Enter SUSSEX with the four Barons of Wales, with the mantle of freeze.

Mantle Barons. The poor country of Cambria, by us unworthy messengers, gratulates to your majesty the birth of your young son, Prince of Wales, and in this poor present express⁶⁵ their most zealous duty and affection, which with all humbleness we present to your Highness sweet and sacred hands.

Longsh. Gramercies, barons, for your gifts and good wills: by this means my boy shall wear a mantle of his⁶⁶ country's weaving to keep him warm, and live for England's honour and Cambria's good. I shall not need, I trust, courteously to invite you: I doubt not, lords, but you will be in all readiness to wait on your young prince, and do him honour at his christening.

Sussex. The whole country of Cambria round about, all well horsed and attended on, both men and women in their best array, are come down to do service of love and honour to our late-born prince, your majesty's son and honey: the men and women of Sowdon especially have sent in great abundance of cattle and corn, enough by computation for your highness's household a whole month and more.

Longsh. We thank them all, and will present our queen with these courtesies and presents bestowed on her young son, and greatly account you for our friends.

[Exeunt four Barons.]

The Queen's tent opens; the KING, his brother, the EARL OF GLOCESTER enter.

Q. Elinor. Who talketh there?

Longsh. A friend, madam.

Joan. Madam, it is the king.

⁶⁵ In both the old copies it is printed "and in this poor prest exprest," but the sense requires "and in this poor *present* express," &c.

⁶⁶ The sense requires the insertion of *his* or *this* here, altho' not warranted by the quartos.

Elinor. Welcome my lord. Hey ho, what have we there?

Longsh. Madam, the country in all kindness and duty recommend their service and good will to your son; and in token of their pure good will, present him by us with a mantle of freeze, richly lined to keep him warm.

Elinor. A mantle of freeze! Fie, fie; for God's sake let me hear no more of it and if you love me. Fie, my lord; is this the wisdom and kindness of the country? Now I commend me to them all, and if Wales have no more wit or manners than to cloath a king's son in freeze, I have a mantle in store for my boy that shall, I trow, make him shine like the sun, and perfume the streets where he comes.

Longsh. In good time, madam: he is your own; lap him as you list: but I promise thee, Nell, I would not for ten thousand pounds the country should take unkindness at thy words.

Elinor. 'Tis no marvel, sure; you have been royally received at their hands.

No, Ned, but that thy Nell doth want her will,
Her boy should glister like the summer's sun,
In robes as rich as Jove when he triumphs.
His pap should be of precious nectar made,
His food ambrosia—no earthly woman's milk:
Sweet fires of cinnamon to open him by;
The Graces on his cradle should attend:
Venus should make his bed and wait on him,
And Phœbus' daughter sing them still to sleep.
Thus would I have my boy us'd as divine,
Because he is King Edward's son and mine:
And do you mean to make him up on freeze?
For God's sake, lay it up charily and perfume it against
winter; it will make him a goodly warm Christmas
coat.

Longsh. Ah, Mun,⁶⁷ my brother, dearer than my life,
How this proud honour slays my heart with grief.

⁶⁷ A familiar mode of addressing his brother Edmund.

Sweet queen, how much I pity the effects.
 This Spanish pride 'grees not with England's prince :
 Mild is the mind where honour builds his bower,
 And yet is earthly honour but a flower.
 Fast to those looks are all my fancies tied,
 Pleas'd with thy sweetness, angry with thy pride.

Q. Elinor. Fie, fie : methinks I am not where I should be ;

Or at the least I am not where I would be.

Longsh. What wants my queen to perfect her content ?

But ask and have, the king will not repent.

Q. Elinor. Thanks gentle Edward : Lords have at you then :

Have at you all, long bearded Englishmen :

Have at you Lords and Ladies, when I crave

To give your English pride a Spanish brave.

Longsh. What means my Queen ? Gloucester, this is a Spanish fit.

Q. Elinor. Ned, thou hast granted and cannot now revoke it.

Longsh. Sweet Queen say on : my word shall be my deed

Q. Elinor. Then shall my words make many a bosom bleed.

Read, Ned, thy Queen's request, lapt up in rhyme,
 And say thy Nell had skill to chuse her time.

[*Read the paper Rice.*⁶⁸

*The pride of Englishmen's long hair
 Is more than England's Queen can bear
 Women's right breasts cut them off all,
 And let the great tree perish with the small.*

Longsh. What means my lovely Elinor by this ?

Q. Elinor. Not to be denied, for my request it is.⁶⁹

[*The rhyme is that men's beards and women's breasts be cut off, &c.*

⁶⁸ *Rice* must be a misprint for some other name, as he was not on the stage.

⁶⁹ This and the other incidents injurious to the character of Queen Elinor are given in the ballad already referred to : they by no

Edmund. Gloucester, an old said saying; he that grants all is ask'd.

Is much harder than Hercules task'd

Gloucester. Were the king so mad as the queen is wood,⁷⁰

Here were an end of England's good.

Longsh. My word is pass'd—I am well agreed
Let men's beards milt⁷¹ and women's bosoms bleed.
Call forth my barbers! lords we'll first begin.

Enter two Barbers.

Come, Sirrah, cut me close unto the chin,
And round me even, see'st thou, by a dish:
Leave not a lock. My queen shall have her wish.

Q. Elinor. What Ned, those locks that ever pleas'd
Nell,

Where her desire, where her delight doth dwell!
Wilt thou deface that silver labyrinth,
More orient than purpled Hyacinth?
Sweet Ned, thy sacred person ought not droop,
Though my command make other gallants stoop.

Longsh. Madam, pardon me and pardon all;
No justice but the great runs with the small.
Tell me, good Gloucester, art thou not affear'd?

Gloucester. No my lord, but resolv'd to lose my beard.

Longsh. Now, madam, if you purpose to proceed,
To make so many guiltless ladies bleed
Here must the law begin, sweet Elinor, at thy breast,
And stretch itself with violence to the rest.
Else princes ought no other do,
Fair lady, than they would be done unto.

meansagree with the account Holinshed has left of her. "She was a right godly, and modest princesse ful of pitie, and one that shewed much favour to the English nation; ready to relieve every man's griefe that susteyned wrong, and to make them friends that were at discorde, so far as in her lay." Hol. fol. 1577. p. 799.

⁷⁰ *Mad* and *wood* are synonymous: it is a word in very common use with all our old writers, Shakspeare plays upon it in *Midsummer Nights' Dream* A. II. Sc. 2.

Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I and *wood* within this *wood*.

⁷¹ Perhaps *moult*.

Q. Elinor. What logic call you this? Doth Edward mock his love?

Longsh. No Nell; he doth as best in honour doth behove,
And prays thee, gentle queen, and let my prayers move,
Leave these ungentle thoughts, put on a milder mind;
Sweet looks, not lofty, civil mood become a woman's kind:

And live, as being dead and buried in the ground,
Thou may'st for affability and honour be renown'd.

Q. Elinor. Nay, and you preach, I pray, my lord, be-gone:
The child will cry and trouble you anon.

[*The Nurse closeth the tent.*

Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem

*Testa diu.*⁷²

*Lady Mayoress.*⁷³ Proud incest in the cradle of disdain,

Bred up in court of pride, brought up in Spain,
Dost thou command him coyly from thy sight,
That is the star, the glory of thy sight?

Longsh. Oh, could I with the riches of my crown
Buy better thoughts for my renowned Nell.
Thy mind, sweet queen should be as beautiful,
As is thy face, as are thy features all,
Fraught with pure honour, treasure⁷⁴, and enrich'd
With virtues and glory incomparable.
Ladies about her majesty, see that the queen your
mother know not so much; but at any hand our
pleasure is that our young son be in this mantle borne
to his christening, for special reasons thereto moving:
from the church, as best it please your women's wits to
devise. Yet, sweet Joan, see this faithfully performed;

⁷² This well known quotation seems inserted as an observation by the poet, and not like a previous line from the same author put into the mouth of one of the characters.

⁷³ The Lady Mayoress of London performs the office of nurse to the prince, and these lines are spoken aside.

⁷⁴ *Qy.* Honour's treasure.

and hear you daughter, look you be not last up when this day comes, lest Gloucester find another bride in your stead. David, go with me.

⁷⁵ [*Exeunt Edward and David.*

Glocester. She riseth early Joan, that beguileth thee of a Gloucester.

Edmund. Believe him not, sweet niece: we men can speak smooth for advantage.

Joan. Women⁷⁶, do you mean, good uncle? Well, be the accent where it will, women are women: I will believe you for as great a matter as this comes to, my lord,

Glocester. Gramercies, sweet lady, *et habebis fidei mercedem contrà.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter the NOVICE and his company, to give the Queen music at her Tent.

Novice. Come fellows, cast yourselves even round in a string—a ring I would say: come, merrily on my word, for the queen is most liberal, and if you will please her she will pay you royally: so, lawful to brave well thy British lustily to solace our good queen: God save her grace and give our young prince a carpell in their kind. Come on: come set on your crowds⁷⁷, and beat your heads together and behave you handsomely.

[*Here they sing.*

Enter the FRIAR DAVID, alone.

Friar. I have a budget in my nose this gay morning, and now will I try how clerkly the Friar can behave himself. 'Tis a common fashion to get gold with "Stand: deliver your purses:" Friar David will once in his days get money by wit. There is a rich farmer should pass this way to receive a round sum of money: if he come to me the money is mine, and the law shall

⁷⁵ This necessary stage direction is not marked in either of the old Copies.

⁷⁶ A play upon the similarity of sound between *we men* used by Edmund, and *women* used by Joan, the chief difference being in the accent.

⁷⁷ See note * to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. 33. and note 18 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, in the same vol.

take no vantage: I will cut off the law as a hangman would cut a man down when he hath shaken his heels half an hour under the gallows. Well, I must take some pains for this gold and have at it.

[*The Friar spreads the lappet of his gown, and falls to dice.*]

Enter a FARMER.

Farmer. 'Tis an old said saying, I remember I read it in Cato's *Pueriles*, that *cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*; a man's purse penniless may sing before a thief: true, as I have not one penny, which makes me so pertly pass through these thickets; but indeed I receive⁷⁸ a hundred marks and all the care is how I shall pass again. Well, I am resolved either to ride twenty miles about, or else to be so well accompanied that I will not care for these rufflers.

Friar. Did ever man play with such uncircumcised hands? size-ace to eleven and lose the chance!

Farmer. God speed good fellow: why chafest thou so fast? there's nobody will win thy money from thee.

Friar. Zounds! you offer me injury, sir, to speak in my cast

Farmer. The Friar undoubtedly is lunatic—I pray thee good fellow leave chafing, and get some warm drink to comfort thy brains.

Friar. Alas! sir I am not lunatic: 'tis not so well, for I have lost my money, which is far worse. I have lost five gold nobles to St. Francis and if I knew where to meet with his receiver I would pay him presently.

Farmer. Would'st thou speak with St. Francis's receiver?

Friar. Oh lord, I, sir; full gladly.

Farmer. Why man, I am St. Francis's receiver, if you would have any thing with him.

Friar. Are you St. Francis's receiver? Jesus, Jesus! are you St. Francis's receiver? and how does all?

⁷⁸ To make it intelligible it ought to run "but indeed *I am going* "to receive a hundred marks:" perhaps the words fell out in the printing. In the same way, just below, *am* is omitted in the old copies before *resolved*.

Farmer. I am his receiver, and am now going to him: a' bids St. Thomas a' Waterings to breakfast this morning to a calve's head and bacon.

Friar. Good sir, I beseech you carry him these five nobles, and tell him I deal honestly with him as if he were here present.

Farmer. I will of my word and honesty Friar; and so farewell.

Friar. Farewell St. Francis's receiver, even heartily. Well, now the Friar is out of cash five nobles, God knows how he shall come into cash again: but I must to it again. There's nine for your holiness and six for me.

Enter LLUELLEN, MEREDITH, POTTER, with their prisoners.

Lluellen. Come on my hearts: bring forth your prisoners and let us see what store of fish is there in their purse-nets. Friar, why chafest thou man? here's nobody will offer thee any foul play, I warrant thee.

Friar. Oh, good master give me leave: my hand is in a little; I trust I shall recover my losses.

Lluellen. The Friar is mad; but let him alone with his device. And now to you my masters, Pedlar, Priest, and Piper: throw down your budgets in the mean while, and when the Friar is at leisure he shall tell you what you shall trust to.

Pedlar. Alas, Sir: I have but three pence in the corner of my shoe.

Meredith. Never a shoulder of mutton, Piper, in your tabor? But soft here comes company.

Enter LONGSHANKS, DAVID, FARMER.

Farmer. Alas, gentlemen, if you love yourselves, do not venture through this mountain: here's such a coil with Robin Hood and his rabble, that every cross in my purse trembles for fear.

Longsh. Honest man, as I said to thee before, conduct us through the wood, and if thou beest robbed or have any violence offered thee, as I am a gentleman, I will repay thee again.

David. How much money hast thou about thee?

Farmer. Faith, sir, a hundred marks: I received it even now at Brecknock. But, out alas! we are undone: yonder is Robin Hood and all the strong thieves in the mountain. I have no hope left but your honour's assurance.

Longsh. Fear not; I will be my word's master.

Friar. Good master, if you love the Friar,
Give him a while I you desire,
And as you like of my device
So love him that holds the dice.

Farmer. What friar, art thou still labouring so hard? Will you have any thing more to St. Francis?

Friar. Good Lord! are you here, sweet St. Francis's receiver? How doth his holiness, and his good family?

Farmer. In good health, faith Friar: hast thou any nobles for him?

Friar. You know the dice are not partial: and St. Francis were ten saints, they will favour him no more than they would favour the devil, if he play at dice. In very truth, my friend, they have favoured the Friar, and I have won a hundred marks of St. Francis. Co he, sir; I pray, sirrah, draw it over: I know, sirrah, me is a good man, and never deceives none.

Farmer. Draw it over! What meanest thou by that?

Friar. Why, in *numeratis pecuniis legem pone*: pay me my winnings.

Farmer. What ass is this! should I pay thee thy winnings?

Friar. Why, art thou not, sirrah, St. Francis's receiver?

Farmer. Indeed, I do receive for St. Francis.

Friar. Then I'll make you pay for St. Francis, that's flat.

[*Bustling on both sides.*]

Farmer. Help, help! I am robbed, I am robbed!

Longsh. Villain, you wrong the man: hands off.

Friar. Masters, I beseech you leave this brawling, and give me leave to speak. So it is, I went to dice with Sir Francis, and lost five nobles; by good fortune.

his cashier came by, received it of me in ready cash. I being very desirous to try my fortune further, played still; and as the dice, not being bound prentice to him or any man, favoured me, I drew a hand and won a hundred marks. Now I refer to your judgments, whether the Friar is to seek his winnings.

Longsh. Marry, friar, the farmer must and shall pay thee honestly ere he pass.

Farmer. Shall I, sir? Why, will you be content to pay half⁷⁹, as you promised me?

Longsh. I, farmer, if you had been robbed of it; but if you be a gamester, I'll take no charge of you, I.

Farmer. Alas, I am undone!

Lluellen. So, sir friar, now you have gathered up your winnings, I pray you stand up and give the messengers⁸⁰ their charge, that Robin Hood may receive his toll.

Friar. And shall, my lord. Our thrice-renowned Lluellen, Prince of Wales, and Robin Hood of the great mountain, doth will and command all passengers, at the sight of Richard, servant unto me, Friar David ap Tuck, to lay down their weapons and quietly yield, for custom towards the maintenance of his highness' wars, the half of all such gold, silver, money, and money-worth, as the said messenger hath then about him; but if he conceal any part or parcel of the same, then shall he forfeit all that he possesseth at that present. And this sentence is irrevocable, confirmed by our lord Lluellen Prince of Wales, and Robin Hood of the great mountain.

Lluellen. So vail⁸¹ your budgets to Robin of the mountain. But what art thou that disdainest to pay this custom, as if thou scornest the greatness of the Prince of Wales.

Longsh. Faith, Robin, thou seemest to be a good

⁷⁹ The King's undertaking seems to have been to pay the whole, and not half only.

⁸⁰ Query *passengers*; but the old copies both have it *messengers*. It occurs again afterwards.

⁸¹ See note 13 to the *Pinner of Wakefield*, vol. III.

fellow: there's my bag; half is mine, half is thine. But let's to it, if thou dar'st, man for man, to try who shall have the whole.

Lluellen. Why, thou speakest as thou should'st speak. My masters, on pain of my displeasure, depart the place, and leave us two to ourselves. I must lop his longshanks, for ile *eare*⁸² to a pair of longshanks.

Longsh. They are fair marks, sir, and I must defend as I may. Davy, begone. Hold here, my hearts: long-legs gives you this amongst you to spend blows one with another. Davy, now Davy's days are almost come at end⁸³

Mortimer. But, Mortimer, this sight is strange. Stay thou in some corner to see what will befall in this battle.

Longsh. Now, Robin of the wood, alias Robin Hood, be it known to your worship by these presents, that the longshanks which you aim at have brought the King of England into these mountains to use Lluellen, and to crack a blade with his man that supposeth himself Prince of Wales.

Lluellen. What, sir king! welcome to Cambria. What, foolish Edward, dar'st thou endanger thyself to travel these mountains? Art thou so foolish hardy as to combat with the Prince of Wales?

Longsh. What I dare, thou see'st: what I can perform thou shalt shortly know. I think thee a gentleman, and therefore hold no scorn to fight with thee.

Lluellen. No, Edward; I am as good a man as thyself.

Longsh. That shall I try.

[*They fight, and David takes his brother's part, and Mortimer the King's.*]

Longsh. Hallo, Edward! how? are thy senses confounded? What, Davy, is it possible thou should'st be false to England?

⁸² So it stands in the quartos; but perhaps we ought to read "*'fore I'll yield,*" or some other words of the same meaning.

⁸³ This last sentence seems not to belong to the King, but perhaps to Sir David.

David. Edward, I am true to Wales, and so have been friends since my birth, and that shall the King of England know to his cost.

Lluellen. What, potter, did I not charge you to be-gone with your fellows?

Mortimer. No traitor! no potter I, but Mortimer, the Earl of March; whose coming to these woods is to deceive thee of thy love, and reserved to save my sovereign's life.

David. Upon them, brother! let them not breathe.

[*The King hath Lluellen down, and David hath Mortimer down.*]

Longsh. Villain, thou diest! God and my right hath prevailed.

David. Base earl! now doth David triumph in thine overthrow.—Aye is me! Lluellen at the feet of Longshanks?

Longsh. What, Mortimer under the sword of such a traitor!

Mortimer. Brave king, run thy sword up to the hilt in the blood of the rebel.

Longsh. Oh, Mortimer, thy life is dearer to me than millions of rebels.

David. Edward, relieve my brother, and Mortimer lives.

Longsh. I, villain! thou knowest too well how dear I hold my Mortimer. Rise man, and assure thee, and the hate I bear to thee is love⁸⁴ in respect of the deadly hatred I bear to that notorious rebel.

Mortimer. Away! his sight to me is like the sight of a cockatrice. Villain! I go to revenge me on thy treason, and to make thee pattern to the world of monstrous^{83*} treason, falsehood, and ingratitude.

[*Exit Mortimer and the King.*]

David. Brother a'chafes; but hard was your hap to be overmastered by the coward.

Lluellen. No coward, David: his courage is like to

⁸⁴ The meaning is very clear, viz. that the hate he bears Lluellen is *love* compared with his deadly hatred for the rebel David. The quartos lost the sense by printing *long* for love.

^{84*} *Mountains* in the old copies.

the lion, and were it not that rule and sovereignty sets us at jar, I could love and honour the man for his valour.

David. But the potter: oh, the villain will never out of my mind whilst I live, and I will lay to be revenged on his villainy.

Lluellen. Well, David, what will be shall be; therefore casting these matters out of our heads, David, thou art welcome to Cambria. Let us in and be merry after this cold cooling, and prepare to strengthen ourselves against the last threatenings. [Exeunt ambo.

After the christening and marriage done, the Heralds having attended, they pass over. The bride is led by two noblemen, Edmund of Lancaster and the Earl of Sussex, and the Bishop.

Glocester. Welcome Joan, Countess of Glocester, to Gilbert de Clare for ever.

*Sussex.*⁸⁵ God give them joy. Cousin Glocester, let us now go visit the King and Queen, and present their Majesties with their young son, Edward, Prince of Wales.

Then all pass in their order to the King's pavilion: the King sits in his tent, and his pages about him.

Bishop. We present⁸⁶ your highness most humbly with your young son, Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales. [Sound trumpets.

Omnes. God save Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales!

Longsh. (kisses them both.) Edward, Prince of Wales, God bless thee with long life and honour. Welcome Joan, Countess of Glocester; God bless thee and thine for ever. Lords, let us visit my queen and wife, whom we will at once present with a son and daughter honoured to her desire.

[Sound trumpets: they all march to the chamber; Bishop speaks to her in her bed.

⁸⁵ The whole of what follows is assigned in the old editions to Glocester, who of course comes on with his bride. As he is addressed, it is clear there is some mistake, and the probability is that what is said belongs to the Earl of Sussex.

⁸⁶ The quartos read *represent*.

Bishop. We humbly present your majesty with your young son, Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales.

[*Sound trumpets.*]

Omnes. God save Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales.

Elinor. [*she kisseth him.*] Gramercies, Bishop: hold; take that to buy thee a rochel. Welcome, Welchman! Here, nurse open him and have him to the fire, for God's sake; they have touzed him and wash'd him thoroughly, if that be good. And welcome Joan, Countess of Gloucester: God bless thee with long life, honour, and heart's ease. I am now as good as my word, Gloucester; she is thine: make much of her, gentle earl.

Longsh. Now, my sweet Nell, what more commandeth my queen, that nothing may want to perfect her contentment?

Elinor. Nothing, sweet Ned; but pray, my king, feast the lords and ladies royally: and thanks a thousand times, good men and women, to you all for this duty and honour done to your prince.

Longsh. Master bridegroom, by old custom this is your waiting day. Sir David ⁸⁷ you may command all ample welcome in our court for your countrymen. Brother Edmund, revel it now or never for honour of your England's son. Gloucester, now like a brave bridegroom marshal this many, and set these lords and ladies to dancing; so shall you fulfil the old English proverb, 'tis merry in hall when beards wag all.

After the show, and the king and queen, with all the lords and ladies in place, Longshanks speaketh.

Longsh. What tidings brings Versses to our court?

Enter in VERSSES with a halter about his neck.

Versses. Tidings to make thee tremble, English king.

Longsh. Me tremble boy! must not be news from Scotland

Can once make English Edward stand aghast.

⁸⁷ Either this is a mistake, or there has been some transposition of the scene; because not long since Edward left Sir David with his brother, professing the most deadly hatred to him for his treachery.

Versses. Baliol hath chosen at this time to stir ;
 To rouse him lion-like, and cast the yoke,
 That Scots ingloriously have borne from thee,
 And all the predecessors of thy line ;
 And makes his roads ⁸⁸ to re-obtain his right,
 And for his homage sends thee all this despite.

Edmund. Why, how now princox : ⁸⁹ prat'st thou to
 a king ?

Versses. I do my message truly from my king :
 This sword and target chide in louder terms.
 I bring defiance from King John Baliol,
 To English Edward and his barons all.

Longsh. Marry, so methinks : thou defiest me with
 a witness.

Versses. Baliol, my king, in Berwick makes his
 court :

His camp he spreads upon the sandy plain,
 And dares thee to the battle in his right.

Edmund. What, court and camp in Englishmen's
 despite ?

Longsh. Hold messenger ; commend me to thy king :
 Wear thou my chain and carry this ⁹⁰ to him.
 Greet all his rout of rebels more or less ;
 Tell them such shameful end will hit them all.
 And wend with this as resolutely back
 As thou to England brought'st thy Scottish braves.
 Tell, then, disdainfully Baliol from us,
 We'll rouse him from his hold, and make him soon
 Dislodge his camp, and take his walled town.
 Say what I bid thee, Versses, to his teeth,
 And earn this favour and a better thing

Versses. Yes, king of England, who my heart be-
 loves :

Think, as I promis'd him to brave thee here,
 So shall I bid John Baliol 'base from thee.

⁸⁸ The old copies agree in giving
 " And make his roddes," &c.

but the meaning is roads or inroads.

⁸⁹ A *princox* is a coxcomb. See note 78 to *Fuimus Troes*, vol.
 VII.

⁹⁰ i. e. the halter with which Versses entered.

Longsh. So shalt thou earn my chain and favour
Versses,

And carry him this token that thou send'st⁹¹.
Why now is England's harvest ripe :
Barons now may you reap the rich renown
That under warlike colours springs in field,
And grows where ensigns wave⁹² upon the plains.
False Baliol, Berwick is no hold of proof
To shroud thee from the strength of Edward's arm.
No, Scot; thy treason's fear shall make the breach,
For England's pure renown to enter in.

Omnes. Amain! Amain! upon these treacherous
Scots :

Amain, say all; upon these treacherous Scots !

Longsh. While we with Edmund, Gloucester and the
rest

With speedy journies gather up our forces,
And beat these braving Scots from England's bounds,
Mortimer, thou shalt take the rout in task,
That revel here and spoil fair Cambria.
My Queen, when she is strong and well a-foot,
Shall post to London and repast her there.
Then God shall send us haply all to meet,
And joy the honours of our victories.
Take 'vantage of our foes and see the time,
Keep still our hold, our fight yet on the plain.
Baliol I come : proud Baliol and ingrate,
Persuaded⁹³ to chase thy men from England's gate.

[*Exit Edward with his nobles.*]

Enter BALIOL with his train.

Baliol. Princes of Scotland and my loving friends,
Whose necks are overwearied with the yoke,
And servile bondage of these Englishmen,
Lift up your horns and with your brazen hoofs
Spurn⁹⁴ at the honour of your enemies.

⁹¹ Query *seest*; still alluding to the halter.

⁹² "*Wan* upon the plain," in both the old copies : in the next line *Warwick* is printed for *Berwick*, in the edition of 1593.

⁹³ No doubt "*persuaded*" is a misprint for some word of two syllables, which the line requires ; perhaps *prepar'd*.

⁹⁴ Both the old editions have it *Spur*.

'Tis not ambitious thoughts of private rule
Have forc'd your king to take on him these arms ;
'Tis country's cause ; it is the common good
Of us and of our brave posterity.

To arms ! to arms !

Versses by this hath told the king our minds,
And he hath brav'd proud England to the proof.
We will remunerate his resolution
With gold, with glory, and with kingly gifts.

Lord. By sweet St. Jerome, Versses will not spare
To tell his message to the English king,
And beard the jolly Longshanks to his face,
Were he the greatest monarch in the world.
And here he comes : his halter makes him haste.

Enter VERSSES.

Versses. Long live, my lord, the rightful king of
Scots.

Baliol. Welcome Versses : what news from England ?
Like to the measure of Scotland's king ?

Versses. Versses, my lord, in terms like to himself,
Like to the messenger of Scottish king,
Defied the peers of England and their lords,
That all his barons trembled at my threats,
And Longshanks himself as daunted and amaz'd
Gaz'd on my face not witting what to say ;
'Till rousing up he shak'd his threatning hair.
Versses, quoth he, take thou King Edward's chain,
Upon condition thou a message do
To Baliol, false perjur'd Baliol :
For in these terms he bade me greet your grace,
And gave this halter to your excellence.
I took the chain and give your grace the rope.

Baliol. You took the chain and give my grace the
rope ?
Lay hold on him. Why miscreant, recreant !
And dar'st thou bring a halter to thy king ?
But I will quite thy pain, and in that chain,
Upon a silver gallows shalt thou hang,
That honour'd with a golden rope of England,

And a silver gibbet of Scotland, thou mayst
 Hang in the air for fowls to feed upon,
 And men to wonder at. Away with him! Away!
After the sight of JOHN BALIOL is done, enter MORTIMER pursuing the rebels.

Mortimer. Strike up that drum! follow, pursue and chase!

Follow! pursue! spare not the proudest he
 That havocks Englands' sacred royalty.

[Exit Mortimer.]

Then make the proclamation upon the walls. Sound trumpets.

Enter QUEEN alone.

Q. Elinor. Now fits the time to purge our melancholy
 And be reveng'd upon this London dame.
 Katherina!

Enter KATHERINA.

Katherina. At hand, Madam.

Q. Elinor. Bring forth our London mayoress here.

Katherina. I will, madam,

Q. Elinor. Now Nell

Bethink thee of some tortures for the dame,
 And purge thy choler to the uttermost.

Enter LADY MAYORESS and KATHERINA.

Now mistress Mayoress, you have attendance urg'd,
 And therefore to requite your courtesy,
 Our mind is to bestow an office on you straight.

Lady Mayoress. My self, my life and service, mighty
 Queen,

Are humbly at your majesty's command.

Q. Elinor. Then mistress Mayoress, say whether you
 will be our nurse or laundress?

Lady Mayoress. Then may it please your majesty,
 To entertain your handmaid for your nurse,
 She will attend the cradle carefully.

Q. Elinor. Oh no, nurse; the babe needs no great
 rocking: it can lull itself, Katherina bind her in her
 chair and let me see how she'll become a nurse, So:
 now Katherina draw forth her breast, and let the ser-

pent suck his fill. Why so ; now she is a nurse. Suck on sweet babe.

Lady Mayoress. Ah queen, sweet queen, seek not my blood to spill,
For I shall die before this adder have his fill.

Q. Elinor. Die or die not, my mind is fully pleas'd.
Come Katherina : to London now will we,
And leave our Mayoress with her nursery.

Katharina. Farewell, sweet Mayoress : look unto the babe. | *Exeunt Queen and Katherina.*

Lady Mayoress. Farewell, proud queen, the author of my death,
The scourge of England and to English dames !
Ah, husband, sweet John Bearmber, Mayor of London,
Ah did'st thou know how Mary is perplex'd,
Soon would'st thou come to Wales, and rid me of this pain,

But Oh ! I die my wish is all in vain. [*Here she dies.*
*Enter Lluellen running out before, and DAVID with a halter ready to hang himself.*⁹⁵

Lluellen. The angry heavens frown on Britain's face
To eclipse the glory of fair Cambria :
With sore aspects the dreadful planets lower.
Lluellen, basely turn thy back and fly ?
No, Welchmen fight it to the last and die !
For if my men safely have got the bride,
Careless of chance I'll reck no sour event.
England's broad womb hath not that armed band
That can expel Lluellen from his land.

Enter DAVID.

David. Fly Lord of Cambria : fly Prince of Wales !
Sweet brother fly ! the field is won and lost :
Thou art beset with England's furious troops,
And cursed Mortimer, like lion, leads.
Our men have got the bride, but all in vain :
The Englishmen are come upon our backs.
Either flee or die, for Edward hath the day.

⁹⁵ Such is the stage direction ; but the entrance of David takes place and is marked afterwards.

For me, I have my rescue in my hand :
 England on me no torments shall inflict.
 Farewell Lluellen, while we meet in heaven.

[*Exit David.*]

Enter SOLDIERS.

Soldier. Follow ! pursue ! Lie there whate'er thou be

[*Lluellen is slain with a pike-staff.*]

Yet soft, my hearts ; let us his countenance see :
 This is the prince ; I know him by his face.
 Oh, gracious fortune, that me happy made
 To spoil the weed that chokes fair Cambria.
 Hale him from hence, and in this busky wood ⁹⁶
 Bury his corpse ; but for his head, I vow'd
 I will present our governor with the same.

[*Ereunt omnes.*]

Enter the FRIAR with a halter about his neck.

Friar. Come, my gentle Richard, my true master
 servant that in some storms hast stood my master ;⁹⁷
 hang thee, I pray thee, lest I hang for thee : and down
 on thy marybones like a foolish fellow that have gone
 far astray, and ask forgiveness of God and King Edward
 for playing the rake-hell and the rebel here in Wales.
 Ah, gentle Richard, many a hot breakfast have we been
 at together ; and now since, like one of Mars's frozen
 knights,⁹⁸ I must hang up my weapon upon this tree,
 and come *per misericordiam* to the mad potter Morti-
 mer, wring thy hands, Friar, and sing a pitiful fare-
 well to thy pike-staff at parting.

*The Friar, having sung his farewell to his pike-staff,
 takes his leave of Cambria, and exit the Friar.*⁹⁹

⁹⁶ Or "bosky wood" which in fact is tautologous, as *bosky* means *woody*. Shakspeare is not guilty of the same fault when in *Tempest*, A. 4. Sc. 1. he makes Ceres talk of her "bosky acres."

⁹⁷ Qy. if we ought not to read ; "that in some storms hast stood my friend ;" The Friar is addressing his stick.

⁹⁸ Qy. "chosen knights."

⁹⁹ It does not seem by what follows that he went out, but that he retired and fell upon his knees on the entrance of Mortimer.

Enter MORTIMER with Soldiers and ELINOR.

Mortimer. Bind fast the traitor and bring him away, that the law may justly pass upon him and he receive the reward of monstrous treasons and villainy! stain to the name and honour of this noble country! For you that slew Lluellen and presented us with his head, the king shall reward your fortune and chivalry. Sweet lady, abate not thy looks so heavenly to the earth: God and the king of England have honour for thee in store, and Mortimer's heart at service and at thy commandment.

Elinor. Thanks, gentle lord; but alas! who can blame Elinor to accuse her stars, that in one hour Hath lost honour and contentment.

Mortimer. And in one hour may your ladyship recover both, if you vouchsafe to be advised by your friends. But what makes the Friar here upon his marrowbones?

Friar. Oh potter, potter, the friar doth sue, Now his old master is slain and gone, to have a new.

Elinor. Ah, sweet Lluellen, how thy death I rue.

Mortimer. Well said Friar; better once than never. Give me thy hand: my cunning shall fail me but we will be fellows yet; and now Robin Hood is gone, it shall cost me hot water but thou shalt be King Edward's man: only I enjoin thee this—come not too near the fire¹⁰⁰; but good Friar, be at my hand.

Friar. Oh, sir; no, sir, not so sir: a' was warned too lately—none of that flesh I love.

Mortimer. Come on: and for those that have made their submission and given their names, in the king's name I pronounce their pardons, and so God save King Edward!

[*Exeunt omnes from Wales.*]

Here's thunder and lightning when the Queen comes in.

Enter QUEEN ELINOR and JOAN.

Q. Elinor. Why Joan, is this the welcome that the clouds afford?

How dare these disturb our thoughts, knowing

¹⁰⁰ The old copies here read "only I enjoin thee this—come not too near the Friar;" but *fire* is required by the sense, the reference being to Elinor, and to what had passed in a previous scene when the Friar was left alone with the lady.

That I am Edward's wife and England's Queen,
Here thus on Charing Green to threaten me?

Joan. Ah mother, blaspheme not so:
Your blaspheming, and other wicked deeds,
Hath caused our God to terrify your thoughts,
And call to mind your sinful fact committed
Against the Mayoress here of lovely London,
And better Mayoress London never bred,
So full of ruth and pity to the poor.
Her have you made away,
That London cries for vengeance on your head.

Q. Elinor. I rid her not: I made her not away.
By heaven I swear, traitors
They are to Edward and to England's Queen
That say I made away the Mayoress.

Joan. Take heed, sweet lady mother, swear not so:
A field of prize corn will not stop their mouths,
That said you have made away that virtuous woman.

Q. Elinor. Gape earth and swallow me, and let my
soul
Sink down to hell, if I were author of
That woman's tragedy. Oh Joan! Help Joan,
Thy mother sinks!

Joan. Oh mother, my help is nothing. Oh she is
sunk
And here the earth is new closed up again.
Ah Charing Green for ever change thy hue,
And never may the grass grow green again,
But wither and return to stones, because
That beauteous Elinor sunk on thee. Well, I
Will send unto the King my father's grace,
And satisfy him of this strange mishap¹⁰¹. [*Exit Joan.*]

¹⁰¹ This miraculous incident of the sinking of Queen Elinor at Charing Cross and of her rising again at Queen Hithe, is alluded to in several old plays: among others in Middleton's comedy of "*Anything for a quiet Life*."

"Lastly (says one of the characters) I will put on a large pair of wet-leather boots and drown myself. I will sink at Queen Hive and rise again at Charing-cross, contrary to the statute in "*Edwardo primo*."

It is "*contrary* to the statute," because in Middleton's play the matter was to be reversed.

Alarum: a charge: after a long skirmish, assault; flourish. Enter King Edward with his train and Baliol prisoner. Edward speaketh.

Longsh. Now, trothless King, what fruits have braving boasts?

What end hath treason but a sudden fall?
Such as have known thy life and bringing up
Have prais'd thee for thy learning and thy art:
How comes it then that thou forget'st thy books,
That school'd thee to forget ingratitude?
Unkind! this hand hath 'nointed thee a king;
This tongue pronounc'd the sentence of thy ruth:
If thou, in lieu of mine unfeigned love,
Hast levied arms for to attempt my crown,
Now see thy fruits: thy glories are dispers'd
And traitor-like¹⁰² sith thou hast pass'd thy bounds
Thy sturdy neck must stoop to bear this yoke.

Baliol. I took this lesson, Edward, from my book,
To keep a just equality of mind,
Content with every fortune as it comes:
So can'st thou threat no more than I expect.

Longsh. So sir: your moderation is enforc'd;
Your goodly glozes cannot make it good.

Baliol. Then I will keep in silence what I mean,
Since Edward thinks my meaning is not good.

Edmund. Nay Baliol speak forth, if there yet remain
A little remnant of persuading art.

Baliol. If cunning have power to win the king,
Let those employ it that can flatter him:
If honour'd deed may reconcile the king
It lies in me to give and him to take.

Longsh. Why, what remains for Baliol now to give?

Baliol. Allegiance, as becomes a royal king.

Longsh. What league of faith, where league is broken
once?

Baliol. The greater hope in them that once have
fallen.

¹⁰² The old copies give it;

“And *his for like* sith thou hast pass'd the bounds,”
which is quite unintelligible.

Longsh. But foolish are those monarchs, that do
yield
A conquer'd realm upon submissive vows.

Baliol. There, take my crown, and so redeem my
life.

Longsh. I, sir; that was the choicest plea of both;
For whoso quells the pomp of haughty minds,
And breaks their staff whereon they build their trust,
Is sure in wanting power they cannot harm¹⁰³.
Baliol shall live; but still within such bounds
That if his wings grow fleg^{103*}, they may be clipp'd.
*Enter the POTTER*¹⁰⁴, and the POTTER'S WIFE, called
the Potter's-hive, dwelling there, and JOHN her man.

Potter's Wife. John, come away: you go as though
you slept. A great knave and be afraid of a little
thundering and lightning?

John. Call you this a little thundering? I am sure
my breeches find it a great deal, for I am sure they are
stuff'd with thunder.

Potter's Wife. They are stuffed with a fool, are they
not? Will it please you carry the lanthorn a little
handsomer, and not to carry it with your hands in your
slops?

John. Slops quoth you. Would I had tarried at
home by the fire and then I should not have need to
put my hands in my pockets. But I'll lay my life, I
know the reason of this foul weather.

Potter's Wife. Do you know the reason? I pray thee
John tell me, and let me hear the reason.

John. I lay my life some of your gossips be cross-
legg'd that we came from: but you are wise mistress,
for you come away, and will not stay a gossiping in a
dry house all night.

¹⁰³ "They carry not harm," is the old and doubtless mistaken
reading of the quartos.

^{103*} i. e. "grow fledged."

¹⁰⁴ The Potter here mentioned does not say a word, and it is evi-
dent that he has nothing to do with the scene. The whole of this
stage direction is confused: it ought to run "*Enter the Potter's*
"*Wife and John her man, dwelling at a place called Potter's-hive.*"

Potter's Wife. Would it please you to walk and leave off your knavery? But stay John! what's that riseth out of the ground? Jesus bless us, John! look how it riseth higher and higher!

John. By my troth, mistress, 'tis a woman. Good lord! do women grow? I never saw none grow before.

Potter's Wife. Hold thy tongue, thou foolish knave: it is the spirit of some woman.

Q. Elinor. Ha! let me see: where am I? On Charing Green? I, on Charing Green here, hard by Westminster where I was crowned, and Edward there made king. I, 'tis true—so it is: and therefore, Edward, kiss not me, unless you will straight perfume your lips, Edward.

Potter's Wife. *Ora pro nobis.* John, I pray fall to your prayers. For my life, it is the queen that chafes thus, who sunk this day on Charing Green, and now is risen up on Potter's Hive; and therefore truly, John, I'll go to her.

[*Here let the Potter's Wife go to the Queen.*]

Q. Elinor. Welcome, good woman. What place is this? sea or land? I pray shew to me.

Potter's Wife. Your grace need not to fear: you are on firm ground. It is the Potter's Hive; and therefore cheer your majesty, for I will see you safe conducted to the court, if case your highness be therewithal pleased.

[*Make a noise, Westward Ho!*]

Q. Elinor. I, good woman, conduct me to the court, That there I may bewail my sinful life,
And call to God to save my wretched soul.

Woman, what noise is this I hear?

Potter's Wife. And like your grace, it is the waterman that calls for passengers to go westward now.

Q. Elinor. That fits my turn, for I will straight with them

To King's-town to the court,
And there repose me till the king come home.
And therefore, sweet woman, conceal what thou hast seen,
And lead me to those watermen, for here
Doth Elinor droop.

John. Come, come ; here's a goodly leading of you, is there not ? first, you must make us afear'd, and now I must be troubled in carrying of you. I would you were honestly laid in your bed, so that I were not troubled with you. [Exeunt.

*Enter two MESSENGERS ; the one that David shall be hanged, the other*¹⁰⁵ *of the Queen's sinking.*

1st Messenger. Honour and fortune wait upon the crown
Of princely Edward, England's valiant king.

Longsh. Thanks, messenger ; and if my God vouchsafe

That winged honour wait upon my throne,
I'll make her spread her plumes¹⁰⁶ upon their heads
Whose true allegiance doth confirm the crown.
What news in Wales ? How wends our business there ?

1st Messenger. The false disturber of that wasted soil,
With his adherents is surpriz'd, my king ;
And in assurance he shall start no more,
Breathless he lies, and headless too, my lords.
The circumstance these lines shall here unfold.

Longsh. A harmful weed, by wisdom rooted out,
Can never hurt the true engrafted plant.
But what's the news Sir Thomas Spencer brings ?

Spencer. Wonders, my lords, wrapp'd up in homely words,
And letters to inform your majesty.

Longsh. Oh heavens ! what may these miracles portend ?
Nobles, my queen is sick ; but what is more—
Read, brother Edmund, read a wond'rous chance.

[*Edmund reads a line of the Queen's sinking.*
Edmund. And I not heard, nor read so strange a thing !

Longsh. Sweet queen, this sinking is a surfeit ta'en

¹⁰⁵ This *other* messenger is subsequently called Sir Thomas Spencer.

¹⁰⁶ *Plumbs* in the old copies.

Of pride, wherewith thy woman's heart did swell ;
 A dangerous malady in the heart to dwell.
 Lords, march we towards London now in haste :
 I will go see my lovely Elinor,
 And comfort her after this strange affright.
 And where she is importune to have talk
 And secret conference with some friars of France,
 Mun, thou with me, and I with thee will go,
 And take the sweet confession of my Nell.
 We will have French enough to parley with the queen.

Edmund. Might I advise your royal majesty,
 I would not go for millions of gold.
 What knows your grace, disguised if you wend,
 What you may hear in secrecy reveal'd,
 That may appeal¹⁰⁷ and discontent your highness ?
 A goodly creature is your Elinor,
 Brought up in niceness and in delicacy :
 Then listen not to her confession, lord,
 To wound thy heart with some unkind conceit.
 But as for Lancaster, he may not go.

Longsh. Brother, I am resolv'd, and go I will,
 If God give life, and cheer my dying queen.
 Why Mun, why man, whate'er king Edward hears,
 It lies in God and him to pardon all.
 I'll have no ghostly fathers out of France :
 England hath learned clerks and confessors
 To comfort and absolve, as men may do ;
 And I'll be ghostly father for this once.

Edmund. Edmund, thou may'st not go, although
 thou die ;
 And yet how may'st thou here thy king deny ?
 Edward is gracious, merciful, meek, and mild ;
 But furious when he finds he is beguil'd. [*Aside.*]

Longsh. Messenger, hie thee back to Shrewsbury :
 Bid Mortimer, thy master, speed him fast,
 And with his fortune welcome us to London.
 I long to see my beauteous lovely queen.
 [*Exeunt omnes.*]

¹⁰⁷ Qy. Ought we not to read *appal* ?

Enter Sir DAVID drawn on a hurdle, with MORTIMER and Officers; accompanied with the FRIAR, the NOVICE, the HARPER, and Lluellen's head on a spear.

Friar. On afore! on afore!

Novice. Hold up your torches for dropping.

Friar. A fair procession. Sir David be of good cheer: you cannot go out of the way, having so many guides at hand.

Novice. Be sure of that; for we go all the highway to the gallows, I warrant you.

David. I go where my star leads me, and die in my country's just cause and quarrel.

Harper. The star that twinkled at thy birth,
Good brother mine, hath marr'd thy mirth:
An old said saw, earth must to earth.
Next year will be a piteous dearth,
Of hemp, I dare lay a penny,
This year is hang'd so many.

Friar. Well said, Morgan Pigot, harper and prophet for the king's own mouth.

Novice. *Tum date dite dote dum* ¹⁰⁸,
This is the day, the time is come;
Morgan Pigot's prophesy
And Lord Lluellen's tragedy.

Friar. Who saith the prophet is an ass
Whose prophesies come so to pass?
Said he not oft, and sung it too,
Lluellen, after much ado,
Should in spite heave up his chin
And be the highest of his kin?
And see aloft Lluellen's head,
Empaled with a crown of lead.
My Lord, let not this sooth-sayer lack
That hath such cunning in his jack,

Harper. David, hold still your clack,
Lest your heels make your neck crack.

Friar. Gentle prophet, and you love me, forespeak

¹⁰⁸ The burden of the Harper's first song.

me not : 'tis the worst luck in the world to stir a witch or anger a wise man. Master Sheriff, have we any haste? Best give my horses some more hay.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ELINOR *in child-bed*¹⁰⁹, with her daughter JOAN and other ladies.

Q. Elinor. Call forth those renown'd Friars, come from France,
And raise me, gentle ladies, in my bed,
That while this faltering engine of my speech
I leave¹¹⁰ to utter my concealed guilt,
I may respect and so repent my sins.

Joan. What plague afflicts your royal Majesty?

Q. Elinor. Ah Joan, I perish through a double war:
First in this painful prison of my soul
A world of dreadful sins help here¹¹⁰ to fight,
And nature, having lost her working power,
Yields up her earthly fortunes unto death.
Next by a war my soul is over press'd
In thee¹¹², my conscience, loaden with misdeeds,
Sits seeing my condition to ensue,
Without especial favour from above.

Joan. Your grace must account it a warrior's cross
To make resist where danger there is none.
Subdue¹¹³ your fever with precious art,
And help you still through hope of heavenly aid.

¹⁰⁹ The meaning of this stage direction seems to be that the scene discloses Elinor in the bed, as she had been seen before, just after the Prince of Wales was born.

¹¹⁰ "I leave to utter." Edits. 1593, and 1599. "I leave to utter" does not make it very clear : *gives leave* would be better.

¹¹¹ i. e. "a world of dreadful sins help *here*, (or in my bosom) to fight." In the old copies it stands "holpe *thee* to fight."

¹¹² The meaning seems to be that she feels a second war in consequence of her guilt regarding Joan, (which is afterwards explained) whom she addresses. The quartos read "Next *over* war," &c. We must take *over-press'd* in the sense of *oppressed*. The next line but one is not intelligible, and cannot be made at all clear without a violent change, viz.

"Sits seeing *my condition* to ensue"
instead of

"Sits seeing *my conscience* to ensue."

¹¹³ *Superdewe*: Edits. 1593 and 1599.

Q. Elinor. The careless shepherds on the mountain tops

That see the seaman floating on the surge,
The threatening winds up-springing with the floods
To overwhelm and drown his crazed keel,
His tackle torn, his sails blown overboard,
While pale, like yellow flowers, the captain stands,
Upon his hatches ¹¹⁴ waiting for his jerk,
Wringing his hands that ought to ply the pump,
May blame his fear that laboureth not for life :
So thou, poor soul, may tell a servile tale,
May counsel me ; but I that prove the pain
May hear thee talk but not redress my harm.
But ghastly death already is address'd
To glean the latest blossom of my life :
My spirit fails me. Are there Friars come ?

Enter the KING and his BROTHER, in Friar's weeds ¹¹⁵.

Longsh. Dominus vobiscum.

Edmund. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Q. Elinor. Draw near, grave fathers, and approach my bed.

Forbear our presence, ladies for a while,
And leave us to our secret conference.

Longsh. What cause hath mov'd your royal Majesty
To call your servants from their country's bounds,

¹¹⁴ The extreme corruptness of this scene, and indeed of all the latter part of the play may be judged of in some degree by comparing the following passage as it stands in both the originals, and as it is now necessarily given in the text : without the changes there made it is mere nonsense :

" The careless sleepe rule on the mountains tops
That see the seaman floating on the swerge,
The threatning winds come springing with the floods,
To overwhelm and drown his craised keel,
His tacks torn, his sails blown overboard.
How pale like Vallowe flowers the mountain stands
Upon his hatches," &c.

¹¹⁵ For a husband in the disguise of a Friar to take his wife's confession was not an uncommon incident in Italian novels and from these it is perhaps borrowed in the play. A number of instances are pointed out in *Dunlop's Hist. of Fiction*, ii. 305.

For to attend your pleasure here, in England's court ?

Q. Elinor. See you not, holy Friars, mine estate,
My body weak, inclining to my grave ?

Edmund. We see and sorrow for thy pain, fair
queen.

Q. Elinor. By these external signs of my defects,
Friars, conceit of mine internal grief ¹¹⁶.

My soul, ah wretched soul, within this breast
Faints for to mount to heaven with wings of grace,
Through hundred busy flocking, troops of sin
That stop my passage to my wished bowers ¹¹⁷.

Longsh. The nearer, Elinor, so the greatest hope of
health :

And deign to us for to impart your grief, ¹¹⁸
Who by our prayers and counsel ought to arm
Aspiring souls to scale the heavenly grace.

Q. Elinor. Shame and remorse doth stop my course
of speech.

Longsh. Madam, you need not dread our confer-
ence,

Who, by the order of the holy church,
Are all enjoin'd ¹¹⁹ to sacred secrecy

Q. Elinor. Did I not think, nay, were I not assur'd,
Your wisdoms would be silent in that cause,
No fear could make me to bewray myself.
But gentle fathers, I have thought it good
Not to rely upon these Englishmen,
But on your troths, you holy men of France :
Then as you love your life and England's weal
Keep secret my confession from the king ;
For why, my story nearly toucheth him,

¹¹⁶ These two lines are thus given in the copies of 1593 and 1599.

" By this eternal signs of my defects,
Friars, consecrate mine in eternal grief."

¹¹⁷ It has also been necessary materially to vary these two lines,
which in the originals are thus given.

" A hundred by flocking troops of sin
That stop my passage to my wished howres"

¹¹⁸ " Impart your quiet" in both quartos.

¹¹⁹ " Are all annointed," Edits. 1593 and 1599.

Whose love compared with my loose ¹²⁰ delights,
With many sorrows that my heart affrights——

Edmund. My heart misgives.

Longsh. Be silent, fellow Friar.

Q. Elinor. In pride of youth, when I was young and
fair,

And gracious in the king of England's sight.
The day before that night his highness should
Possess the pleasure of my wedlock's bed,
Caitiff, accursed monster as I was,
His brother Edmund, beautiful and young,
Upon my bridal couch by my consent
Enjoy'd the flower and favour of my lord,

[*The king beholdeth his brother wofully.*

And I became a traitress to my lord.

King. *Facinus scelus, infandum nefas !*

Edmund. Madam, through sickness, weakness of
your wits, 'twere very good to bethink yourself before
you speak.

Q. Elinor. Good father, not so weak, but I that wot
My heart doth rend to think upon the time.
But why exclaims this holy Friar so ?
Oh, pray then for my faults, religious man.

Longsh. 'Tis charity in men of my degree
To sorrow for our neighbours' heinous sins :
And, madam, though some promise love to you,
And zeal to Edmund, brother to the king,
I pray the heavens you both may soon repent.
But might it please your highness to proceed.

Q. Elinor. Unto this sin a worser doth succeed ; ¹²¹
For, Joan of Acon, the supposed child
And daughter of my lord the English king,
Is basely born, begotten of a friar,
Such time as I was there arriv'd in ¹²² France.
His only true and lawful son, my friends,
He is my hope, his son that should succeed,
Is Edward of Carnarvon, lately born.

¹²⁰ "With my *losse* delights" in the old copies.

¹²¹ This line is given to the king in the two early impressions.

¹²² "*Their anued*" is the misprint of the old editions.

Now all the scruples of my troubled mind
 I sighing sound within your reverend ears.
 Oh, pray, for pity! pray for I must die.
 Remit, my God, the folly of my youth;
 My groaned sprite attends thy mercy seat.
 Fathers, farewell; commend me to the king:
 Commend me to my children and my friends,
 And close mine eyes, for death will have his due.

[*Queen Elinor dies.*

Longsh. Blushing I shut these thine enticing lamps,
 The wanton baits that make me suck my bane.
 Pirpus^{122*} hard'ned flames did ne'er reflect
 More hideous flames than from my breast arise.
 What fault more vile unto thy dearest lord?
 Our daughter base-begotten of a priest,
 And Ned, my brother, partner of my love!
 Oh that those eyes that light'ned Cæsar's brain,
 Or that those looks that master'd Phœbus' brand,
 Or else those looks that stain Medusa's far¹²³
 Should shrine deceit,^{123*} desire, and lawless lust!
 Unhappy king, dishonour'd in thy stock!
 Hence feigned weeds, unfeigned is my grief.

Edmund. Dread prince, my brother, if my vows
 avail,
 I call to witness heaven in my behalf.
 If zealous prayer might drive you from suspect,
 I bend my knees, and humbly crave this boon;
 That you will drive misdeeds out of your mind.
 May never good betide my life, my lord,
 If once I dream'd upon this damned deed;
 But my afflicted sister and your queen,
 Afflicted with recureless maladies,
 Impatient of her pain, grew lunatic,
 Discovering errors never dream'd upon.

^{122*} Were we to read *Priapus* for *Pirpus*, the sense would still be obscure: perhaps the chief error lies in the words *hard'ned flames*; but what are to be substituted for them?

¹²³ "*Melisaes farre*" in the old copies, and in the preceding line for *Phœbus*, they read *Phucebus*. As it now stands it is hardly sense.

^{123*} The two quartos give,
 "Should shine discreet desire," &c.
 which cannot be right; the alteration is conjectural.

To prove this true, the greatest men of all
 Within their learned volumes do record
 That all extremes, and in nought but extremes.¹²⁴
 Then think, oh king, her agony in death
 Bereaves her sense and memory at once,
 So that she spoke she knew nor how nor what.

Longsh. Sir, sir, fain would your highness hide your
 faults,

By cunning vows and glozing terms of art :
 And well thou mayst delude these listening ears
 But ne'er assuage by proof this jealous heart.
 Traitor, thy head shall ransom my disgrace !
 Daughter of darkness, whose accursed bower
 The poet feign'd to lie upon Avernus,
 Whereas Cimmerian darkness checks the sun,
 Dread Jealousy¹²⁵, afflict me not so sore !
 Fair queen Elinor could never be so false !
 I, but she vow'd her treasons at her death,
 A time not fit to fashion monstrous lies.
 Ah, my ungrateful brother as thou art,
 Could not my love, nay more, could not the law,
 Nay further, could not nature thee allure
 For to refrain from this incestuous sin ?
 Haste from my sight !—Call Joan of Acon here.

[*Exit Edmund.*]

The luke-warm spring distilling from his eyes,
 His oaths, his vows, his reasons wrested with remorse
 From forth his breast—impoison'd with suspect,
 Fain would I deem that false I find too true.

Enter JOAN OF ACON.

Joan. I come to know what England's king com-
 mands.

I wonder why your highness greets me thus,
 With strange regard, and unacquainted terms.

Longsh. Ah Joan ! this wonder needs must wound
 thy breast,
 For it hath well nigh slain my wretched heart.

¹²⁴ A line at least has apparently been lost here, the sense being incomplete : in the old copies the words *and all* have been forced into the middle of the line, as it were to increase the difficulty.

¹²⁵ The quartos have it "*David's jealousy,*" &c.

Joan. What is the queen, my sovereign mother, dead?
Woe's me unhappy lady, woe begone!

Longsh. The queen is dead; yet Joan lament not
thou.

Poor soul, guiltless art thou of this deceit,
That hath more cause to curse than to complain.

Joan. My dreadful soul, assail'd with doleful speech,
'Joins me to bow my knees unto the ground,
Beseeching your most royal majesty
To rid your woful daughter of suspect.

Longsh. I, daughter Joan, poor soul thou art de-
ceived.

The King of England is no scorned priest.

Joan. Was not the lady Elinor your spouse,
And am not I the offspring of your loins?

Longsh. I, but when ladies list to run astray,
The poor supposed father wears the horn,
And pleating leave their liege in princes' laps.¹²⁶
Joan, thou art daughter to a lecherous friar;
A friar was thy father, hapless Joan;
Thy mother in confession¹²⁷ vows no less,
And I, vile wretch, with sorrow heard no less.

Joan. What! am I then a friar's base-born brat?
Presumptuous wretch! why press I 'fore my king?
How can I look my husband in the face?
Why should I live since my renown is lost?
Away thou wanton weed! hence world's delight!

[*She falls grovling on the ground.*

L'orecchie abbassa, come vinto e stanco

Destrier c' ha in bocca il fren, gli sproni al fianco

O sommo Dio, come i giudicj umani

*Spesso offuscati son da un nembo oscuro*¹²⁸.

¹²⁶ This line seems wholly impracticable.

¹²⁷ *Profession*: Edits. of 1593 and 1599. The next line has hitherto run,

"And I, vile wretch which sorrow'd, heard no less."

¹²⁸ These four lines are from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*; the first two from c. xx. st. 131, and the last two from c. x. st. 15. In the old quartos they are so corruptly printed as to be wholly unintelligible. They seem forced in by Peele as a reflection or observation of his own, although the two last lines are put into the mouth

Longsh. Hapless and wretched ! lift up thy heavy head ;
Curse not so much at this unhappy chance ;
Unconstant fortune still will have her course.

Joan. My king, my king, let fortune have her course :
Fly thou my soul and take a better course.
Aye's me ! from royal state I now am fallen.
You purple springs that wander in my veins
And whilom wont to feed my heavy heart, ¹²⁹
Now all at once make haste, and pity me,
And stop your powers, and change your native course.
Dissolve to air, you lukewarm bloody streams,
And cease to be, that I may be no more.
You curled locks, draw from this cursed head :
Abase her pomp, for Joan is basely born !
Ah Gloucester, thou poor Gloucester, hast the wrong.
Die wretch ! haste death, for Joan hath liv'd too long.

[*She suddenly dies at the queen's bed's feet.*]

Longsh. Revive thee, hapless lady : grieve not thus.
In vain speak I, for she revives no more.
Poor hapless soul, thy own repeated ¹³⁰ moans
Hath wrought her sudden and untimely death.

*Enter EDMUND ; GLOUCESTER, running with ladies, and
conveys JOAN OF ACON away.*

Lords, ladies, haste ! Ah Gloucester art thou come ?
Then must I now present a tragedy.
Thy Joan is dead ; yet grieve thou not her fall,
She was too base a spouse for such a prince.

Gloucester. Conspire you, then, with heavens to work
my harms ?

Oh sweet assuager of our martial 'miss' ¹³¹ !

of the king, probably by a mistake of the printer. The following is
the manner in which they stand in both the originals :

Porce ine abassa come vinto et stanco

Defluer chain bocea il fren gli sproni al fianco.

O somno Dio, come i guidneo humans

Spesse offuscan son danu membo onscuro.

¹²⁹ i. e. That erewhile were wont to feed my heavy heart. The
old editions both read *wants* instead of *wont*.

¹³⁰ *Repeated* may not be the right word here ; in the original it is
expected.

¹³¹ " Martial 'miss' for " martial *amiss*" or martial suffering.

Desired death, deprive me of my life,
That I in death may end my life and love!

Longsh. Gloucester, thy king is partner of thy heaviness,

Although nor tongue nor eyes bewray his moan ¹³²;

For I have lost a flower as fair as thine,

A love more dear, for Elinor is dead.

But since the heavenly ordinance decrees

That all things change in their prefixed time,

Be thou content, and bear it in thy breast,

Thy swelling grief, as need is, I must mine.

Thy Joan of Acon, and my queen deceased

Shall have that honour as beseems their state.

You, peers of England, see in royal pomp

These breathless bodies be entombed straight,

With 'tired colours cover'd all with black.

Let Spanish steeds, as swift as fleeting wind,

Convey these princes to their funeral:

Before them let an hundred mourners ride.

In every time of their enforc'd abode

Rear up a cross in token of their worth, ¹³³

Whereon fair Elinor's picture shall be plac'd.

Arriv'd at London, near our palace bounds,

Inter my lovely Elinor, late deceas'd;

And in remembrance of her royalty

Erect a rich and stately carved cross,

Whereon her statue shall with glory shine,

And henceforth see you call it Charing-cross:

For why, the chastest ¹³⁴ and the choicest queen

That ever did delight my royal eyes

There dwells in darkness whilst I die in grief.

But soft, what tidings with these pursuivants?

Enter MESSENGER, approach from MORTIMER. ¹³⁵

Mess. Sir Roger Mortimer, with all success,

¹³² "Bewray his *meane*," 1593 and 1599.

¹³³ "In token of their *work*," in both the old impressions.

¹³⁴ The old copies read,

"For why, the *chancest* and the choicest queen," &c.

This declaration by the king does not at all agree with the preceding part of the scene.

¹³⁵ It seems evident that the end of this play has been most

As erst your grace by message did command,
Is here at hand, in purpose to present
Your highness with his signs of victory.
And trothless Baliol, their accursed king,¹³⁶
With fire and sword doth threat Northumberland.

Longsh. How one affliction calls another over!
First death torments me, then I feel disgrace.
Again Lluellen he rebels in Wales,
And false Baliol means to brave me too;
But I will find provision for them all.
My constancy shall conquer death and shame¹³⁷.
[Exit Edward.]

GLOCESTER *solus*.

Now, Joan of Acon let me mourn thy fall.
Sole, here alone, now sit thee down and sigh,
Sigh, hapless Gloucester, for thy sudden loss.
Pale death, alas, hath banish'd all thy pride,

deplorably mangled; and there is some reason to suppose that the printed copy was made up from two different MSS., and both very imperfect. The printing of the old quarto too, bad in the commencement, has grown worse as it proceeded, and in some places, as the reader has seen, was quite unintelligible. In this stage direction perhaps the reading ought to be,

“Enter Messenger, *express* from Mortimer.”

In the next line *Sussex* is misprinted for *success*, as Sir Roger Mortimer had nothing to do with that county.

¹³⁶ Some lines must have been lost here to connect Baliol with Mortimer: besides “*their* accursed king” is the king of Scots, and the Scots have not been mentioned.

¹³⁷ Here the old copies add the following lines, which are quite out of their place, and some of them have been inserted earlier in the play: (v. p. 74)

“And, Mortimer, ’tis thou must haste to Wales,
And rouse that rebel from his starting holes,
And rid thy king of his contentious foe;
Whilst I with Elnor, Gloucester, and the rest
With speedy journey gather up our force
And beat these braving Scots from out our bounds.
Courage, brave soldiers! fates have done their worst.
Now virtue let me triumph in thine aid.”

A part of what remains in the text is hardly reconcilable with what has gone before.

In wedlock vows how oft have I beheld ¹³⁸
 Thy eyes, thy looks, thy lips, and every part, ¹³⁹
 How nature strove in them to shew her art,
 In shine, in shape, in colour, and compare :
 But now hath death, the enemy of love,
 Stain'd and deform'd the shine, the shape, the red,
 With pale and dimness, and my love is dead.
 Ah ! dead my love, vile wretch why am I living ?
 So willeth fate, and I must be contented.
 All pomp in time must fade, and grow to nothing.
 Wept I like Niobe, yet it profits nothing :
 Then cease my sighs, since I may not regain her,
 And woe to wretched death, that thus hath slain her.

[Exit Gloucester. ¹⁴⁰

¹³⁸ The quartos give this line as follows :

“ *Thy wedlock vows how ought I have beheld.*”

and two lines afterwards they read *store* for *strove*.

¹³⁹ “ Enter Mortimer with the head,” i. e. the head of Lluellen precedes this line, but as there is not the slightest reference to it, we may conclude that it was inserted from some gross error. Perhaps at one time the play terminated differently, with a triumphant display of victory instead of the lamentations of Gloucester, and the printer, in altering it by one MS. copy, omitted to take out parts that only belonged to the other.

¹⁴⁰ This is followed in the old editions by a subscription, proving the authorship of Peele ; but though the play is made to bear his signature, nothing can be more clear than that he had nothing to do with the mode in which it was sent forth into the world. Either our old dramatists had no controul in this respect, or they very rarely exercised it. The words at the end are printed in the following unusual manner :

“ *Yours. By George Peele, Maister of
 Artes in Oxenford.*”

EDITION.

The Famous Chronicle of King Edward the First, sirnamed Edward Longshankes, with his return from the holy land. Also, the life of Lluellen, rebell in Wales. Lastly, the sinking of Queene Elinor, who sunck at Charingcrosse, and rose againe at Potters-hith, now named Queenehith. London. Printed by Abell Jeffes, and are to be solde by William Barley, at his shop in Gracious streete, 1593.*

* The title-page of the edition of 1599 only differs from the above in the imprint, which is this: "Imprinted at London by W. White, dwelling in Cow-lane, 1599."

THE
MAYOR OF QUINBOROUGH.

MAYOR OF QUINBOROUGH

THIS play, although it was not published sooner than the year 1660,* is supposed to be one of the earliest productions of the author Thomas Middleton. ¹ Mr. Malone imagines it to have been written about the same time that *Pericles* and *Robert of Huntingdon* appeared, each of these plays having a chorus in the same manner as Raynulph in the present performance. The regulation of the metre seems to have been entirely neglected; some liberties have therefore been necessarily taken to restore the play† nearer to the state in which it is presumed the author left it.‡

* This is one more of the repeated instances to shew how futile was the arrangement adopted by Mr. Reed in this collection, viz. according to the dates when the plays were published. Middleton began to write for the stage in all probability before 1600, and the first performance by him with a date is in 1602. (See vol. V. p. 278.) He died 34 years before the *Mayor of Quinborough* was published. C.

¹ Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays. p. 283.

† Still Mr. Reed left it very defective, and though some farther improvements have been made, the apparent licence of the poet and the caprice or convenience of the printer have rendered a perfect restoration of the verse perhaps impossible. C.

‡ Mr. O. Gilchrist added a note containing a supposed "Prologue to the *Mayor of Quinborough*," extracted from *Wit Restored*, p. 268. Edit. 1817; but the fact is, (as he would have seen had he referred to the play itself,) that it is merely the opening speech of Simon to Act IV, somewhat differently printed in point of form, but the same in words, excepting a few errors of the press. C.

GENTLEMEN,

You have the first flight of him, I assure you. This *Mayor of Quinborough* whom you have all heard of, and some of you beheld upon the stage, now begins to walk abroad in print: he has been known sufficiently by the reputation of his wit, which is enough, by the way, to distinguish him from ordinary Mayors; but wit, you know, has skulk'd in corners for many years past, and he was thought to have most of it that could best hide himself. Now whether this magistrate fear'd the decimating times, or kept up the state of other Mayors, that are bound not to go out of their liberties during the time of their mayoralty, I know not: 'tis enough for me to put him into your hands, under the title of an honest man, which will appear plainly to you, because you shall find him all along to have a great pique to the rebel Oliver. I am told his drollery yields to none the English drama did ever produce; and though I would not put his modesty to the blush, by speaking too much in his commendation, yet I know you will agree with me, upon your better acquaintance with him, that there is some difference in point of wit, betwixt the *Mayor of Quinborough* and the *Mayor of Huntingdon*².

² Huntingdon, the place where Oliver Cromwell was born and resided many years of his life. Some allusion here seems to be lost.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CONSTANTIUS.

AURELIUS AMBROSIUS.

UTHER PENDRAGON.

VORTIGER.

HENGIST.

HORSUS.

DEVONSHIRE, } *British Lords.*

STAFFORD,

GENTLEMEN.

SIMON.

OLIVER.

TAILOR.

BARBER.

AMINADAB.

FOOTMEN.

SOLDIERS.

CHEATERS.

CASTIZA.

ROXENA.

LADIES.

RAYNULPH, *Monk of Chester.*

GERMANUS, } *Monks.*

LUPUS,

GRAZIER.

REAR VIEW

STATE OF CONNECTICUT

IN SENATE,
January 10, 1890.
REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF THE
LAND OFFICE,
IN RESPONSE TO A
RESOLUTION PASSED
BY THE SENATE,
MAY 1, 1889.
ALBANY:
PUBLISHED BY
THE STATE PRINTING OFFICE,
1890.

THE
MAYOR OF QUINBOROUGH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter RAYNULPH.³

Raynulph. WHAT Raynulph, monk of Chester, can
Raise from his polychronicon,
That raiseth him, as works do men,
To see long-parted light again,
That best may please this round fair ring,
With sparkling diamonds circled in,
I shall produce. If all my powers
Can win the grace of two poor hours,
Well apaid I go to rest.
Ancient stories have been best ;
Fashions, that are now call'd new,
Have been worn by more than you ;
Elder times have us'd the same,
Though these new ones get the name :
So in story, what's now told
That takes not part with days of old ?
Then to approve time's mutual glory,
Join new time's love to old time's story. [*Exit.*

Shouts within ; then enter VORTIGER.

Vortiger. Will that wide-throated beast, the multi-
tude,

³ *Raynulph.*] Raynulph Higden was the compiler of the Polychronicon, as far as the year 1357, thirty-first of Edward III. It was translated into English by Trevisa, and completed and printed by Caxton in folio, 1482.

Never leave bellowing? Courtiers are ill
Advised when they first make such monsters.
How near was I to a sceptre and a crown!
Fair power was even upon me; my desires
Were casting glory, till this forked rabble,
With their infectious acclamations,
Poison'd my fortunes for Constantine's sons.
Well, though I rise not king, I'll seek the means
To grow as near to one as policy can,
And choke their expectations.—Now, good lords,

Enter DEVON and STAFFORD.

In whose kind loves and wishes I am built
As high as human dignity can aspire,
Are yet those trunks, that have no other souls
But noise and ignorance, something more quiet?

Devon. Nor are they like to be, for aught we gather:
Their wills are up still; nothing can appease them,
Good speeches are but cast away upon them.

Vortiger. Then, since necessity and fate withstand
me,

I'll strive to enter at a straiter passage.

Your sudden aid and counsels, good my lords.

Stafford. They are ours no longer than they do you
service.

*Enter CONSTANTIUS (as a monk, attended by other
monks) VORTIGER stays him.*

Vortiger. Vessels of sanctity, be pleas'd a while
To give attention to the general peace,
Wherein Heav'n is serv'd too, though not so purely.
Constantius, eldest son of Constantine,
We here seize on thee for the general good,
And in thy right of birth.

Constantius. On me! for what, lords?

Vortiger. The kingdom's government.

Constantius. Oh Powers of blessedness!

Keep me from growing downwards into earth again:
I hope I am farther on my way than so; set forwards.

Vortiger. You must not.

Constantius. How!

Vortiger. I know your wisdom

Will light upon a way to pardon us,
When you shall read in every Briton's brow
The urg'd necessity of the times.

Constantius. What necessity can there be in the
world,
But prayer and repentance? and that business
I am about now.

Vortiger. Hark, afar off still—
We lose and hazard much—Holy Germanus,
And reverend Lupus, with all expedition
Set the crown on him.

Constantius. No such mark of fortune
Comes near my head.

Vortiger. My lord, we are forc'd to rule you.

Constantius. Dare you receive Heaven's light in at
your eye-lids,
And offer violence to religion?

Take heed, the very beam let in to comfort you
May be the fire to burn you. On these knees,
Hard'ned with zealous prayers, I entreat you
Bring not my cares into the world again.

Think with how much unwillingness and anguish
A glorified soul parted from the body
Would to that loathsome jail again return:
With such great pain a well-subdued affection
Re-enters worldly business.

Vortiger. Good my lord,
I know you cannot lodge so many virtues,
But patience must be one. As low as earth
We beg the freeness of your own consent,
Which else must be constrain'd; and time it were
Either agreed or forc'd. Speak, good my lord,
For you bind up more sins in this delay
Than thousand prayers can absolve again.

Constantius. Were't but my death, you should not
kneel so long for't.

Vortiger. 'Twill be the death of millions if you rise
not,
And that betimes too—Lend your help, my lords,
For fear all come too late.

Constantius. This is a cruelty
That peaceful man did never suffer yet,
To make me die again, that once was dead,
And begin all that ended long before.
Hold, Lupus and Germanus, you are lights
Of holiness and religion; can you offer
The thing that is not lawful? Stand not I
Clear from all temporal charge by my profession?

Germanus. Not when a time so violent calls upon
you.

Who is born a prince, is born a general peace,
Not his own only: Heaven will look for him
In others actions, and will require him there.
What is in you religious, must be shown
In saving many more souls than your own.

Constantius. Did not great Constantine, our noble
father,

Deem me unfit for government and rule,
And therefore 'prais'd me into this profession?
Which I have held strict, and love it above glory.
Nor is there want of me: yourselves can witness,
Heaven hath provided largely for your peace,
And bless'd you with the lives of my two brothers:
Fix your obedience there, leave me a servant.

All. Long live Constantius, son of Constantine,
King of Great Britain!

Constantius. I do feel a want
And extreme poverty of joy within;
The peace I had is parted 'mongst rude men:
To keep them quiet I have lost it all.
What can the kingdom gain by my undoing?
That riches is not best, though it be mighty,
That's purchas'd by the ruin of another;
Nor can the peace, so filch'd, ever thrive with them:
And if't be worthily held sacrilege
To rob a temple, 'tis no less offence
To ravish meditations from the soul
(The consecrated altar in a man.)

⁴ *prais'd me.*] Probably we should read *pray'd me*; that is, *desired me to go into this profession* or *pressed me.* S. P.

And all their hopes will be beguil'd in me;
I know no more the way to temporal rule,
Than he that's born and has his years come to him
In a rough desart. Well may the weight kill me,
And that's the fairest good I look for from it.

Vortiger. Not so, great king: here stoops a faithful
servant

Would sooner perish under it with cheerfulness,
Than your meek soul should feel oppression
Of ruder cares: such common coarse employments
Cast upon me your servant, upon Vortiger.
I see you are not made for noise and pains,
Clamours of suitors, injuries, and redresses,
Millions of actions, rising with the sun,
Like laws still ending, and yet never done,
Of power to turn a great man to the state
Of his marble monument, with over-watching.
To be oppress'd is not requir'd of you my lord,
But only to be king. The broken sleeps
Let me take from you, sir; the toils and troubles,
All that is burthenous in authority,
Please you lay it on me, and what is glorious
Receive it to your own brightness.

Constantius. Worthy Vortiger,
If 't were not sin to grieve another's patience
With what we cannot tolerate ourself,
How happy were I in thee, and thy love!
There's nothing makes man feel his miseries
But knowledge only: reason, that is plac'd
For man's director, is his chief afflictor;
For though I cannot bear the weight myself,
I cannot have that barrenness of remorse
To see another groan under my burthen.

Vortiger. I am quite blown up a conscionable way:
There's even a trick of murd'ring in some pity.
The death of all my hopes I see already.
There was no other likelihood, for religion
Was never friend of mine yet. [Aside.

Constantius. Holy partners in strictest abstinence,
Cruel necessity hath forc'd me from you.

We part, I fear, for ever; but in mind
I will be always here; here let me stay.

Devonshire. My lord, you know the times.

Constantius. Farewell, blest souls; I fear I shall
offend:

He that draws tears from you, takes your best friend.

[*Ereunt all but Vortiger.*]

Vortiger. Can the great motion of ambition stand,
Like wheels false wrought by an unskilful hand?
Then Time, stand thou too: let no hopes arrive
At their sweet wishfulness, till mine set forwards.
Would I could stay thy existence, as I can
Thy glassy counterfeit in hours of sand,
I'd keep thee turn'd down, till my wishes rose;
Then we'd both rise together.

What several inclinations are in nature?
How much is he disquieted, and wears royalty
Disdainfully upon him, like a curse:
Calls a fair crown the weight of his afflictions,
When here's a soul would sink under the burthen.
Yet well recovered—I will use all means
To vex authority from him, and in all
Study what most may discontent his blood,
Making my mask my zeal to th' public good.
Not possible a richer policy
Can have conception in the thought of man.

Enter two GRAZIERs.

1 *Grazier.* An honourable life inclose your lordship!

Vortiger. Now, what are you?

2 *Grazier.* Grazier, if't like your lordship.

Vortiger. So it should seem by your inclosures.
What's your affair with me?

1 *Grazier.* We are your petitioners, my lord.

Vortiger. For what? Depart; petitioners to me!
You have well deserv'd my grace and favour.
Have you not a ruler after your own election;
Hie you to court, get near and close; be loud
And bold enough, you cannot chuse but speed. [*Exit.*]

2 *Grazier.* If that will do't,

We have throats wide enough, we'll put them to't.

[*Exeunt.*

Dumb show. *Fortune discovered; in her hand a round ball full of lots; then enter Hengist and Horsus, with others: they draw lots, and having opened them, all depart save Hengist and Horsus, who kneel and embrace: then enter Roxena, seeming to take leave of Hengist in great passion, but more especially and warily of Horsus, her lover: she departs one way, Hengist and Horsus another.*

Enter RAYNULPH.

When Germany was overgrown
With sons of peace, too thickly sown,
Several guides were chosen then
By destin'd lots, to lead out men;
And they whom fortune here withstands,
Must prove their fates in other lands.
On these two captains fell the lot;
But that which must not be forgot,
Was Roxena's cunning grief;
Who from her father, like a thief,
Hid her best and truest tears
Which her lustful lover wears,
In many a stol'n and wary kiss
Unseen of father. Maids do this,
Yet highly scorn to be call'd strumpets too:
But what they lack of't I'll be judg'd by you. [*Exit.*
Enter VORTIGER, FELTMONGER, BUTTON-MAKER,
GRAZIER, petitioners.

Vortiger. This way his majesty comes.

All. Thank your good lordship,

Vortiger. When you hear yon door open—

All. Very good, my lord.

Vortiger. Be ready with your several suits; put forward.

Grazier. That's a thing every man does naturally,
sir,

That is a suitor, and doth mean to speed.

Vortiger. 'Tis well you are so deep learn'd. Take no denials.

All. No, my good lord.

Vortiger. Not any, if you love
The prosperity of your suits : you mar all utterly,
And overthrow your fruitful hopes for ever,
If either fifth or sixth, nay tenth repulse,
Fasten upon your bashfulness.

All. Say you so, my lord ?
We can be troublesome if we list.

Vortiger. I know it.
I felt it but too late in the general sum
Of your rank brotherhood, which now I thank you for.
While this vexation is in play, I'll study
For a second ; then a third to that : one still
To vex another, that he shall be glad
To yield up power ; if not, it shall be had. [Aside.
[Exit.

Button-maker. Hark ! I protest, my heart was coming upwards :
I thought the door had opened.

Graziers. Marry, would it had, sir.

Button-maker. I have such a treacherous heart of my own, 'twill throb
At the very fall of a farthingale.

Grazier. Not if it fall on the rushes ^s.

Button-maker. Yes truly ; if there be no light in the room, I shall throb presently. The first time it took me, my wife was in the company : I remember the room was not half so light as this ; but I'll be sworn I was a whole hour in finding her.

Grazier. By'r lady y'had a long time of throbbing of it then.

Button-maker. Still I felt men, but I could feel no women ; I thought they had been all sunk. I have made a vow for't, I'll never have meeting while I live by candle-light again.

Grazier. Yes, sir, in lanthorns.

Button-maker. Yes, sir, in lanthorns :

^s Rushes] With which anciently rooms used to be strewed.

But I'll ne'er trust candle naked again*.

Grazier. Hark, hark! stand close: it opens now indeed!

Button-maker. Oh majesty, what art thou! I'd give any man

Half my suit to deliver my petition: it is in the behalf Of button-makers, and so it seems by my flesh.

Enter CONSTANTIUS, and two GENTLEMEN.

Constantius. Pray do not follow me, unless you do it To wonder at my garments: there's no cause I give you why you should; 'tis shame enough, Methinks, to look upon myself:

It grieves me that more should. The other weeds Became me better, but the lords are pleas'd

To force me to wear these: I would not else.

I pray be satisfied; I call'd you not.

Wonder of madness! Can you stand so idle, And know that you must die?

1st Gentleman. We are all commanded, sir, Besides, it is our duties to your grace, To give attendance.

Constantius. What a wild thing is this! No marvel though you tremble at death's name, When you'll not see the cause why you are fools. For charity's sake, desist here, I pray you: Make not my presence guilty of your sloth.

Withdraw, young men, and find you honest business.

2nd Gentleman. What hopes have we to rise by following him? I'll give him over shortly.

1st Gentleman. He's too nice, Too holy for young gentlemen to follow That have good faces, and sweet running fortunes.

Constantius. Eight hours a day in serious contemplation, Is but a bare allowance; no higher food

* The words

"Yes, sir, in lanthorns;

"But I'll never trust candle naked again,"

were assigned by Mr. Reed to the Grazier, when they clearly belong to the Button-maker, as the old copy shews; and the observation of the Grazier was wholly omitted.

To the soul, than bread and water to the body;
And that's but needful; then more would do better.

Button-maker. Let us all kneel together; 'twill move
pity.

I have been at the begging of a hundred suits.

Constantius. How happy am I in the sight of you!
Here are religious souls that lose not time.
With what devotion do they point at heaven,
And seem to check me that am too remiss.
I bring my zeal among you, holy men:
If I see any kneel, and I sit out,
That hour is not well spent. Methinks, strict souls,
You have been of some order in your times.

Graziers. Graziers and braziers some, and this a
felt-maker*.

Button-maker. Here's his petition and mine, if it like
your grace.

Grazier. Look upon mine, I am the longest suitor:
I was undone seven years ago.

Constantius. You have mock'd
My good hopes. Call you these petitions?
Why there's no form of prayer among them all.

Button-maker. Yes, in the bottom there is half a line
Prays for your majesty, if you look on mine.

Constantius. Make your requests to heaven, not
to me.

Button-maker. 'Las! mine's a supplication for brass
buttons, sir.

Felt-monger. There's a great enormity in wool,
I beseech your grace consider it.

Grazier. Pastures rise
Two-pence an acre, what will this world come to?

Button-maker. I do beseech your grace.

Grazier. Good your grace.

Constantius. Oh! this is one of my afflictions
That with the crown inclos'd me; I must bear it.

Grazier. Your grace's answer to my supplication.

Button-maker. Mine, my lord.

* In the beginning of the scene he is called a Felt-monger. C.

Constantius. No violent storm lasts ever, that's the comfort of it.

Felt-maker. Your highness's answer.

Grazier. We are almost all undone, the country beggar'd.

Button-maker. See, see, he points at heaven, as who should say

There's enough there; but 'tis a great way thither.

There's no good to be done, I see that already;

We may all spend our mouths like a company of hounds

In chase of a royal deer, and then go home

And fall to cold mutton bones, when we have done.

Grazier. My wife will hang me, that's my currish destiny. [Exeunt.

Constantius. Thanks, heaven! 'tis over now: we should never know rightly

The sweetness of a calm, but for a storm.

Here's a wish'd hour for contemplation now;

All's still and silent; here is a true kingdom.

Enter VORTIGER.

Vortiger. My lord.

Constantius. Again?

Vortiger. Alas! this is but early

And gentle to the troops of businesses

That flock about authority: you must forthwith

Settle your mind to marry.

Constantius. How! to marry?

Vortiger. And suddenly, there's no pause to be given,
The people's wills are violent, and covetous
Of a succession from your loins.

Constantius. From me there can come none: a profess'd abstinence

Hath set a virgin seal upon my blood,

And alter'd all the course; the heat I have,

Is all inclos'd within a zeal to virtue,

And that's not fit for earthly propagation.

Alas! I shall but forfeit all their hopes,

I'm a man made without desires, tell them.

Vortiger. I prov'd them with such words, but all were fruitless.

A virgin of the highest subject's blood

They have pick'd out for your embrace, and send
her,
Bless'd with their general wishes, into fruitfulness.
Lo! where she comes, my lord.

Enter CASTIZA.

Constantius. I never felt
Th' unhappy hand of misery till this touch:
A patience I could find for all but this.

Castiza. My lord, your vow'd love ventures me but
dangerously.

Vortiger. 'Tis but to strengthen a vexation politic.

Constantius. That's an uncharitable practice, trust
me, sir.

Vortiger. No more of that.

Castiza. But say he should affect me, sir,
How should I 'scape him then? I have
But one faith, my lord, and that you have already,
Our late contract is a divine witness to't.

Vortiger. I am not void of shifting-rooms and helps
For all projects that I commit with you. [Exit.

Castiza. This is an ungodly way to come to honour,
I do not like it: I love lord Vortiger,
But not these practices; they're too uncharitable.

Constantius. Are you a virgin?

Castiza. Never yet, my lord,
Known to the will of man.

Constantius. Oh blessed creature!
And does too much felicity make you surfeit?
Are you in soul assur'd there is a state
Prepar'd for you, for you, a glorious one,
In midst of heav'n, now in the state you stand in?
And had you rather, after much known misery,
Cares and hard labours, mingled with a curse,
Throng but to the door, and hardly get a place there?
Think, hath the world a folly like this madness?
Keep still that holy and immaculate fire,
Your chaste lamp of eternity: 'tis a treasure
Too precious for death's moment to partake,
This twinkling of short life. Disdain as much
To let mortality know you, as stars
To kiss the pavement: y' have a substance

As excellent as theirs, holding your pureness.
They look upon corruption as you do,
But are stars still; be you a virgin too.

Castiza. I'll never marry. What though my truth
be engag'd

To Vortiger? forsaking all the world
I save it well, and do my faith no wrong.
Y' have mightily prevail'd, great virtuous sir,
I am bound eternally to praise your goodness:
My thoughts henceforth shall be as pure from man,
As ever made a virgin's name immortal.

Constantius. I will do that for joy I never did,
Nor ever will again.

As he kisses her, enter VORTIGER and GENTLEMEN.

Gentleman. My lord, he's taken.

Vortiger. I am sorry for't, I like not that so well;
They're something too familiar for their time, methinks.
This way of kissing is no way to vex him:
Why I, that have a weaker faith and patience,
Could endure more than that, coming from a woman.
Dispatch, and bring his answer speedily. [*Exit.*

Gentleman. My lord, my gracious lord!

Constantius. Beshrew thy heart.

Gentleman. They all attend your grace.

Constantius. I would not have them:

'Twould please me better if they'd all depart
And leave me to myself, or put me out
And take it to themselves.

Gentleman. The noon is past,
Meat's on the table.

Constantius. Meat! away, get from me.

Thy memory is diseas'd; what saint's eve's this?

Gentleman. Saint Agatha's, I take it.

Constantius. Is it so?

I am not worthy to be serv'd before her,
And so return, I pray.

Gentleman. He'll starve the guard if this be suffer'd;
if we set court bellies by a monastery clock, he that
breaks a fellow's pate now will not be able to crack a
louse within this twelvemonth. [*Exit.*

Constantius. 'Tis sure forgetfulness, and not man's will,
That leads him forth into licentious ways;
He cannot certainly commit such errors,
And think upon them truly as they are acting.
Why's abstinence ordain'd, but for such seasons?

Enter VORTIGER.

Vortiger. My lord, y' have pleas'd to put us to much pains,
But we confess 'tis portion of our duty!
Will your grace please to walk? dinner stays for you.

Constantius. I have answer'd that already.

Vortiger. But, my lord,
We must not so yield to you: pardon me,
'Tis for the general good, you must be rul'd, sir;
Your health and life is dearer to us now:
Think where you are, at court, this is no monastery.

Constantius. But, sir, my conscience keeps still where it was.
I may not eat this day.

Vortiger. We have sworn you shall,
And plentifully too: we must preserve you, sir,
Though you be wilful; 'tis no slight condition
To be a king.

Constantius. Would I were less than man!

Vortiger. You will make the people rise, my lord,
In great despair of your continuance,
If you neglect the means that must sustain you.

Constantius. I never eat on eves.

Vortiger. But now you must;
It concerns other healths that you take food,
I have chang'd your life, you well may change your mood.

Constantius. This is beyond all cruelty.

Vortiger. 'Tis our care, my lord. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter VORTIGER and CASTIZA.

Castiza. My lord, I am resolv'd: tempt me no farther,

'Tis all to fruitless purpose.

Vortiger. Are you well?

Castiza. Never so perfect in the truth of health
As at this instant.

Vortiger. Then I doubt my own,
Or that I am not waking.

Castiza. Would you were then,
You'd praise my resolution.

Vortiger. This is wondrous!
Are you not mine by contract?

Castiza. 'Tis most true, my lord,
And I am better bless'd in't than I look'd for,
In that I am confin'd in faith so strictly:
I am bound, my lord, to marry none but you,
You'll grant me that; and you I'll never marry.

Vortiger. It draws me into violence and hazard:
I saw you kiss the king.

Castiza. I grant you so, sir;
Where could I take my leave of the world better?
I wrong'd not you in that; you will acknowledge
A king is the best part of it.

Vortiger. Oh my passion!

Castiza. I see you something yielding to infirmity; sir,
I take my leave.

Vortiger. Why, 'tis not possible!

Castiza. The fault is in your faith; time I were gone
To give it better strengthening.

Vortiger. Hark you, lady.

Castiza. Send your intent to the next monastery;
There you shall find my answer ever after,
And so with my last duty to your lordship,
For whose prosperity I will pray as heartily
As for my own.

[*Exit.*

Vortiger. How am I serv'd in this?

I offer a vexation to the king,
He sends it home into my blood with 'vantage.
I'll put off time no longer : I have brought him
Into most men's neglects, calling his zeal
A deep pride hallowed over, love of ease
More than devotion, or the public benefit,
Which catcheth many men's beliefs. I am stronger too
In people's wishes, their affections point at me.
I lose much time and glory, that redeem'd,
She that now flies returns with joy and wonder :
Greatness and woman's wish ne'er keep asunder.

[Exit.

Dumb show. *Enter two villains; to them Vortiger, who seems to solicit them with gold, then swears them and exit. Enter Constantius meditating; they rudely strike down his book, draw their swords, he kneels and spreads his arms; they kill him, hurry him off. Enter Vortiger, Devonshire, and Stafford, in conference; to them the villains presenting the head; he seems sorrowful, and in rage stabs them both. Then they crown Vortiger, and fetch in Castiza, who comes unwillingly; he hales her, and they crown her: Aurelius and Uther, brothers of Constantius, seeing him crowned, draw and fly.*

Enter RAYNULPH.

Raynolph. When nothing could prevail to tire
The good king's patience, they did hire
Two wicked rogues to take his life,
In whom, a while there fell a strife
Of pity and fury: but the gold
Made pity faint, and fury bold.
Then to Vortiger they bring
The head of that religious king,
Who feigning grief, to clear his guilt,
Makes the slaughterers blood be spilt.
Then crown they him, and force the maid,
That vow'd a virgin-life, to wed.
Such a strength great power extends,
It conquers fathers, kindred, friends:

And since fates pleas'd to change her life,
She proves as holy in a wife.
More to tell, were to betray
What deeds in their own tongues must say;
Only this, the good king dead,
The brothers poor in safety fled. [Exit.

Enter VORTIGER (crowned) a GENTLEMAN meeting him.

Gentleman. My lord.

Vortiger. I fear thy news will fetch a curse,
It comes with such a violence.

Gentleman. The people are up
In arms against you.

Vortiger. Oh this dream of glory!
Sweet power, before I can have time to taste thee,
Must I for ever lose thee? What's the imposthume
That swells them now?

Gentleman. The murder of Constantius.

Vortiger. Ulcers of realms! they hated him alive,
Grew weary of the minute of his reign,
Call'd him an evil of their own electing,
And is their ignorant zeal so fiery now,
When all their thanks are cold? The mutable hearts
That move in their false breasts! provide me safety:
Hark, I hear ruin threaten me with a voice
That imitates thunder.

Enter SECOND GENTLEMAN.

2nd Gentleman. Where's the king?

Vortiger. Who takes him?

2nd Gentleman. Send peace to all your royal thoughts,
my lord!

A fleet of valiant Saxons newly landed
Offer the truth of all their service to you.

Vortiger. Saxons! my wishes: let them have free
entrance,
And plenteous welcomes from all hearts that love us;
They never could come happier.

Enter HENGIST, HORSUS, soldiers.

Hengist. Health, power, and victory to Vortiger!

Vortiger. There can be no more pleasure to a king,
If all the languages earth spake were ransack'd.

Your names I know not, but so much good fortune
And warranted worth lightens your fair aspects,⁶
I cannot but in arms of love enfold you.

Hengist. The mistress of our birth's hope, fruitful
Germany,

Calls me Hengistus, and this captain, Horsus ;

A man low-built, but yet in deeds of arms

Flame is not swifter : we are all, my lord,

The sons of fortune, she hath sent us forth

To thrive by the red sweat of our own merits :

And since, after the rage of many a tempest,

Our fates have cast us upon Britain's bounds,

We offer you the first-fruits of our wounds.

Vortiger. Which we shall dearly prize : the mean'st
blood spent

Shall at wealth's fountain make its own content.

Hengist. You double vigour in us then, my lord :

Pay is the soul of such as thrive by th' sword. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter VORTIGER and GENTLEMEN. Alarm and
skirmishes.*

First Gentleman. My lord, these Saxons bring a for-
tune with them

Stay any Roman success.

Vortiger. On, speak, forwards !

I will not take one minute from thy tidings.

First Gentleman. The main supporters of this insur-
rection

They have taken prisoners, and the rest so tame,

They stoop to the least grace that flows from mercy.

Vortiger. Never came power guided by better stars,
Than these men's fortitudes : yet they're misbelievers,
Which to my reason is wondrous.

Enter HENGIST and HORSUS, with prisoners.

You've given me such a first taste of your worth,

'Twill never from my love ; when life is gone,

The memory sure will follow, my soul still

⁶ *And warranted worth lightens your fair aspects,*] Alluding to the story of Pope Gregory's admiring the beauty of the English youths at Rome. — Bede Hist. c. i.

Participating immortality with it.
But here's the misery of earth's limited glory,
There's not a way reveal'd to any honour
Above the fame which your own merits give you.

Hengist. Indeed, my lord, we hold, when all's
summ'd up,
That can be made for worth to be express'd,
The fame that a man wins himself is best,
That he may call his own: honours put to him,
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
And are as soon ta'en off; for in the warmth
The heat comes from the body, not the weeds:
So man's true fame must strike from his own deeds.
And since by this event which fortune speaks us,
This land appears the fair predestin'd soil
Ordain'd for our good hap, we crave, my lord,
A little earth to thrive on, what you please,
Where we'll but keep a nursery of good spirits
To fight for you and yours.

Vortiger. Sir, for our treasure,
'Tis open to your merits, as our love;
But for y'are strangers in religion chiefly,
(Which is the greatest alienation can be,
And breeds most factions in the bloods of men)
I must not yield to that.

Enter SIMON with a hide.

Hengist. S'precious, my lord,
I see a pattern, be it but so little
As yon poor hide will compass.

Vortiger. How, the hide!

Hengist. Rather than nothing, sir.

Vortiger. Since y'are so reasonable,
Take so much in the best part of our kingdom.

Hengist. We thank your grace.—Rivers from bub-
bling springs
Have rise at first, and great from abject things.
Stay yonder fellow; he came luckily,
And shall fare well for't, whate'er he be,
We'll thank our fortune in rewarding him.

Horsus. Stay, fellow.

Simon. How, fellow! 'tis more than you know
Whether I be your fellow or no, I am sure
You see me not.

Hengist. Come, what's the price of your hide?

Simon. Oh unreasonable villain!
He would buy the house over a man's head—
I'll be sure now to make my bargain wisely,
They may buy me out of my skin else—
Whose hide would you buy, mine or the beast's?
There is little difference in their complexions,
I think mine is the blacker of the two;
You shall see for your love, and buy for your money.
A pestilence on you all, how have you deceiv'd me?
You buy an ox hide! you buy a calf's gather—
They are all hungry soldiers, and I took them
For honest shoe-makers.

Hengist. Hold, fellow, pr'ythee hold;
Right a fool worldling that kicks at all good fortune.
Whose man art thou?

Simon. I am a servant, yet a masterless man, sir.

Hengist. Pr'ythee how can that be?

Simon. Very nimbly, sir;
My master is dead, and now I serve my mistress;
Ergo, I am a masterless man: she's now a widow,
And I am the foreman of her tan-pit.

Hengist. Hold you, and thank your fortune, not your
wit.

Simon. Faith, and I thank your bounty, and not
your wisdom!

You are not troubled with wit neither greatly, it seems—
Now, by this light, a nest of yellow-hammers!
What will become of me? If I can keep
All these without hanging myself,
I am happier than a hundred of my neighbours.
You shall have my skin into the bargain,
Then if I chance to die like a dog,
The labour will be sav'd of flaying me:
I'll undertake, sir, you shall have
All the skins in our parish at this price,
Men's and women's.

Hengist. Sirrah, give good ear to me :
Now take the hide and cut it into the slend'rest thongs
That can bear strength to hold.

Simon. That were a jest i'faith : spoil all the leather ?
Sin and pity ! why 'twould shoe half your army.

Hengist. Do it, I bid you.

Simon. What, cut all this into thongs ? Hum,
This is like the vanity of your Roman gallants,
That cannot wear good suits, but they must have them
Cut and slash'd in giggets, that the very
Crimson taffaties sit blushing at their follies.
I would I might persuade you from this humour
Of cutting, 'tis but a swaggering condition
And nothing profitable : what if it were
But well pink'd ? 'twould last longer for a summer suit.

Hengist. What a cross lump of ignorance have I
lighted on !
I must be forc'd to beat my drift into him—
Look you, to make you wiser than your parents,
I have so much ground given me as this hide
Will compass, which, as it is, is nothing.

Simon. Nothing, quoth a ?
Why, 'twill not keep a hog.

Hengist. Now with the 'vantage
Cut into several pieces, 'twill stretch far
And make a liberal circuit.

Simon. A shame on your crafty hide !
Is this your cunning ? I have learn'd more knavery
Now than I shall claw off while I live.
I'll go purchase land by cow-tails and undo all the
parish,
Three good bulls' pizzles would set up a man for ever ;
This is like a pin a day to set up a haberdasher of small
wares.

Hengist. Thus men that mean to thrive, as we, must
learn
Set in a foot at first.

Simon. A foot d'you call it ?
The devil's in that foot that takes up all this leather.

Hengist. Dispatch, and cut it carefully with all the advantage, sirrah.

Simon. You could never have lighted upon such a fellow

To serve your turn, captain: I have such a trick
Of stretching too, I learn'd it of a tanner's man
That was hang'd last sessions at Maidstone.
I'll warrant you I'll get you a mile and a half
More than y'are aware of.

Hengist. Pray serve me so as oft as you will, sir.

Simon. I am casting about for nine acres to make
A garden plot out of one of the buttocks.

Hengist. 'Twill be a good soil for nosegays.

Simon. 'Twill be a good soil for cabbages, to stuff
Out the guts of your followers there.

Hengist. Go, see it carefully perform'd:
It is the first foundation of our fortunes
On Britain's earth, and ought to be embrac'd
With a respect near link'd to adoration.
Methinks it sounds to me a fair assurance
Of large honours and hopes; does it not, captain?

Horsus. How many have begun with less at first,
That have had emperors from their bodies sprung,
And left their carcasses as much in monument
As would erect a college?

Hengist. There's the fruits
Of their religious shew too; to lie rotting
Under a million spent in gold and marble.

Horsus. But where shall we make choice of our
ground, captain?

Hengist. About the fruitful flanks of uberous Kent,
A fat and olive soil, there we came in.
Oh captain, he has given he knows not what.

Horsus. Long may he give so!

Hengist. I tell thee, sirrah, he that begg'd a field
Of fourscore acres for a garden-plot,
'Twas pretty well; but he came short of this.

Horsus. Send over for more Saxons.

Hengist. With all speed, captain.

Horsus. Especially for Roxena.

Hengist. Who! my daughter?

Horsus. That star of Germany, forget not her, sir:
She is a fair fortunate maid;

Fair she is, and fortunate may she be;

But in maid lost for ever. My desire

Has been the close confusion of that name.

A treasure 'tis, able to make more thieves

Than cabinets set open to entice;

Which learn them theft that never knew the vice.

Hengist. Come, I'll dispatch with speed.

Horsus. Do, forget none.

Hengist. Marry, pray help my memory.

Horsus. Roxena, you remember?

Hengist. What more, dear sir?

Horsus. I see your memory's clear, sir.

[*A shouting heard.*

Hengist. Those shouts leap'd from our army.

Horsus. They were too cheerful
To voice a bad event.

Hengist. Now, sir, your news?

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Gentleman. Roxena the fair—

Hengist. True, she shall be sent for.

Gentleman. She's here, sir.

Hengist. What say'st?

Gentleman. She's come, sir.

Horsus. A new youth
Begins me o'er again.

Gentleman. Follow'd you close, sir,
With such a zeal as daughter never equall'd.
Expos'd herself to all the merciless dangers
Set in mankind or fortune; not regarding
Aught but your sight.

Hengist. Her love is infinite to me.

Horsus. Most charitably censur'd: 'tis her cunning,
The love of her own lust, which makes a woman
Gallop down hill as fearless as a drunkard.
There's no true loadstone in the world but that:

It draws them through all storms by sea or shame.
Life's loss is thought too small to pay that game.

Gentleman. What follows more of her will you take
strongly?

Hengist. How!

Gentleman. Nay, 'tis worth your wonder.
Her heart, joy-ravish'd with your late success,
Being the early morning of your fortunes,
So prosperously new opening at her coming,
She takes a cup of gold, and, 'midst the army,
Teaching her knee a reverend cheerfulness,
Which well became her, drank a liberal health
To the king's joys and yours, the king in presence;
Who with her sight, but her behaviour chiefly,
Or chief but one or both, I know not which,
But he's so far 'bove my expression caught,
'Twere art enough for one man's time and portion
To speak him and miss nothing.

Hengist. This is astonishing!

Horsus. Oh! this ends bitter now. Our close-hid
flame

Will break out of my heart: I cannot keep it.

Hengist. Gave you attention, captain? How now,
man?

Horsus. A kind of grief about these times of the
moon still:

I feel a pain like a convulsion;

A cramp at heart, I know not what name fits it.

Hengist. Nor never seek one for it, let it go
Without a name; would all griefs were serv'd so.

Flourish. Enter VORTIGER, ROXENA, &c.

Horsus. A love-knot already? arm in arm!

Vortiger. What's he lays claim to her?

Hengist. In right of father-hood

I challenge an obedient part.

Vortiger. Take it, and send back the rest.

Hengist. What means your grace?

Vortiger. You'll keep no more than what
Belongs to you?

Hengist. That's all, my lord, it all belongs to me,
I keep the husband's interest till he come :
Yet out of duty and respect to majesty,
I send her back your servant.

Vortiger. My mistress, sir, or nothing.

Hengist. Come again ;
I never thought to hear so ill of thee.

Vortiger. How, sir, so ill ?

Hengist. So beyond detestable.
To be an honest vassal is some calling,
Poor, is the worst of that, shame comes not to't ;
But mistress, that the only common bait
Fortune sets at all hours, catching whore with it,
And plucks them up by clusters. There's my sword,
my lord ;

And if your strong desires aim at my blood,
Which runs too purely there, a nobler way
Quench it in mine.

Vortiger. I ne'er took sword in vain :
Hengist, we here create thee earl of Kent.

Horsus. Oh, that will do't.

Vortiger. What ails our friend ? Look to him.

Roxena. Oh, 'tis his epilepsy : I know it well :
I help'd him once in Germany ; comes it again ?
A virgin's right hand strok'd upon his heart
Gives him ease straight ; but it must be a pure virgin,
Or else it brings no comfort.

Vortiger. What a task
She puts upon herself, unurged purity !
The truth of this will bring love's rage into me.

Roxena. Oh, this would mad a woman : there's no
proof
In love to indiscretion.

Horsus. Pish ! this cures not.

Roxena. Dost think I'll ever wrong thee ?

Horsus. Oh most feelingly !
But I'll prevent it now, and break thy neck
With thy own cunning. Thou hast undertaken
To give me help, to bring in royal credit
Thy crack'd virginity ; but I'll spoil all,

I will not stand on purpose, though I could,
But fall still to disgrace thee.

Roxena. What, you will not?

Horsus. I have no other way to help myself;
For when th'art known to be a whore, impostress,
I shall be sure to keep thee.

Roxena. Oh, sir, shame me not:
You've had what is most precious; try my faith;
Undo me not at first in chaste opinion.

Horsus. All this art shall not make me feel my legs.

Roxena. I pr'ythee do not wilfully confound me.

Horsus. Well, I am content for this time to recover,
To save thy credit, and bite in my pain;
But if thou ever fail'st me, I will fall,
And thou shalt never get me up again.

Roxena. Agreed 'twixt you and I, sir—See, my lord,
A poor maid's work! the man may pass for health now,
Among the clearest bloods, and those are nicest.

Vortiger. I have heard of women brought men on
their knees,
But few that e'er restor'd them—How now, captain?

Horsus. My lord, methinks I could do things past
man,
I'm so renew'd in vigour; I long most
For violent exercise to take me down:
My joy's so high in blood, I'm above frailty.

Vortiger. My lord of Kent!

Hengist. Your love's unworthy creature.

Vortiger. Seest thou this fair chain? Think upon
the means
To keep it link'd for ever.

Hengist. Oh! my lord,
'Tis many degrees sundred from my hope;
Besides, your grace has a young virtuous queen,

Vortiger. I say, think on it.

Horsus. If this wind hold, I fall to my old disease,

Vortiger. There's no fault in thee but to come so
late.

All else is excellent: I chide none but fate. [Exeunt

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter HORSUS and ROXENA.

Roxena. I have no conceit now that you ever lov'd
me,
But as lust led you for the time.

Horsus. See! see!

Roxena. Do you pine at my advancement, sir?

Horsus. Oh barrenness
Of understanding! what a right love is this:
'Tis you that fall, I that am reprehended;
What height of honours, eminence of fortune,
Should ravish me from you?

Roxena. Who can tell that, sir?
What's he can judge of a man's appetite
Before he sees him eat? Who knows the strength
Of any's constancy, that never yet was tempted?
We can call nothing our own, if they be deeds to
come

They're only ours, when they are pass'd and done.
How blest are you above your apprehension,
If your desire would lend you so much patience,
T' examine the adventurous condition
Of our affections, which are full of hazard,
And draw in the time's goodness to defend us!
First, this bold course of ours cannot last long,
Nor ever does in any without shame;
And that, you know, brings danger; and the greater
My father is in blood, as he is well risen,
The greater will the storm of his rage be
Against his blood's wronging: I have cast for this.
'Tis not advancement that I love alone;
'Tis love of shelter, to keep shame unknown.

Horsus. Oh, were I sure of thee, as 'tis impossible
There to be ever sure where there's no hold,
Your pregnant hopes should not be long in rising.

Roxena. By what assurance have you held me thus
far,
Which you found firm, despair you not in that.

Horsus. True : that was good security for the time ;
But in a change of state, when y're advanc'd,
You women have a French toy in your pride,
You make your friend come crouching ; or perhaps,
To bow in th' hams, the better, he is put
To compliment three hours with your chief woman,
Then perhaps not admitted ; no nor ever,
That's the more noble fashion. Forgetfulness
Is the most pleasing virtue they can have,
That do spring up from nothing ; for by the same
Forgetting all, they forget whence they came ;
An excellent property of oblivion.

Roxena. I pity all the fortunes of poor women
In my own unhappiness. When we have given
All that we have to men, what's our requital ?
An ill-fac'd jealousy, that resembles much
The mistrustfulness of an insatiate thief,
That scarce believes he has all, though he has stripp'd
7 The true man naked, and left nothing on him
But the hard cord that binds him : so are we
First robb'd, and then left bound by jealousy.
Take reason's advice, and you'll find it impossible
For you to lose me in this king's advancement,
Who's an usurper here, and as the kingdom,
So shall he have my love by usurpation ;
The right shall be in thee still. My ascension
To dignity, is but to waft thee higher,
And all usurpers have the falling-sickness ;
They cannot keep up long.

Horsus. May credulous man
Put all his confidence in so weak a bottom,
And make a saving voyage ?

Roxena. Nay, as gainful as ever man yet made.

Horsus. Go, take thy fortunes, aspire with my consent,
So thy ambition will be sure to prosper.
Speak the fair certainties of Britain's queen
Home to thy wishes.

⁷ The true man]. See Note 88 on *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

Roxena. Speak in hope, I may,
But not in certainty.

Horsus. I say in both.
Hope, and be sure I'll soon remove the let^s
That stands between thee and thy glory.

Roxena. Life of love!
If lost virginity can win such a day,
I'll have no daughter but shall learn my way. [Exit.

Horsus. 'Twill be good work for him that first in-
structs them.

May be some son of mine, got by this woman too,
May match with their own sisters.—Peace, 'tis he.

Enter VORTIGER.

Invention, fail me not: 'tis a gallant credit
To marry one's whore bravely.

Vortiger. Have I power
Of life and death, and cannot command ease
In my own blood? After I was a king,
I thought I never should have felt pain more;
That there had been a ceasing of all passions
And common stings, which subjects use to feel,
That were created with a patience fit
For all extremities. But such as we
Know not the way to suffer; then, to do it,
How most prepost'rous 'tis?—Tush! riddles, riddles!
I'll break through custom. Why should not the mind,
The nobler part that's of us, be allow'd
Change of affections, as our bodies are
Change of food and raiment? I'll have it so.
All fashions appear strange at first production;
But this would be well followed—Oh captain!

Horsus. My lord, I grieve for you: I scarce fetch
breath,
But a sigh hangs at the end of it; but this
Is not the way, if you'd give way to counsel.

Vortiger. Set me right then, or I shall heavily curse
thee

^s *The let.*] The hindrance or prevention. See Note 48, on *Da-
mon and Pithias*, vol. I.

For lifting up my understanding to me,
To shew that I was wrong. Ignorance is safe ;
I then slept happily. If knowledge mend me not,
Thou hast committed a most cruel sin,
To wake me into judgment, and then leave me.

Horsus. I will not leave you, sir ; that were rudely
done.

First, y'have a flame too open and too violent,
Which, like blood-guiltiness in an offender,
Betrays him when nought else can. Out with it, sir,
Or let some cunning coverture be made
Before your practice enters : 'twill spoil all else.

Vortiger. Why, look you, sir, I can be as calm as
silence

All the while music play. Strike on, sweet friend,
As mild and merry as the heart of innocence.
I pr'ythee take my temper. Has a virgin
A heat more modest ?

Horsus. He does well to ask me ;
I could have told him once—Why, here's a government,
There's not sweeter amity in friendship
Than in this league 'twixt you and health.

Vortiger. Then since,
Thou find'st me capable of happiness,
Instruct me with the practice.

Horsus. What will you say, my lord,
If I ensnare her in an action of lust ?

Vortiger. Oh, there were art to the life ; but 'tis im-
possible :

I pr'ythee flatter me no farther with it.
Fie ! so much sin as goes to make up that,
Will never prevail with her. Why, I'll tell you, sir,
She's so sin-killing, modest, that if only
To move the question were enough adultery
To cause a separation, there's no gallant
So brassy impudent durst undertake
The words that shall belong to't.

Horsus. Say you so, sir ?
There's nothing made in the world, but has a way to't :
Though some be harder than the rest to find,

Yet one there is, that's certain ; and I think,
I have took the course to light on it.

Vortiger. Oh, I pray for't.

Horsus. I heard you lately say (from whence, my
lord,

My practice receiv'd life first) that your queen
Still consecrates her time to contemplation ;
Takes solitary walks.

Vortiger. Nay, late and early
Commands her weak guard from her, which are but
Women at strongest.

Horsus. I like all this, my lord.
And now, sir, you shall know what net is us'd
In many places to catch modest women ;
Such as will never yield by prayers or gifts.
Now there be some will catch up men as fast ;
But those she-fowlers nothing concern us :
Their birding is at windows ; ours abroad,
Where ring-doves should be caught, that's married
wives,

Or chaste maids ; what the appetite has a mind to.

Vortiger. Make no pause then.

Horsus. The honest gentlewoman,
When nothing will prevail (I pity her now)
Poor soul, she's entic'd forth by her own sex
To be betray'd to man, who in some garden-house⁹
Or remote walk, taking his lustful time,
Binds darkness on her eye-lids, surprizes her ;
And having a coach ready, turns her in,
Hurrying her where he list for the sin's safety,
Making a rape of honour without words,
And at the low ebb of his lust, perhaps
Some three days after, sends her coach'd again
To the same place ; and, which would make most mad,
She's robb'd of all, yet knows not where she's robb'd :
There's the dear precious mischief.

Vortiger. Is this practis'd ?

⁹ *In some garden house.*] See extract from Stubbes, as quoted in
Note 36, to *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, vol. V.

Horsus. Too much, my lord, to be so little known;
A springe to catch a maidenhead after sun-set:
Clip it and send it home again to the city,
There 'twill ne'er be perceiv'd.

Vortiger. My raptures want expression.
I conceit enough to make me fortunate, and thee great.

[*Exit.*

Horsus. I praise it then, my lord—I knew 'twould
take. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter CASTIZA with a book, and two LADIES.

Castiza. Methinks you live strange lives! when I see
it not,

It grieves me less. You know how to ease me then:
If you but knew how well I lov'd your absence,
You would bestow it upon me without asking.

First Lady. Faith, for my part, were it no more for
ceremony than for love, you should walk long enough
without my attendance, and so think all my fellows,
though they say nothing. Books in women's hands are
as much against the hair¹⁰, methinks, as to see men
wear stomachers, or night-railes. She that has the
green-sickness, and should follow her counsel, would
die like an ass, and go to the worms like a sallad; not
I, so long as such a creature as man is made: she is a
fool that knows not what he is good for.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Castiza. Though among life's elections, that of virgin
I did speak noblest of; yet it has pleas'd the king
To send me a contented blessedness
In that of marriage, which I ever doubted.

Enter VORTIGER and HORSUS disguised.

I see the king's affection was a true one;
It lasts and holds out long: that's no mean virtue
In a commanding man, though in great fear
At first, I was enforc'd to venture on it.

¹⁰ *Against the hair.*] See note 42 to *Alexander and Campaspe*,
vol. II.

Vortiger. All's happy, clear, and safe.

Horsus. The rest comes gently on.

Vortiger. Be sure you seize on her full sight at first,
For fear of my discovery.

Horsus. Now fortune, and I am sped.

Castiza. Treason! treason!

Horsus. Sirrah, how stand you? Prevent noise and
clamour,
Or death shall end thy service.

Vortiger. A sure cunning.

Castiza. Oh, rescue! rescue!

Horsus. Dead her voice! away, make speed!

Castiza. No help? no succour?

Horsus. Louder yet? extend
Your voice to the last rack: you shall have leave now;
Y'are far from any pity.

Castiza. What's my sin?

Horsus. Contempt of man; and he's a noble crea-
ture,

And takes it in ill part to be despis'd.

Castiza. I never despis'd any.

Horsus. No? you hold us
Unworthy to be lov'd: what call you that?

Castiza. I have a lord disproves you.

Horsus. Pish, your lord?

Y'are bound to love your lord, that is no thanks to you;
You should love those you are not tied to love;
That's the right trial of a woman's charity.

Castiza. I know not what you are, nor what my
fault is.

If it be life you seek, whate'er you be,
Use no immodest words, and take it from me.
You kill me more in talking sinfully,
Than acting cruelly. Be so far pitiful,
To end me without words.

Horsus. Long may you live;
'Tis the wish of a good subject: 'tis not life
That I thirst after. Loyalty forbid
I should commit such treason. You mistake me,
I have no such bloody thought; only your love

Shall content me.

Castiza. What said you, sir?

Horsus. Thus plainly,

To strip my words as naked as my purpose,
I must and will enjoy thee—Gone already?
Look to her; bear her up; she goes apace:
I fear'd this still, and therefore come provided.
There's that will fetch life from a dying spark,
And make it spread a furnace—she's well straight—
Pish, let her go; she stands, upon my knowledge,
Or else she counterfeits; I know the virtue.

Castiza. Never did sorrows in afflicted woman
Meet with such cruelties: such hard-hearted ways
Human invention never found before.
To call back life to live, is but ill taken
By some departing soul: then to force mine
Back to an eternal act of death in lust,
What is it but most execrable?

Horsus. So, so:

But this is from my business. List to me:
Here you are now far from all hope of friendship,
Save what you make in me: 'scape me you cannot;
Send your soul that assurance: that resolv'd on,
You know not who I am, nor ever shall:
I need not fear you then; but give consent,
Then with the faithfulness of a true friend,
I'll open myself to you, fall your servant,
As I do now in hope, proud of submission,
And seal the deed up with eternal secrecy:
Not death shall pluck it from me, much less
The king's authority or torture.

Vortiger. I admire him.

Castiza. Oh, sir, whate'er you are, I teach my knee
Thus to requite you: be content to take
Only my sight, as ransom for my honour,
And where you have but mock'd my eyes with dark-
ness

Pluck them quite out. All outward lights of b
I'll spare most willingly, but take not from me
That which must guide me to another world,

And leave me dark for ever ; fast without
That cursed pleasure, which will make two souls
Endure a famine everlastingly.

Horsus. This almost moves.

Vortiger. By this light he'll be taken.

Horsus. I'll wrestle down all pity—What! will you
consent?

Castiza. I'll never be so guilty.

Horsus. Farewell words then,
You hear no more of me, but thus I seize you.

Castiza. Oh! if a power above be reverenc'd by
thee,
I bind thee by that name, by manhood, nobleness,
And all the charms of honour.

[*Vortiger snatches her away.*]

Horsus. Ah, ha! here's one caught
For an example: never was poor lady
So mock'd into false terror: with what anguish
She lies with her own lord! now she could curse
All into barrenness, and beguile herself by it.
Conceit's a powerful thing, and is indeed
Plac'd as a palate to taste grief, or love,
And as that relishes, so we approve:
Hence comes it that our taste is so beguil'd,
Changing pure blood for some that's mix'd and soil'd.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter HENGIST.

Hengist. A fair and fortunate constellation reign'd
When we set foot here, for from his first gift
(Which to a king's unbounded eyes seem'd nothing)
The compass of a hide, I have erected
A strong and spacious castle, yet contain'd myself
Within my limits, without check or censure.
Thither, with all th' observance of a subject,
The liveliest witness of a grateful mind,
I purpose to invite him and his queen,
And feast them nobly.

Barber. (speaking without.) We will enter, sir;
'Tis a state business, of a twelve-month long,
The chusing of a mayor.

Hengist. What noise is that?

Tailor. (without.) Sir, we must speak with the good
earl of Kent;
Though we were never brought up to keep a door,
We are as honest, sir, as some that do.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Hengist. Now, sir, what's the occasion of their clamours?

Gentleman. Please you, my lord, a company of
townsmen
Are bent against all denials and resistance
To have speech with your lordship; and that you
Must end a difference, which none else can do.

Hengist. Why then there's reason in their violence,
Which I ne'er look'd for: first let in but one,
[*Exit Gentleman.*

And as we relish him the rest come on.
'Tis no safe wisdom in a rising man
To slight off such as these; nay, rather these
Are the foundations of a lofty work:
We cannot build without them, and stand sure.
He that first ascends to a mountain's top
Must begin at the foot.—Now, sir, who comes?

Enter GENTLEMAN.

Gentleman. They cannot yet agree, my lord, of
that:

They say 'tis worse now than it was before,
For where the difference was but between two,
Upon this coming first they're all at odds.
One says, he shall lose his place in the church by't;
Another will not do his wife that wrong;
And by their good wills they would all come first.
The strife continues in most heat, my lord,
Between a country barber and a tailor
Of the same town, and which your lordship names,
'Tis yielded by consent that he shall enter.

Hengist. Here's no sweet coil,¹¹ I am glad they are so reasonable.

Call in the barber; if the tale be long,
He'll cut it short I trust, that's all the hope.

Enter BARBER.

Now, sir, are you the barber?

Barber. Oh most barbarous!

A corrector of enormities in hair, my lord;
A promoter of upper lips, or what your lordship,
In the neatness of your discretion, shall think fit
To call me.

Hengist. Very good, I see you have this without book;

But what's your business?

Barber. Your lordship comes to a very high point indeed:

The business, sir, lies about the head.

Hengist. That's work for you.

Barber. No, my good lord, there is a corporation,
A body, a kind of body.

Hengist. The barber is out at the body, let in the tailor.

This 'tis to reach beyond your own profession;
When you let go your head, you lose your memory:
You have no business with the body.

Barber. Yes, sir,

I am a barber-chirurgeon, I have had
Something to do with it in my time, my lord,
And I was never so out of the body

¹¹ *Here's no sweet coil.*] It is observed by Dr. Warburton, (see note to 1st part *Henry 4th*, A. 5. S. 3.) that in Shakspeare's time the negative in common speech was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing; and this assertion is fully confirmed by the several examples produced by Mr. Steevens in proof of it. The following might be added to those already given. A. 5. S. 1.

"*Here's no abuse to the common wealth.*"

Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, A. 4. S. 7.

"*O here's no foppery!*"

Massinger's City Madam, A. 1. S. 1.

"*Here's no gross flattery.*"

Middleton's Chast Mvyd of Cheapside, p. 30.

"*Here's no unconscionable villuiny!*"

As I have been of late : send me good luck,
I'll marry some whore but I'll get in again.

Enter TAILOR.

Hengist. Now, sir, a good discovery come from
you.

Tailor. I will rip up the linings to your lordship,
And shew what stuff 'tis made of : for the body
Or corporation—

Hengist. There the barber left indeed.

Tailor. 'Tis piec'd up of two fashions.

Hengist. A patch'd town the whilest.

Tailor. Nor can we go through stitch, my noble
lord,

The choler is so great in the one party.
And as in linsey-woolsey wove together,
One piece makes several suits, so, upright earl,
Our linsey-woolsey hearts make all this coil.

Hengist. What's all this now ? I am ne'er the wiser
yet,

Enter GLOVER.

Call in the rest. Now, sirs, what are you ?

Glover. Sir, reverence on your lordship.

I am a glover.

Hengist. What needs that then ?

Glover. Sometimes I deal in dog's leather, sir reve-
rence the while.

Hengist. Well, to the purpose, if there be any to-
wards.

Glover. I were an ass else, saving your lordship's
presence.

We have a body, but our town wants a hand,
A hand of justice, a worshipful master mayor.

Hengist. This is well handled yet, a man may take
Some hold on it. You want a mayor ?

Glover. Right, but there's two at fisty-cuffs about
it,

Sir, as I may say at daggers drawing,
But that I cannot say, because they have none ;
And you being earl of Kent, our town does say,
Your lordship's voice shall part and end the fray.

Hengist. This is strange work for me—Well, sir,
what be they?

Glover. The one is a tanner.

Hengist. Fie, I shall be too partial,
I owe too much affection to that trade
To put it to my voice—What is his name?

Glover. Simon.

Hengist. How Simon too?

Glover. Nay, 'tis but Simon one, sir;
The very same Simon that sold your lordship a hide.

Hengist. What sayest thou?

Glover. That's all his glory, sir, he got his master's
Widow by it presently, a rich tanner's wife,
She has set him up; he was her fore-man
A long time in her other husband's days.

Hengist. Now let me perish in my first aspiring,
If the pretty simplicity of his fortune
Do not most highly take me: 'tis a presage, me-
thinks,

Of bright succeeding happiness to mine,
When my fate's glow-worm casts forth such a shine.
And what are those that do contend with him?

Tailor. Marry, my noble lord, a fustian-weaver.

Hengist. How! he offer
To compare with Simon? he a fit match for him!

Barber. Hark, hark, my lord, here they come both
In a pelting chafe from the town-house.

Enter SIMON and OLIVER.

Simon. How, before me? I scorn thee,
Thou wattle-fac'd sing'd pig.

Oliver. Pig? I defy thee,
My uncle was a Jew, and scorn'd the motion¹².

Simon. I list not brook thy vaunts. Compare with
me?

Thou spindle of concupiscence, 'tis well known
Thy first wife was a flax-wench.

Oliver. But such a flax-wench

¹² Motion.] Or more likely the mention, that is, the very name of a
pig. S. P.

Would I might never want at my need,
Nor any friend of mine : my neighbours knew her,
Thy wife was but an hempen halter to her.

Simon. Use better words, I'll hang thee in my year
else,
Let who will chuse thee afterwards.

Glover. Peace, for shame :
Quench your spirit, do not you see his lordship ?

Hengist. What, master Simonides ?

Simon. Simonides ?
What a fair name hath he made of Simon !
Then he's an ass that calls me Simon again ;
I am quite out of love with it.

Hengist. Give me thy hand,
I love thy fortunes, and like a man that thrives.

Simon. I took a widow, my lord,
To be the best piece of ground to thrive on,
And by my faith, my lord, there's a young Simonides,
Like a green onion, peeping up already.

Hengist. Th' hast a good lucky hand.

Simon. I have somewhat, sir.

Hengist. But why to me is this election offer'd,
The chusing of a mayor goes by most voices.

Simon. True, sir, but most of our townsmen are so
hoarse, with drinking, there's not a good voice among
them all.

Hengist. Are you content to put it to all these
then ?

To whom I liberally resign my interest,
To prevent censures.

Simon. I speak first my lord,

Oliver. Though I speak last, my lord, I am not
least :

If they will cast away a town-born child,
They may, it is but dying some forty years
Before my time.

Hengist. I leave you to your choice a while. [Exit.

All. Your good lordship.

Simon. Look you, neighbours, before you be too
hasty,

Let Oliver the fustian-weaver stand
As fair as I do, and the devil do him good on't.

Oliver. I do, thou upstart callymoocher, I do;
'Tis well known to the parish I have been
Twice alecunner; thou mushroom, thou shot'st up
In a night, by lying with thy mistress.

Simon. Faith, thou art such a spiny baldrib,
All the mistresses in the town will never get thee up.

Oliver. I scorn to rise by a woman as thou didst:
My wife shall rise by me.

Glover. I pray leave your communication,
We can do nothing else.

Oliver. I gave that barber, a fustian-suit,¹³
And twice redeem'd his cittern: he may remember me.

Simon. I fear no false measure but in that tailor;
The glover and button-maker are both cock-sure;
That collier's eye I like not:
Now they consult, the matter is in brewing.
Poor Gill, my wife, lies longing for the news,

¹³ *I gave that barber a fustian suit,*

And twice redeem'd his cittern: he may remember me.]

A Lute or Cittern formerly used to be part of the furniture of a barber's shop, and, as *Sir John Hawkins* in his notes on *Walton's Complete Angler*, p. 236, observes, answered the end of a newspaper, the now common amusement of waiting customers. In an old book of Enigmas, to every one of which the author has prefixed a wooden cut of the subject of the Enigma, is a barber, and the cut represents a barber's shop, in which there is one person sitting in a chair, under the barber's hands, while another, who is waiting for his turn, is playing on the lute; and on the side of the shop hangs another instrument, of the lute or Cittern kind. This custom will explain the following passage in *Ben Jonson's Silent Woman*, A. 3. S. 5, where *Morose* cries out, "That cursed barber!—I have married his Cittern, that is common to all men." Again, *Lord Falkland's Marriage Night*:—

"—— He has travell'd and speaks languages,

"As a barber's boy plays o' th' gittern."

The cittern began to be disused about the beginning of this century. In one of *Dr. King's Useful Transactions* he speaks of the castanets used in dances and says: "They might keep time with the snap of a barber's fingers, though at present they, turning themselves to perriwig-making have forgot *their cittern* and their music. I had almost said, to the shame of their profession." *King's Works*, vol. 2. p. 79. N.

'Twill make her a glad mother.

All. A Simon, a Simon!

Simon. Good people, I thank you all.

Oliver. Wretch that I am!

Tanner, thou hast curried favour.

Simon. I curry! I defy thy fustian fume.

Oliver. But I will prove a rebel all thy year,
And raise up the seven deadly sins against thee. [*Exit.*

Simon. The deadly sins will scorn to rise by thee, if they have any breeding, as commonly they are well brought up, 'tis not for every scab to be acquainted with them: but leaving the scab, to you, good neighbours, now I bend my speech. First, to say more than a man can say, I hold it not fit to be spoken; but to say what a man ought to say, there I leave you also. I must confess your loves have chosen a weak and unlearned man; that I can neither write nor read, you all can witness; yet not altogether so unlearned, but I can set my mark to a bond, if I would be so simple; an excellent token of government. Cheer you then, my hearts, you have done you know not what; there's a full point. There you must all cough and hem. [*Here they all cough and hem.*] Now touching our common adversary the fustian weaver, who threatens he will raise the deadly sins among us, let them come; our town is big enough to hold them, we will not so much disgrace it; besides, you know a deadly sin will lie in a narrow hole: but when they think themselves safest, and the web of their iniquity best woven, with the horse strength of my justice I will break through the loom* of their concupiscence, and make the weaver go seek his shuttle. Here you may cough and hem again, if you'll do me the favour. [*They cough and hem again.*] Why, I thank you all, and it shall not go unrewarded. Now for the deadly sins, pride, sloth, envy, wrath; as for covetousness and gluttony, I'll tell you more when I come out of my office; I shall have time to try

* Hitherto misprinted,

"I will through the look of their concupiscence;"
the intended figure was thus lost. C.

what they are : I will prove them soundly and if I find gluttony and covetousness to be directly sins, I'll bury the one in the bottom of a chest, and the other in the end of my garden. But, sirs, for lechery, I'll tickle that home myself, I'll not leave a whore in the town.

Barber. Some of your neighbours must seek their wives in the country then.

Simon. Barber be silent, I will cut thy comb else. To conclude, I will learn the villainy of all trades ; my own I know already : if there be any knavery in the baker, I will bolt it out ; if in the brewer, I will taste him thoroughly, and piss out his iniquity at his own suckhole : in a word, I will knock down all enormities like a butcher, and send the hide to my fellow tanners.

All. A Simonides, a true Simonides indeed !

Enter HENGIST and ROXENA.

Hengist. How now ? how goes your choice ?

Tailor. This is he, my lord.

Simon. To prove I am the man, I am bold to take The upper hand of your lordship : I'll not lose an inch of my honour.

Hengist. Hold, sirs : there's some few crowns To mend your feast, because I like your choice.

Barber. Joy bless you, sir !
We'll drink your health with trumpets.

Simon. *I, with sack-buts,
That's the more solemn drinking for my state,
No malt this year shall fume into my pate.

[*Exit cum suis.*

Hengist. Continues still that favour in his love ?

Roxena. Nay, with increase, my lord, the flame grows greater,
Though he has learn'd a better art of late
To set a skreen before it.

Enter VORTIGER and HORSUS.

Hengist. Speak lower.

* Hitherto misprinted,

“ Aye, with sack-buts.”

but the meaning is that if his inferiors drink it in *trumpets*, he being mayor, will drink it in *sack-buts*. C.

Horsus. Heard every word, my lord.

Vortiger. Plainly.

Horsus. Distinctly.

The course I took was dangerous, but not failing,
For I convey'd myself behind the hangings
Even just before his entrance.

Vortiger. 'Twas well ventur'd.

Horsus. I had such a woman's first and second long-
ing in me

To hear her, how she'd bear her mock'd abuse
After she was return'd to privacy,
I could have fasted out an ember-week,
And never thought of hunger, to have heard her :
'Then came your holy Lupus and Germanus.

Vortiger. Two holy confessors.

Horsus. At whose first sight
I could perceive her fall upon her breast,
And cruelly afflict herself with sorrow ;
I never heard a sigh till I heard hers,
Who after her confession, pitying her,
Put her into a way of patience,
Which now she holds, to keep it hid from you :
There's all the pleasure that I took in't now,
When I heard that, my pains were well remembred.
So with applying comforts and relief,
They have brought it lower, to an easy grief;
But yet the taste is not quite gone.

Vortiger. Still fortune
Sits bettering our inventions.

Enter CASTIZA.

Horsus. Here she comes.

Castiza. Yonder's my lord ; oh ! I'll return again,
Methinks I should not dare to look on him.

Horsus. She's gone again.

Vortiger. It works the kindlier, sir.
Go now and call her back : she winds herself
Into the snare so prettily, 'tis a pleasure
To set toils for her.

Castiza. He may read my shame
Now in my blush.

[*Aside.*

Vortiger. Come, y'are so link'd to holiness,
So taken with contemplative desires,
That the world has you, yet enjoys you not;
You have been weeping too.

Castiza. Not I, my lord.

Vortiger. Trust me, I fear you have : y'are much to
blame

To yield so much to passion without cause.
Is not some time enough for meditation?
Must it lay title to your health and beauty,
And draw them into time's consumption too?
'Tis too exacting for a holy faculty.

My lord of Kent!—I pr'ythee wake him, captain,
He reads himself asleep, sure.

Horsus. My lord!

Vortiger. Nay,
I'll take away your book and bestow't here.

Hengist. Your pardon, sir.

Vortiger. Lady, you that delight in virgins' stories,
And all chaste works, here's excellent reading for you :
Make of that book as made men do of favours,
Which they grow sick to part from. And now, my lord,
You that have so conceitedly gone beyond me,
And made so large use of a slender gift
Which we ne'er minded; I commend your thrift.
And that your building may to all ages
Carry the stamp and impress of your wit,
It shall be call'd Thong-Castle¹³.

Hengist. How, my lord,
Thong-Castle ! there your grace quits me kindly.

Vortiger. 'Tis fit art should be known by its right
name;

You that can spread my gift, I'll spread your fame.

Hengist. I thank your grace for that.

Vortiger. And, loved lord,
So well we do accept your invitation,
With all speed we'll set forwards.

Hengist. Your honour loves me. [Exeunt.

¹³ *Thong-Castle.*] See Lambarde's *Perambulation of Kent* 1596,
p. 195. Jeffrey of Monmouth's *British History*, B. 6. C. 11.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter SIMON and all his brethren, a mace and sword before him, meeting VORTIGER, CASTIZA, HENGIST, ROXENA, HORSUS, two LADIES.

Simon. Lo I, the mayor of Quinborough by name,
With all my brethren, saving one that's lame,
Are come as fast as fiery mill-horse gallops
To greet thy grace, thy queen, and her fair trollops.
For reason of our coming do not look,
It must be done, I find it i'the town-book;
And yet not I myself, I cannot read,
I keep a clerk to do those jobs for need.
And now expect a rare conceit before Thong-Castle,
see thee;
Reach me the thing to give the king, the other too I
pr'ythee:
Now here they be, for queen and thee, the gift all steel
and leather;
But the conceit of mickle weight, and here they come
together;
To shew two loves must join in one, our town presents
by me
This gilded scabbard to the queen, this dagger unto
thee.

Vortiger. Forbear your tedious and ridiculous duties;
I hate them, as I do the riots of your
Inconstant rabble: I have felt your fits,
Sheath up your bounties with your iron wits.

[*Exit cum sociis.*

Simon. Look, sirs, is his back turn'd?

All. It is, it is.

Simon. Then bless the good earl of Kent, say I,
I'll have this dagger turn'd into a pie,
And eaten up for anger, every bit on't.
And when this pie shall be cut up by some rare cunning
pie-man,
They shall full lamentably sing, put up thy dagger,
Simon. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter HENGIST, HORSUS, VORTIGER, DEVONSHIRE,
STAFFORD, CASTIZA, ROXENA, LADIES.

Hengist. A welcome, mighty lord, may appear cost-
lier,

More full of toil and talk, shew and conceit,
But one more stor'd with thankful love and truth
I forbid all the sons of men to boast of.

Vortiger. Why here's* a fabric that implies eternity,
The building plain, but most substantial;
Methinks it looks as if it mock'd all ruin,
Saving that master-piece of consummation,
The end of time, which must consume even ruin,
And eat that into cinders.

Hengist. There's no brass
Would pass your praise, my lord; 'twould last beyond it,
And shame our durablest metal.

Vortiger. Horsus!

Horsus. My lord!

Vortiger. This is the time I have chosen; here's a
full meeting,
And here I will disgrace her.

Horsus. 'Twill be sharp, my lord.

Vortiger. Oh, 'twill be best.

Horsus. Why, here's the earl her father.

Vortiger. I, and the lord her uncle; that's the
height of it,
Invited both on purpose, to rise sick
Full of shame's surfeit.

Horsus. And that's shrewd, by'r lady,
It ever sticks close to the ribs of honour:
Great men are never sound men after it;
It leaves some ach or other in their names still,
Which their posterity feels at every weather.

Vortiger. Mark but the least presentment of occasion,
As these times yield enough, and then mark me.

* The old quarto reads,

“Why *there's* a fabric,” &c. C.

Horsus. My observance is all yours, you know't, my lord—

What careful ways some take to abuse themselves!
But as there be assurers of men's goods
'Gainst storms or pirates, which give adventurers cou-
rage,

So such there must be to make up man's theft,
Or there would be no woman-venturer left.
See, now they find their seats! what a false knot
Of amity he ties about her arm,

• Which rage must part! In marriage 'tis no wonder,
Knots knit with kisses oft are broke with thunder.
Music! then I have done, I always learn
To give my betters place. [Aside.

Vortiger. Where's captain Horsus?

Sit, sit, we'll have a health anon to all good services.

Horsus. They are poor in these days, th' had rather
have

The carp than the health; he hears me not,
And most great men are deaf on that side.

Vortiger. My lord of Kent, I thank you for this wel-
come,

It came unthought of in the sweetest language
That ever my soul relish'd.

Hengist. You are pleas'd, my lord,
To raise my happiness for slight deservings
To shew what power's in princes; not in us
Aught worthy, 'tis in you that makes us thus.
I am chiefly sad, my lord, your queen's not merry.

Vortiger. So honour bless me, he has found the way
To my grief strangely. Is there no delight——

Castiza. My lord, I wish not any, nor is't needful,
I am as I was ever.

Vortiger. That's not so.

Castiza. How? oh my fears!

[Aside.

Vortiger. When she writ maid, my lord,
You knew her otherwise.

Devonshire. To speak but truth,
I never knew her a great friend to mirth.
Nor taken much with any one delight:

Though there be many seemly and honourable
To give content to ladies without taxing.

Vortiger. My lord of Kent, this to thy full deserts,
Which intimates thy higher flow to honour.

Hengist. Which like a river, shall return in service
To the great master-fountain.

Vortiger. Where's your lord?
I miss'd him not 'till now; lady, and yours?
No marvel then we were so out of the way
Of all pleasant discourse: they are the keys
Of human music: sure at their nativities
Great nature sign'd a general patent to them
To take up all the mirth in a whole kingdom.
What's their employment now?

First Lady. May it please your grace,
We never are so far acquainted with them:
Nothing we know but what they cannot keep;
That's even the fashion of them all, my lord.

Vortiger. It seems y' have great thought in their
constancies,
And they in yours, you dare so trust each other.

Second Lady. Hope well we do, my lord, we have
reason for it,
Because they say brown men are honestest;
But she's a fool will swear for any colour.

Vortiger. They would for yours.

Second Lady. Troth 'tis a doubtful question,
And I'd be loth to put mine to't, my lord.

Vortiger. Faith, dare you swear for yourselves? that's
a plain question.

Second Lady. My lord?

Vortiger. You cannot deny that with honour:
And since 'tis urged, I'll put you to't in troth.

First Lady. May it please your grace—

Vortiger. 'Twould please me very well,
And here's a book, mine never goes without one,
She's an example to you all for purity:
Come, swear (I have sworn you shall) that you ne'er
knew

The will of any man, besides your husband's.

Second Lady. I'll swear, my lord, as far as my remembrance.

Vortiger. How! your remembrance? that were strange.

First Lady. Your grace
Hearing our just excuse, will not say so.

Vortiger. Well, what's your just excuse? Y'are never without some.

First Lady. I am often taken with a sleep, my lord;
The loudest thunder cannot waken me;
Not if a cannon's burden be discharg'd
Close by my ear; the more may be my wrong.
There can be no infirmity, my lord,
More excusable in any woman.

Second Lady. And I am so troubled with the mother too,
I have often call'd in help, I know not whom:
Three at once have been too weak to keep me down.

Vortiger. I perceive, there's no fastening—Well, fair one then,
That never deceives faith's anchor of her hold,
Come at all seasons. Here, be thou the star
To guide those erring women, shew the way
Which I will make them follow—Why do'st start,
Draw back, and look so pale?

Castiza. My lord!

Vortiger. Come hither;
Nothing but take that oath; thou'lt take a thousand,
A thousand! nay a million, or as many
As there be angels registers of oaths.
Why look thee, over-fearful chastity,
(That sinn'st in nothing but in too much niceness)
I'll begin first and swear for thee myself.
I know thee a perfection so unstain'd,
So sure, so absolute; I will not pant on it,
But catch time greedily—By all those blessings
That blow truth into fruitfulness, and those curses
That with their barren breaths blast perjury,
Thou art as pure as sanctity's best shrine
From all man's mixture, save what's lawful, man.

1

Castiza. Oh heaven, forgive him, he has forsworn himself! [Aside.

Vortiger. Come, 'tis but going now my way.

Castiza. That's bad enough. [Aside.

Vortiger. I have clear'd all doubts, you see.

Castiza. Good, my lord, spare me.

Vortiger. How! it grows later than so. For modesty's sake,
Make more speed this way.

Castiza. Pardon me, my lord,
I cannot.

Vortiger. What?

Castiza. I dare not.

Vortiger. Fail all confidence
In thy weak kind for ever.

Devonshire. Here's a storm
Able to make all of our name inhumid,
And raise them from their sleeps of peace and fame,
To set the honour of their bloods right here,
Hundred years after : a perpetual motion
Has their true glory been from seed to seed,
And cannot be chok'd now with a poor grain
Of dust and earth. Her uncle and myself,
Wild in this tempest, as ever robb'd man's peace,
Will undertake, upon life's deprivation,
She shall accept this oath.

Vortiger. You do but call me then
Into a world of more despair and horror :
Yet since so wilfully you stand engag'd
In high scorn to be touch'd ; with expedition
Perfect your undertakings with your fames,
Or, by the issues of abus'd belief,
I'll take the forfeit of lives, lands, and honours,
And make one ruin serve our joys and yours.

Castiza. Why, here's a height of miseries never
reach'd yet :
I lose myself and others.

Devonshire. You may see
How much we lay in balance with your goodness,
And had we more, it went ; for we presume

You cannot be religious and so vile—

Castiza. As to forswear myself—'Tis truth, great sir,
The honour of your bed hath been abus'd.

Vortiger. Oh, beyond patience!

Castiza. But give me hearing, sir!
'Twas far from my consent: I was surpriz'd
By villanies, and so raught.

Vortiger. Hear you that, sirs?
Oh cunning texture to inclose adultery!
Mark but what subtle veil her sins put on:
Religion brings her to confession first,
Then steps in art to sanctify that lust.
'Tis likely you could be surpriz'd.

Castiza. My lord!

Vortiger. I'll hear no more—our guard seize on
those lords.

Devonshire. We cannot perish now too fast: make
speed
To swift destruction. He breathes most accurst
That lives so long to see his name die first.

Horsus. Here's no dear villany! [Aside.

Hengist. Let him intreat, sir,
That falls in saddest grief for this event,
Which ill begins the fortune of this building—my lord!

Roxena. What if he should cause me to swear too,
captain?

You know I am as far to seek in honesty
As the worst can be: I should be sham'd too.

Horsus. Why, fool, they swear by that we worship
not;
So you may swear your heart out, and ne'er hurt your-
self.

Roxena. That was well thought on: I had quite lost
myself else.

Vortiger. You shall prevail in noble suits, my lord;
But this does shame the speaker.

Horsus. I'll step in now,
Though it shall be to no purpose—Good, my lord,
Think on your noble and most hopeful issue
Lord Vortimer, the prince.

Vortiger. A bastard, sir :
I would his life were in my fury now.

Castiza. That injury stirs my soul to speak the truth
Of his conception. — Here, I take the book, my lord :
By all the glorify'd rewards of virtue
And prepar'd punishments for consents in sin,
A queen's hard sorrow ne'er supply'd a kingdom
With issue more legitimate than Vortimer.

Vortiger. This takes not out the stain of present
shame :
Continuance crowns desert. She ne'er can go
For perfect honest that's not always so.
Beshrew thy heart for urging this excuse.
Th'hast justify'd her somewhat.

Horsus. To small purpose.

Vortiger. Among so many women, not one here
Dare swear a simple chastity ! Here's an age
To propagate virtue in. Since I have begun,
I'll shame you altogether, and so leave you.
My lord of Kent !

Hengist. Your highness ?

Vortiger. That's your daughter ?

Hengist. Yes my good lord.

Vortiger. Though I am your guest to-day,
And should be less austere to you or yours,
In this case pardon me : I may not spare her.

Hengist. Then her own goodness friend her—she
comes, my lord.

Vortiger. The tender reputation of a maid
Makes your honour, or else nothing can :
The oath you take is not for truth to man,
But to your own white soul ; a mighty task.
What dare you do in this ?

Rorena. My lord, as much
As chastity can put a woman to,
I ask no favour. And t' approve the purity
Of what my habit and my time professeth,
As likewise to requite all courteous censure,
Here I take oath I am as free from man
As truth from falsehood, or sanctity from stain.

Vortiger. Oh thou treasure that ravishes the possessor!
 I know not where to speed so well again.
 I'll keep thee while I have thee. Here's a fountain
 To spring forth princes, and the seeds of kingdoms.
 Away with that infection of black honour,
 And those her leprous pledges!——
 Here will we store succession with true peace;
 And of pure virgins grace the poor increase.

[*Exeunt all but Horsus.*

Horsus. Ha, ha, he's well provided now: here struck
 my fortunes.

With what an impudent confidence she swore honest,
 Having th' advantage of the oath! Precious whore!
 Methinks I should not hear from fortune next
 Under an earldom now. She cannot spend
 A night so idly, but to make a lord
 With ease methinks, and play.—The earl of Kent
 Is calm and smooth, like a deep dangerous water:
 He has some secret way; I know his blood:
 The grave's not greedier, nor hell's lord more proud.
 Something will hap; for this astonishing choice
 Strikes pale the kingdom, at which I rejoice. [*Exit.*

Dumb Show. Enter *Lupus, Germanus, Devonshire, and Stafford*, leading *Vortimer*, and crown him: *Vortiger* comes to them in passion: they neglect him. Enter *Roxena* in fury, expressing discontent; then they lead out *Vortimer*. *Roxena* gives two villains gold to murder him: they swear performance, and go with her. *Vortiger* offers to run on his sword; *Horsus* prevents him, and persuades him. The lords bring in *Vortimer* dead: *Vortiger* mourns, and submits to them: they swear him, and crown him. Then enters *Hengist* with Saxons: *Vortiger* draws, threatens expulsion, and then sends a parley; which *Hengist* seems to grant by laying down his weapons: so all depart severally.

Enter *RAYNULPHUS*.

Raynulpus. Of Pagan blood a queen being chose,
Roxena hight, the Britains rose

For Vortimer, and crown'd him king :
But she soon poison'd that sweet spring.
Then unto rule they did restore
Vortiger ; and him they swore
Against the Saxons. They (constrain'd)
Begg'd peace, treaty, and obtain'd.
And now in numbers equally
Upon the plain near Sal'sbury,
A peaceful meeting they decree,
Like men of love, no weapon seen.
But Hengist, that ambitious lord,
Full of guile, corrupts his word,
As the sequel too well proves :—
On that your eyes ; on us your loves.

[Exit.

Enter HENGIST, with SAXONS.

Hengist. If we let slip this opportuneful hour,
Take leave of fortune, certainty, or thought
Of ever fixing : we are loose at root,
And the least storm may rend us from the bosom
Of this land's hopes for ever. But, dear Saxons,
Fasten we now, and our unshaken firmness
Will endure after-ages.

Saxons. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Hengist. Observe you not how Vortiger the king,
Base in submission, threatened our expulsion,
His arm held up against us ? Is it not time
To make our best prevention ? What should check
me ?

He has perfected that great work in our daughter,
And made her queen : she can ascend no higher.
Therefore be quick ; dispatch. Here, every man
Receive into the service of his vengeance
An instrument of steel, which will unseen
Lurk, like a snake under the innocent shade
Of a spread summer-leaf : there, fly you on.
Take heart, the commons love us ; those remov'd
That are the nerves, our greatness stands improv'd.

Saxon. Give us the word, my lord, and we are perfect.

Hengist. That's true, the word, I lose myself—*Nemp your sexes*¹⁴:

It shall be that.

Saxon. Enough, sir: then we strike.

Hengist. But the king's mine: take heed you touch him not.

Saxon. We shall not be at leisure: never fear it, We shall have work enough of our own, my lord.

Hengist. Calm looks, but stormy souls possess you all.

Enter VORTIGER and BRITISH LORDS.

Vortiger. We see you keep your words in all points firm.

Hengist. No longer may we boast of so much breath As goes to a word's making, than of care In the preserving of it when 'tis made.

Vortiger. Y'are in a virtuous way, my lord of Kent: And since both sides are met, like sons of peace; All other arms laid by in signs of favour, If our conditions be embraced—

Hengist. They are.

Vortiger. We'll use no other but these only here.

Hengist. *Nemp your sexes.*

British Lords. Treason! treason!

Hengist. Follow it to the heart, my trusty Saxons; It is your liberty, your wealth, and honour. Soft, you are mine, my lord.

¹⁴ *Nemp your sexes.*] “The appointment being agreed to on both sides, Hengist, with a new design of villainy in his head, ordered his soldiers to carry, every one of them, a long dagger under their garments; and while the conference should be held with the Britons, who would have no suspicion of them, he would give them this word of command, *Nemet oure Saxas*; at which moment they were all to be ready to seize boldly every one his next man, and with his drawn dagger stab him. Accordingly, at the time and place appointed, they all met, and began to treat of peace; and when a fit opportunity for executing his villainy served, Hengist cried out *Nemet oure Saxas*; and the same instant seized Vortegirn, and held him by his cloak.” Jeffrey of Monmouth's *British History*, translated by Aaron Thompson. 1718. 8vo. p. 194.

Vortiger. Take me not basely, when all sense and strength
Lie bound up in amazement at this treachery.
What devil hath breath'd this everlasting part
Of falsehood into thee?

Hengist. Let it suffice
I have you, and will hold you prisoner
As fast as death holds your best props in silence,
We know the hard conditions of our peace,
Slavery or diminution; which we hate
With a joint lothing. May all perish thus,
That seek to subjugate or lessen us!

Vortiger. Oh, the strange nooks of guile or subtilty,
When man so cunningly lies hid from man!
Who could expect such treason from thy breast?
Such thunder from thy voice? Or tak'st thou pride
To imitate the fair uncertainty
Of a bright day, that teems a sudden storm,
When the world least expects one? but of all,
I'll ne'er trust fair sky in a man again:
There's the deceitful weather. Will you heap
More guilt upon you by detaining me,
Like a cup taken after a sore surfeit,
Even in contempt of health and heaven together?
What seek you?

Hengist. Ransom for your liberty,
As I shall like of, or you ne'er obtain it.

Vortiger. Here's a most headlong dangerous ambition.
Sow you the seeds of your aspiring hopes
In blood and treason, and must I pay for them?

Hengist. Have not I rais'd you to this height of pride?
A work of my own merit, since you enforce it.

Vortiger. There's even the general thanks of all aspirers:
When they have all a kingdom can impart,
They write above it still their own desert.

Hengist. I have writ mine true, my lord.

Vortiger. That's all their sayings
Have not I rais'd thy daughter to a queen?

Hengist. You have the harmony of your pleasure for it :

You crown your own desires; what's that to me?

Vortiger. And what will crown yours, sir?

Hengist. Faith, things of reason :

I demand Kent.

Vortiger. Why, y'have the earldom of it.

Hengist. The kingdom of't, I mean, without controul, In full possession.

Vortiger. This is strange in you !

Hengist. It seems y'are not acquainted with my blood, To call this strange.

Vortiger. Never was king of Kent, But who was general king.

Hengist. I'll be the first then :

Every thing has beginning.

Vortiger. No less title?

Hengist. Not if you hope for liberty, my lord. So dear a happiness would not be wrong'd with slighting.

Vortiger. Very well: take it; I resign it.

Hengist. Why I thank your grace.

Vortiger. Is your great thirst yet satisfied?

Hengist. Faith, my lord, There's yet behind a pair of teeming sisters, Norfolk and Suffolk, and I have done with you.

Vortiger. Y'have got a dangerous thirst of late, my lord,

Howe'er you came by it.

Hengist. It behoves me then

For my blood's health, to seek all means to quench it.

Vortiger. Them too?

Hengist. There will be nothing abated, I assure you.

Vortiger. You have me at advantage: he whom fate Does captivate, must yield to all. Take them.

Hengist. And you your liberty and peace, my lord, With our best love and wishes.—Here's an hour Begins us Saxons in wealth, fame, and power.

[*Exit cum suis*

Vortiger. Are these the noblest fruits and fair'st requitals

From works of our own raising?
Methinks¹⁵ the murder of Constantius
Speaks to me in the voice of it, and the wrongs
Of our late queen, slipp'd both into one organ.

Enter HORSUS.

Ambition, hell, my own undoing lust,
And all the brood of plagues conspire against me.
I have not a friend left me.

Horsus. My lord, he dies
That says it, but yourself, were't that thief-king,
That has so boldly stol'n his honours from you;
A treason that wrings tears from honest manhood.

Vortiger. So rich am I now in thy love and pity,
I feel no loss at all; but we must part,
My queen and I to Cambria.

Horsus. My lord, and I not named,
That have vow'd lasting service to my life's
Extremest minute?

Vortiger. Is my sick fate blest with so pure a friend?

Horsus. My lord, no space of earth, nor breadth of sea
Shall divide me from you.

Vortiger. O faithful treasure!
All my lost happiness is made up in thee. [Exit.

Horsus. I'll follow you through the world, to cuckold
you;

That's my way now. Every one has his toy
While he lives here: some men delight in building,
A trick of Babel, which will ne'er be left;
Some in consuming what was rais'd with toiling;
Hengist in getting honour, I in spoiling. [Exit.

¹⁵ *Methinks, &c.*] Shakspeare seems to have imitated this in the
Tempest, A. 3. S. 3.

"O, it is monstrous! monstrous!

"Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;

"The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

"That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd

"The name of Prosper."

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter SIMON and his brethren, AMINADAB his clerk.

Simon. Is not that rebel Oliver, that traitor to my year,
Prehended yet?

Aminadab. Not yet, so please your worship.

Simon. Not yet, say'st thou? how durst thou say,
Not yet, and see me present? thou malapert,
That art good for nothing but to write and read.
Is his loom seiz'd upon?

Aminadab. Yes, if it like your worship,
And sixteen yards of fustian.

Simon. Good:

Let a yard be sav'd to mend me between the legs,
The rest cut in pieces, and given to the poor.
'Tis heretick fustian, and should be burnt indeed,
But being worn thread-bare, the shame will be
As great; how think you, neighbours?

Glover. Greater, methinks, the longer it is wore;
When being once burnt, it can be burnt no more.

Simon. True, wise, and most senseless. How now,
sirrah?

Enter a FOOTMAN.

What's he approaching here in dusty pumps?

Aminadab. A footman, sir, to the great king of Kent.

Simon. The king of Kent? shake him by the hand
for me,

Th'art welcome, footman: lo, my deputy shakes thee;
Come when my year is out, I'll do't my self.

If 'twere a dog that came from the king of Kent,
I keep those officers would shake him, I trow.

And what's the news with thee, thou well-stew'd footman?

Footman. The king, my master—

Simon. Ha?

Footman. With a few Saxons,
Intends this night to make merry with you.

Simon. Merry with me? I should be sorry else,
fellow,

And take it in ill part, so tell Kent's king.
Why was I chosen, but that great men should make
Merry with me? there is a jest indeed.
Tell him I look'd for't, and me much he wrongs,
If he forget Sim that cut out his thongs.

Footman. I'll run with your worship's answer. [*Exit.*]

Simon. Do, I pr'ythee.
That fellow will be roasted against supper,
He's half enough already; his brows baste him.
The king of Kent! the king of Kirsendom
Shall not be better welcome;
For you must imagine now, neighbours,
This is the time when Kent stands out of Kirsendom,
For he that s king here now was never kirsen'd.
This for your more instruction I thought fit,
That when you are dead you may teach your children
wit.

Clerk!

Aminadab. At your worship's elbow.

Simon. I must turn you
From the hall to the kitchen to-night.
Give order that twelve pigs be roasted yellow;
Nine geese, and some three larks for piddling meat;
And twenty woodcocks; I'll bid all my neighbours.
Give charge the mutton come in all blood-raw,
That is infidel's meat: the king of Kent is a pagan,
And must be serv'd so. And let those officers
That seldom or never go to church, bring it in,
'Twill be the better taken. Run, run*! Come you
hither

Now, take all my cushions down and thwack them
soundly,

After my feast of millers; for their buttocks
Have left a peck of flour in them: beat them carefully
Over a bolting-hutch, there will be enough
For a pan-pudding, as your dame will handle it.
Then put fresh water into both the bough-pots,
And burn a little juniper in the hall-chimney.

* *Aminadab* here makes his *exit*, and he returns shortly afterwards. C.

Like a beast as I was, I piss'd out the fire
Last night, and never dreamt of the king's coming.
How now, return'd so quickly?

Aminadab. Please your worship, here are
A certain company of players.

Simon. Ha, players!

Aminadab. Country comedians, interluders, sir,
Desire your worship's favour and leave
To enact in the town-hall.

Simon. In the town-hall?
'Tis ten to one I never grant them that.
Call them before my worship.

Enter CHEATERS.

If my house will not serve their turn, I would
Fain see the proudest he lend them a barn.
Now, sirs, are you comedians?

Second Cheater. We are, sir, comedians, tragedians,
Tragi-comedians, comi-tragedians, pastorists,
Humourists, clownists, satirists: we have them, sir,
From the hug to the smile, from the smile to the laugh,
From the laugh to the handkerchief.

Simon. You're very strong in the wrist, methinks.
And must all these good parts be cast away
Upon pedlers, and maltmen, ha?

First Cheater. For want of better company, if it
please your worship.

Simon. What think you of me, my masters?
Hum; have you audacity enough
To play before so high a person as myself?
Will not my countenance daunt you? for if
You play before me, I shall often look on you,
I give you that warning beforehand.
Take it not ill, my masters, I shall laugh at you,
And truly when I am least offended with you:
It is my humour, but be not you abash'd.

First Cheater. Sir, we have play'd before a lord ere
now,
Though we be country actors.

Simon. A lord? ha, ha:
Thou'lt find it a harder thing to please a mayor.

Second Cheater. We have a play wherein we use a horse.

Simon. Fellows, you use no horse-play in my house; My rooms are rubb'd: keep it for hackney-men.

First Cheater. We'll not offer it to your worship.

Simon. Give me a play without a beast, I charge you.

Second Cheater. That's hard; without a cuckold or a drunkard?

Simon. Oh, those beasts are often the best men In a parish, and must not be kept out. But which is your merriest play? That I would hearken after.

Second Cheater. Your worship shall hear Their names, and take your choice.

Simon. And that's plain dealing. Come begin, sir.

Second Cheater. The Whirligig, the Whibble, the Carwidgen.

Simon. Hey-day! what names are these?

Second Cheater. New names of late. The Wild-goose Chase.

Simon. I understand thee now.

Second Cheater. Gull upon Gull.

Simon. Why this is somewhat yet.

First Cheater. Woodcock of our side.

Simon. Get thee further off then.

Second Cheater. The Cheater and the Clown.

Simon. Is that come up again?

That was a play when I was 'prentice first.

Second Cheater. Aye, but the cheater has learn'd more tricks of late,

And gulls the clown with new additions.

Simon. Then is your clown a coxcomb; which is he?

First Cheater. This is our clown, sir.

Simon. Fie, fie, your company Must fall upon him and beat him: he's too fair, i'faith, To make the people laugh.

First Cheater. Not as he may be dress'd, sir.

Simon. Faith, dress him how you will, I'll give him That gift, he will never look half scurvily enough.

Oh, the clowns that I have seen in my time!
The very peeping out of one of them would have
Made a young heir laugh, though his father lay a
dying;

A man undone in law the day before
(The saddest case that can be) might for his second
Have burst himself with laughing, and ended all
His miseries. Here was a merry world, my masters!
Some talk of things of state, of puling stuff;
There's nothing in a play like to a clown,
If he have the grace to hit on it, that's the thing
indeed:

The king shews well, but he sets off the king.
But not the king of Kent, I mean not so,
The king is one, I mean, I do not know.

Second Cheater. Your worship speaks with safety,
like a rich man,
And for your finding fault, our hopes are greater,
Neither with him the clown, nor me the cheater.

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Simon. Away then; shift! Clown, to thy motley
crupper,
We'll see them first, the king shall after supper.

Glover. I commend your worship's wisdom in that,
Mr. Mayor.

Simon. Nay, 'tis a point of justice, if it be well
examined,

Not to offer the king worse than I'll see myself;
For a play may be dangerous. I have known
A great man poison'd in a play—

Glover. What have you, Mr. Mayor?

Simon. But to what purpose many times, I know not.

Felt. Methinks they should not destroy one another so.

Simon. Oh, no, no: he that's poison'd is always
Made privy to it; that's one good order
They have among them.—What joyful throat
Is that? Aminadab, what is the meaning of this cry?

[*A shout within.*]

Aminadab. The rebel is taken.

Simon. Oliver the puritan?

Aminadab. Oliver, puritan and fustian-weaver altogether.

Simon. Fates, I thank you for this victorious day!
Bonfires of pease-straw burn, let the bells ring.

Glover. There's two in mending, and you know they cannot.

Simon. 'Las the tenor's broken! ring out the treble.

[*Oliver is brought in.*]

I am over cloy'd with joy; welcome, thou rebel!

Oliver. I scorn thy welcome, I.

Simon. Art thou yet so stout?

Wilt thou not stoop for grace? then get thee out.

Oliver. I was not born to stoop but to my loom,
That seiz'd upon, my stooping days are done.
In plain terms, if thou hast any thing to say to me,
Send me away quickly, this is no biding-place;
I understand there are players in thy house,
Dispatch me, I charge thee, in the name of all
The brethren.

Simon. Nay, now, proud rebel, I will make thee stay;
And, to thy greater torment, see a play.

Oliver. Oh devil! I conjure thee by Amsterdam.¹⁶

Simon. Our word is past,
Justice may wink a while, but see at last.

[*The play begins.*] Hold, stop him, stop him.

Oliver. Oh that profane trumpet! oh, oh.

Simon. Set him down there, I charge you, officers.

Oliver. I'll hide my ears and stop my eyes.

Simon. Down with his golls, I charge you.¹⁷

¹⁶ —by *Amsterdam.*] The toleration allowed to all religious sects in the United Provinces, on their throwing off the Spanish yoke, occasioned numbers of dissenters from the established religion of their country, to take refuge in different parts of the States of Holland. The chief place appears to have been Amsterdam, which is mentioned as such in several contemporary dramatic writers. See Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*, and *The Fair maid of the Inn*, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

¹⁷ *Down with his golls*] *Golls* are hands. So in *Dekker's* *wonderfull yeare* 1603.

“But seeing the chiefe leader dropt at his feete, and imagining
“at first hee was wounded a little in the head, held up his *gowty*
“*golles* and blest himselfe,” &c.

Oliver. Oh tyranny, tyranny, revenge it tribulation !
For rebels there are many deaths, but sure the only way
To execute a puritan, is seeing of a play.
Oh I shall swoon !

Simon. Which if thou dost, to spite thee,
A player's boy shall bring thee aqua-vitæ.

Enter FIRST CHEATER.

Oliver. Oh, I'll not swoon at all for't, though I die.

Simon. Peace, here's a rascal ; list and edify.

First Cheater. I say still he's an ass that cannot live
By his wits.

Simon. What a bold rascal's this ?
He calls us all asses at first dash : sure none
Of us live by our wits, unless it be
Oliver the puritan.

Oliver. I scorn as much
To live by my wits as the proudest of you all.

Simon. Why then you're an ass for company,
So hold your prating.

Enter SECOND CHEATER.

Second Cheater. Fellow in arms, welcome : the news,
the news ?

Simon. Fellow in arms, quoth he ?
He may well call him fellow in arms.
I am sure they're both out at elbows.

Second Cheater. Be lively my heart, be lively, the
booty
Is at hand, he's but a fool

Dekker's Satiromastrix, 1601.

" Hold, hold up thy hand ; I ha' seen the day thou didst not
scorn to hold up thy golls."

Middleton's Chast Mayd in Cheape-side, 1630, p. 21.

" ——— what their golls

" Can clutch, goes presently to their Mols and Dols."

Ben Jonson's Poetaster, A. 5. S.

" Well said, my divine, deft Horace, bring the whorson detract-
ing slaves to the bar, do : make 'em hold up their spread golls."

Massinger's City Madam, A. 4. S. 1.

" The news hath reach'd

" The ordinaries, and all the gamesters are

" Ambitious to shake the golden golls

" Of worshipful Mr. Luke."

Of a yeoman's eldest son ; he's balanc'd
On both sides, bully ; he is going to buy
Household-stuff with one pocket, and to pay
Rent with the other.

First Cheater. And if this be his last day, my chuck,
He shall forfeit his lease, quoth the one pocket,
And eat his meat in wooden platters, quoth the other.

Simon. Faith then he's not so wise as he ought
to be,
To let such tatterdemallians get
The upper hand of him.

Enter CLOWN.

First Cheater. He comes.

Second Cheater. I, but smally
To our comfort, with both his hands in his pockets ;
How is it possible to pick a lock,
When the key is on the inside of the door ?

Simon. Oh neighbours, here's the part now
That carries away the play : if the clown miscarry,
Farewel my hopes for ever, the play's spoil'd.

Clown. They say there is a foolish kind of a thing
called a cheater abroad, that will gull any yeoman's son
of his purse, and laugh in his face like an Irishman.
I would fain meet with some of these creatures : I
am in as good state to be gull'd now at ever I was in
my life, for I have two purses at this time about me,
and I would fain be acquainted with that rascal that
would take one of them now.

Simon. Faith, thou may'st be acquainted with two or
three
That will do their good wills, I warrant thee.

First Cheater. That way's too plain, too easy, I am
afraid.

Second Cheater. Come, sir, your most familiar cheats
take best,
They shew like natural things and least suspected ;
Give me a round shilling quickly.

First Cheater. It will fetch
But one of his hands neither, if it take.

Second Cheater. Thou art too covetous: let's have one out first pr'ythee,
There's time enough to fetch out th' other after.
Thou liest, 'tis lawful current money. [*They draw.*

First Cheater. I say 'tis copper in some countries.

Clown. Here is a fray towards,
But I will hold my hands, let who will part them.

Second Cheater. Copper? I defy thee, and now I shall disprove thee.

Look you, here's an honest yeoman's son
Of the country, a man of judgment—

Clown. Pray you be covered, sir,
I have eggs in my cap, and cannot put it off.

Second Cheater. Will you be tried by him?

First Cheater. I am content, sir.

Simon. They look rather as if they would be tried next sessions.

First Cheater. Pray give your judgment of this piece of coin, sir.

Clown. Nay if it be coin you strive about let me see it, I love money.

First Cheater. Look on it well, sir,
[*They pick his pocket.*

Second Cheater. Let him do his worst, sir.

Clown. Y'had both need wear cut clothes, y'are so choleric.

Second Cheater. Nay rub it and spare not, sir,

Clown. Now by this silver, gentlemen, it is good money, would I had an hundred of them.

Second Cheater. We hope well, sir—Th' other pocket, and we are made men. [*Exeunt.*

Simon. Oh neighbours, I begin to be sick of this fool, to see him thus couzen'd: I would make his case my own.

Clown. Still would I meet with these things call'd cheaters.

Simon. A whoreson coxcomb, they have met with thee.

I can no longer endure him with patience.

Clown. Oh my rent! my whole year's rent!

Simon. A murrain on you!

This makes us landlords stay so long for our money.

Clown. The cheaters have been here.

Simon. A scurvy hobby-horse, that could not leave His money with me, having such a charge about him.

A pox on thee for an ass: thou play a clown?

I will commit thee for offering it—Officers,

Away with him!

Clown. What means your worship? why, you'll spoil the play, sir.

Simon. Before the king of Kent shall be thus serv'd, I'll play the clown myself—away with him.

Clown. With me? if it please your worship it was my part.

Simon. But 'twas a foolish part as ever thou play'dst in thy life: I'll make thee smoke for it; I'll teach thee to understand to play a clown; thou shalt know every man is not born to it—away with him quickly! [*Exit Clown.*]

He'll have the other pocket pick'd else, I heard them say it with my own ears. See, he's come in another disguise to cheat thee again.

Enter SECOND CHEATER.

Second Cheater. Pish, whither goes he now?

Simon. Come on, sir, let us see

What your knaveship can do at me now:

You must not think you have a clown in hand.

The fool I have committed too, for playing the part.

[*He throws off his gown, discovering his doublet with a satin forepart and a canvas back.*]

Second Cheater. What's here to do?

Glover. Fie, good sir, come away:

Will your worship base yourself to play a clown?

Second Cheater. I beseech your worship let us have our clown;

I know not how to go forwards else.

Simon. Knave, play out thy part with me, or I'll lay thee by the heels all the days of thy life. Why, how now, my masters, who is that laugh'd at me? cannot a

man of worship play the clown a little for his pleasure but he must be laugh'd at? Do you know who I am? Is the king's deputy of no better account among you? Was I chosen to be laugh'd at? Where's my clerk?

Aminadab. Here, if it please your worship.

Simon. Take a note of all those that laugh at me, That when I have done I may commit them. Let me see who dare do it now.—And now To you once again, sir cheater: look you, Here are my purse-strings, I do defy thee.

Second Cheater. Good sir, tempt me not; my part is so written, That I should cheat your worship if you were my father.

Simon. I should have much joy to have such a rascal to my son.

Second Cheater. Therefore I beseech your worship pardon me; The part has more knavery in it than when Your worship saw it at first: I assure you You'll be deceiv'd in it, sir; the new additions Will take any man's purse in Kent, or Kirsendom.

Simon. If thou canst take my purse, I'll give it thee freely;

And do thy worst, I charge thee, as thou'lt answer it.

Second Cheater. I shall offend your worship.

Simon. Knave, do it quickly.

Second Cheater. Say you so? then there's for you, and here is for me.

[*Throws meal in his face, takes his purse, and exit.*]

Simon. Oh bless me! neighbours, I am in a fog, A cheater's fog, I can see nobody.

Glover. Run; follow him, officers.

Simon. Away, let him go; he will have all your purses

If he come back. A pox on your new additions; They spoil all the plays that ever they come in: The old way had no such roguery in it. Call you this a merry comedy, when a man's eyes

Are put out in't? Brother Honey-suckle!

Felt-maker. What says your worship?

Simon. I make you deputy,
To rule the town till I can see again,
Which will be within these nine days at farthest.
Nothing grieves me now, but that I hear
Oliver the rebel laugh at me. A pox
On your puritan face, this will make you
In love with plays as long as you live,
We shall not keep you from them now.

Oliver. In sincerity
I was never better pleas'd at an exercise¹⁸ Ha, ha, ha!

Simon. Neighbours, what colour was the dust
The rascal threw in my face?

Glover. 'Twas meal, if it please your worship.

Simon. Meal! I am glad of it, I'll hang the miller
for selling it.

Glover. Nay, ten to one
The cheater never bought it; he stole it certainly.

Simon. Why, then I'll hang the cheater for stealing it,
and the miller for being out of the way when he did it.

Felt-maker. Ay, but your worship was in the fault
yourself;
You bid him do his worst.

Simon. His worst? that's true,
But the rascal hath done his best; for I know not how
A villain could put out a man's eyes better,
And leave them in his head, as he has done mine.

Aminadab. Where is my master's worship?

Simon. How now, Aminadab? I hear thee, though
I see thee not.

Aminadab. You are couzened, sir; they are all pro-
fessed cheaters: they have stolen two silver spoons, and
the clown took his heels with all celerity. They only
take the name of country-comedians to abuse simple
people with a printed play or two, which they bought
at Canterbury for six-pence; and what is worse, they
speak but what they list of it, and fribble out the rest.

¹⁸ *At an exercise.*] Alluding to the week-day sermons used by the
Puritans, which they called *Exercises*. S. P.

Simon. Here's no abuse ¹⁹ to the common-wealth,
If a man could see to look into it.
But mark the cunning of these cheating slaves,
First they make justice blind, then play the knaves.

Enter HENGIST.

Hengist. Where's Mr. Mayor?

Glover. Od's precious! brother,
The king of Kent is newly alighted.

Simon. The king of Kent!
Where is he? that I should live to this day,
And yet not live to see to bid him welcome!

Hengist. Where is Simonides, our friendly host?

Simon. Ah, blind as one that had been fox'd a seven-
night.

Hengist. Why, how now, man?

Simon. Faith, practising a clown's part for your grace,
I have practis'd both my eyes out.

Hengist. What need you practise that?

Simon. A man is never too old to learn, your grace
will say so, when you hear the jest of it; the truth is,
my lord, I meant to have been merry, and now it is my
luck to weep water and oatmeal; I shall see again at
supper, I make no doubt of it.

Hengist. This is strange to me, sirs.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Gentleman. Arm, arm, my lord!

Hengist. What's that?

Gentleman. With swiftest speed, if ever you'll behold
The queen, your daughter, alive again.

Hengist. Roxena?

Gentleman. They are besieged:
Aurelius Ambrose, and his brother, Uther,
With numbers infinite of British forces,
Beset their castle, and they cannot 'scape
Without your speedy succour.

Hengist. For her safety
I'll forget food and rest: away.

Simon. I hope your worship will hear the jest ere
you go.

¹⁹ Here's no abuse, &c.] See note 11 to this play.

Hengist. The jest! torment me not.

Simon. I'll follow you to Wales with a dog and a bell
But I will tell it you.

Hengist. Unseasonable folly! [*Exit cum suis.*

Simon. 'Tis a sign of war, when great men disagree.
Look to the rebel well, till I can see,
And when my sight is recover'd I will have
His eyes pull'd out for a fortnight.

Oliver. My eyes? hang thee,
A deadly sin or two shall pluck them out first;
That is my resolution. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Enter AURELIUS and Uther, with soldiers; VORTIGER
and HORSUS above.*

Uther. My lord, the castle is so fortified—

Aurelius. Let wild-fire ruin it,
That his destruction may appear to him
In the figure of Heaven's wrath at the last day,
That murderer of our brother. Hence, away,
I'll send my heart no peace till it be consum'd.

Uther. There he appears again—behold, my lord.

Aurelius. Oh that the zealous fire on my soul's altar,
To the high birth of virtue consecrated,
Would fit me with a lightning now to blast him,
Even as I look upon him.

Uther. Good, my lord,
Your anger is too noble and too precious
To waste itself on guilt so foul as his:
Let ruin work her will.

Vortiger. Begirt all round?

Horsus. All, all, my lord, 'tis folly to make doubt of it:
You question things, that horror long ago
Resolv'd us on.

Vortiger. Give me leave, Horsus, though—

Horsus. Do what you will, sir, question them again,
I'll tell them to you.

Vortiger. Not so, sir,
I will not have them told again.

Horsus. It rests then—

Vortiger. That's an ill word put in, when thy heart knows

There is no rest at all, but torment making.

Horsus. True, my heart finds it; that sits weeping blood now

For poor Roxena's safety. You'll confess, my lord,

My love to you has brought me to this danger?

I could have liv'd like Hengist, king of Kent,

London, York, Lincoln, and Winchester,

Under the power of my command, the portion

Of my most just desert, enjoyed now

By pettier deservers.

Vortiger. Say you so, sir?

And you'll confess, since you began confession

(A thing I should have died ere I had thought on)

Y'have marr'd the fashion of your affection utterly,

In your own wicked counsel, there you paid me:

You were bound in conscience to love me after,

You were bound to't, as men in honesty,

That vitiate virgins, to give dowries to them:

My faith was pure before to a faithful woman.

Horsus. My lord, my counsel——

Vortiger. Why, I'll be judg'd by these

That knit death in their brows, and hold me now

Not worth the acception of a flattery:

Most of whose faces smil'd when I smil'd once——

My lords!

Uther. Reply not, brother.

Vortiger. Seeds of scorn,

I mind you not, I speak to them alone

Whose force makes yours a power, which else were none.

Shew me the main food of your hate;

Which cannot be the murder of Constantius;

That crawls in your revenges, for your loves

Were violent long since that.

First Lord. And had been still,

If from that Pagan wound th' hadst kept thee free;

But when thou fled'st from heav'n, we fled from thee.

Vortiger. This was your counsel now.

Horsus. Mine? 'twas the counsel
Of your own lust and blood; your appetite knows it.

Vortiger. May thunder strike me from these walls,
my lords,

And leave me many leagues off from your eyes,
If this be not the man whose Stygian soul
Breath'd forth that counsel to me, and sole plotter
Of all those false injurious disgraces,
That have abus'd the virtuous patience
Of our religious queen.

Horsus. A devil in madness!

Vortiger. Upon whose life I swear, there sticks no
stain

But what's most wrongful: and where now she thinks
A rape dwells on her honour, only I
Her ravisher was, and his the policy.

Aurelius. Inhuman practice!

Vortiger. Now you know the truth.
Will his death serve your fury?

Horsus. My death?

Vortiger. Say, will it do it?

Horsus. Say they should say 'twould do't?

Vortiger. Why, then it must.

Horsus. It must?

Vortiger. It shall.

Speak but the word, it shall be yielded up.

Horsus. Believe him not; he cannot do it.

Vortiger. Cannot?

Horsus. 'Tis but a false and base insinuation
For his own life, and like his late submission.

Vortiger. O sting to honour! alive or dead, thou
goest

For that word's rudeness only.

[Stabs him.

First Lord. See, sin needs
No other destruction than it breeds
In its own bosom.

Vortiger. Such another brings him.

Horsus. What! has thy vile rage stamp'd a wound
upon me?
I'll send one to thy soul shall never heal for't.

Vortiger. How, to my soul?

Horsus. It shall be thy master torment,
Both for the pain and the everlastingness.

Vortiger. Ha, ha, ha!

Horsus. Dost laugh? take leave of it: all eternity
Shall never see thee do so much again.
Know, th'art a cuckold.

Vortiger. What!

Horsus. You change too soon, sir.
Roxena, whom th'hast rais'd to thy own ruin,
She was my whore in Germany.

Vortiger. Burst me open,
The violence of whirlwinds.

Horsus. Hear me out first.
For her embrace, which my flesh yet sits warm in,
I was thy friend and follower.

Vortiger. Deafen me,
Thou most imperious noise that starts the world!

Horsus. And to serve both our lusts, I practis'd with
thee
Against thy virtuous queen.

Vortiger. Bane to all comforts!

Horsus. Whose faithful sweetness, too precious for
thy blood,
I made thee change for love's hypocrisy.

Vortiger. Insufferable!

Horsus. Only to make my way to pleasure fearless,
Free and fluent.

Vortiger. Hell's trump is in that throat.

Horsus. It shall sound shriller.

Vortiger. I'll dam it up with death first.

[*They stab each other. Roxena enters in fear.*]

Roxena. Oh for succour!

Who's near? Help me, save me, the flame follows me,
'Tis in the figure of young Vortimer, the prince,
Whose life I took by poison.

Horsus. Hold out, breath, and I shall find thee
quickly.

Vortiger. I'll tug thy soul out here.

Horsus. Do, monster.

Roxena. Vortiger!

Vortiger. Monster!

Roxena. My lord!

Vortiger. Toad! Pagan!

Horsus. Viper! Christian!

Roxena. Oh hear me?

Oh help me, my love, my lord, 'tis here!

Horsus, look up, if not to succour me,

To see me yet consum'd. Oh what is love,

When life is not regarded?

Vortiger. What strength's left I'll fix upon thy throat.

Horsus. I have some force yet.

[*Both stab, Horsus falls.*

Roxena. No way to 'scape? Is this the end of glory?

Doubly beset with enemies, wrath and fire?

It comes nearer—rivers and fountains, fall.

It sucks away my breath: I cannot give

A curse to sin, and hear't out while I live.

Help, help.

[*She falls.*

Vortiger. Burn, burn! now I can tend thee.

Take time with her in torment; call her life

Afar off to thee; dry up her strumpet-blood,

And hardly parch the skin. Let one heat strangle her,

Another fetch her to her sense again,

And the worst pain be only her reviving.

Follow her eternally—Oh mystical harlot,

Thou hast thy full due. Whom lust crown'd queen
before,

Flames crown her now a most triumphant whore.

And that end crown them all!

[*He falls.*

Aurelius. Our peace is full

In yon usurper's fall; nor have I known

A judgment meet more fearfully.

Here, take this ring; deliver the good queen,

And those grave pledges of her murder'd honour,

(Her worthy father, and her noble uncle,)

How now! the meaning of these sounds?

Enter HENGIST, DEVONSHIRE, STAFFORD, and soldiers.

Hengist. The consumer has been here: she's gone,
she's lost,

In glowing cinders now lie all my joys.
The headlong fortune of my rash captivity
Strikes not so deep a wound into my hopes
As thy dear loss.

Aurelius. Her father and her uncle!

First Lord. They are indeed, my lord.

Aurelius. Part of my wishes.

What fortunate power has prevented me,
And ere my love came, brought them victory?

First Lord. My wonder sticks in Hengist, king of
Kent.

Devonshire. My lord, to make that plain which now
I see

Fix'd in astonishment, the only name
Of your return and being, brought such gladness
To this distracted kingdom, that, to express
A thankfulness to Heaven, it grew great
In charitable actions; from which goodness
We taste our liberty, who liv'd engag'd
Upon the innocence of woman's honour,
(A kindness that even threatened to undo us;)
And having newly but enjoy'd the benefit
And fruits of our enlargement, 'twas our happiness
To intercept this monster of ambition,
Bred in these times of usurpation,
The rankness of whose insolence and treason
Grew to such height, 'twas arm'd to bid you battle:
Whom, as our fame's redemption, on our knees
We present captive.

Aurelius. Had it needed reason,
You richly came provided. I understood
Not your deserts till now.—My honoured lords,
Is this that German Saxon, whose least thirst
Could not be satisfied under a province?

Hengist. Had but my fate directed this bold arm
To thy life, the whole kingdom had been mine:
That was my hope's great aim. I have a thirst
Could never have been full quench'd under all.
The whole must do't, or nothing.

Aurelius. A strange draught!
And what a little ground shall death now teach you

To be content withal?

Hengist. Why let it then,
For none else can: y'have nam'd the only way
To limit my ambition: a full cure
For all my fading hopes and sickly fears;
Nor shall it be less welcome to me now,
Than a fresh acquisition would have been
Unto my new-built kingdoms. Life to me
(Less it be glorious) is a misery.

Aurelius. That pleasure we will do you—Lead him
out:

And when we have inflicted our just doom
On his usurping head, it will become
Our pious care to see this realm secur'd
From the convulsions it hath long endur'd.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EDITION.

The Mayor of Quinborough: a Comedy. As it hath been often acted with much applause at Black Fryars, by his Majesties servants. Written by Tho. Middleton. London: Printed for Henry Herringham, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in the Lower-Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1661, 4to.

G R I M,
THE COLLIER OF CROYDON.

THE COLLIERS OF CROYDON
A HISTORY OF THE
COLLIERS OF CROYDON
FROM THE EARLIEST
TIMES TO THE PRESENT
BY
J. H. B. HARRIS

GRIM.

THE COLLIERS OF CROYDON

THE initial letters J. T. are placed before this play, as those belonging to the author of it. What his name was, or what his condition, are alike unknown. It was printed in 12mo. 1662, with two others *Thorny Abby* or *The London Maid*, and *The Marriage Broker*, in a volume entitled *Gratiæ Theatrales*, or *A Choice Ternary of English Plays*. Chetwood says, it was printed in 1599, and *Whincop*, in the year 1606. I cannot but suspect the fidelity of both these writers in this particular.*

* Nobody who reads this play, can doubt that it is much older than 1662, the date borne by the earliest known edition of it. It has every indication of antiquity, and the title not the least of these. *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, is a person who plays a prominent character in the humorous portion of Edwards's *Damon and Pithias* which was printed in 1571, and acted several years earlier. The Grim of the present play is obviously the same person as the Grim of *Damon and Pithias*, and in both he is said to be "Collier for the king's own Majesty's mouth." Chetwood may therefore be right when he states that it was printed in 1599; but perhaps that was not the first edition, and the play was probably acted before *Damon and Pithias* had gone quite out of memory. In the office-book of the Master of the Revels under date of 1576, we find a dramatic entertainment entered, called "The Historie of the Colyer," acted by the Earl of Leicester's men, but it was doubtless Ulpian Fulwell's "Like will to like, quod the Devil to the Colier," printed in 1568. The structure, phraseology, versification, and language of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon," are sufficient to shew that it was written before 1600: another instance to prove how much the arrangement of the plays made by Mr. Reed was calculated to mislead. Some slight separate proofs of the age of this piece are pointed out in the new notes, but the general evidence is much more convincing. The versification is interlarded with rhimes like nearly all our earlier plays, and the blank verse is such as was written before Marlow's improvements had generally been adopted. When the play was reprinted in 1662 some parts of it were perhaps a little modernized. The introduction of Malbecco and Paridell into it, from Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, may be some guide as to the period when the comedy was first produced. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ST. DUNSTAN, *Abbot of Glassenbury.*

MORGAN, *Earl of London.*

LACY, *Earl of Kent.*

HONOREA, *Morgan's daughter.*

MARIAN, *her Waiting-Maid.*

NAN, *Marian's-maid.*

MUSGRAVE, *a young Gentleman.*

CAPTAIN CLINTON.

MILES FORREST, *a Gentleman.*

RALPH HARVY, *an Apothecary.*

GRIM, *the Collier of Croydon.*

PARSON SHORT-HOSE.

CLACK, *a Miller.*

JOAN, *a Country Maid.*

PLUTO,

MINOS,

ÆACUS,

RHADAMANTHUS,

BELPHAGOR,

AKERCOCK, *or Robin Goodfellow,*

MALBECCO'S Ghost, Officers, Attendants, &c.

} Devils.

The Stage is England.

PROLOGUE.

*You're welcome : but our plot I dare not tell ye,
 For fear I fright a lady with great belly :
 Or should a scold be 'mong you, I dare say
 She'd make more work, than the devil, in the play.
 Heard you not never how an actor's wife,
 Whom he, fond fool, lov'd dearly as his life,
 Coming in's way did chance to get a Jape¹,
 As he was 'tired in his devil's shape ;
 And how equivocal a generation
 Was then begot, and brought forth thereupon ?
 Let it not fright you ; this I dare to say,
 Here is no lecherous devil in our play.
 He will not rumple Peg, nor Joan, nor Nan,
 But has enough at home to do with Marian ;
 Whom he so little pleases, she in scorn
 Does teach his devilship to wind the horn,
 But if your children cry when Robin comes,
 You may to still them buy here pears or plums.
 Then sit you quiet all, who are come in,
 St. Dunstan will soon enter and begin.*

¹ A Jape.] See Note 91 to Gammer Gurton's Needle, vol. II.

GRIM,²
THE COLLIER OF CROYDON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A place being provided for the devils' consistory, enter ST. DUNSTAN with his beads, book, and crosier-staff, &c.

St. Dunstan. ENVY, that always waits on virtue's train,

And tears the graves of quiet sleeping souls,
Hath brought me, after many hundred years,
To shew myself again upon the earth.

Know then (who list) that I am English born,
My name is Dunstan; whilst I liv'd with men,
Chief primate of the holy English church.

I was begotten in West Saxony:

My father's name was Heorston, my mother's Cinifred.

Endowed with my merit's legacy,

I flourish'd in the reign of seven great kings:

The first was Adelstane, whose niece Elfleda,

² The story of this play is taken in part from Machiavel's *Belphagor*. S. P.

The recent excellent translation of this humourous old story by Mr. T. Roscoe, (*Italian Novelists*, vol. ii. 272.) will enable the reader to compare the play with it. He will find that in many parts the original has been abandoned, and the catastrophe, if not entirely different, is brought about by different means. The *Biographia Dramatica* informs us that Dekkar's *If it be not good the devil is in it*, is also chiefly taken from the same novel, but this is an error arising out of a hint by Langbaine. Dekkar's play is the famous history of Friar Rush, in many of its incidents. C.

Malicious tongues reported, I defiled :
 Next him came Edmond, then Edred, and Edwin :
 And after him reign'd Edgar, a great prince,
 But full of many crimes, which I restrain'd :
 Edward his son, and lastly Egelred.
 With all these kings was I in high esteem,
 And kept both them, and all the land in awe ;
 And, had I liv'd, the Danes had never boasted
 Their then beginning conquest of this land.
 Yet some accuse me for a conjurer,
 By reason of those many miracles
 Which Heaven for holy life endowed me with ;
 But whoso looks into the golden legend³,
 (That sacred register of holy saints)
 Shall find me by the pope canonized,
 And happily the cause of this report
 Might rise by reason of a vision,
 Which I beheld in great king Edgar's days,
 Being that time abbot of Glassenbury,
 Which (for it was a matter of some worth)
 I did make known to few, until this day :
 But now I purpose that the world shall see
 How much those slanderers have wronged me ;
 Nor will I trouble you with courts and kings ;
 Or drive a feigned battle out of breath ;
 Or keep a coil myself upon the stage ;
 But think you see me in my secret cell,
 Arm'd with my portrass,* bidding of my beads.
 But on a sudden I'm o'ercome with sleep !
 If ought ensue, watch you, for Dunstan's dreams.

³ *The golden legend.*] *Legenda Aurea, or the Golden Legend*, translated out of the French, and printed by Caxton in folio, 1483.

* In the old copy it is printed *Tortass*, but it means *Portass*, *Portesse* or *Portace*, the breviary of the Roman Catholic Church : thus in Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, vol. VIII. 200.

" I'll take my *portace* forth, and wed you here."

Spencer uses the word, F. Q.: B. I. C. 4.

" And in his hand his *portesse* still he bare

" That much was worne," &c.

See also note 16 to *New Custome*, vol. I. C.

*He layeth him down to sleep ; lightning and thunder ;
the curtains drawn on a sudden ; PLUTO, MINOS,
ÆACUS, RHADAMANTHUS, set in counsel ; before
them MALBECCO'S ghost guarded with furies.*

Pluto. You ever dreaded judges of black hell,
Grim Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanth,
Lords of Cocytus, Styx, and Phlegethon,
Princes of darkness, Pluto's ministers,
Know that the greatness of his present cause
Hath made ourself in person sit as judge,
To hear the arraignment of Malbecco's ghost.
Stand forth, thou ghastly pattern of despair,
And to this powerful synod tell thy tale,
That we may hear if thou canst justly say
Thou wert not author of thy own decay.

*Malbecco.*⁴ Infernal Jove, great prince of Tartary,
With humble reverence poor Malbecco speaks,
Still trembling with the fatal memory
Of his so late concluded tragedy.

I was (with thanks to your great bounty) bred
A wealthy lord, whilst that I liv'd on earth ;
And so might have continu'd to this day,
Had not that plague of mankind fall'n on me :
For I (poor man) join'd woe unto my name,
By choosing out a woman for my wife.
A wife ! a curse ordained for the world.
Fair Helena ! fair she was indeed,
But foully stain'd with inward wickedness.
I kept her bravely, and I lov'd her dear ;
But that dear love did cost my life, and all.
To reckon up a thousand of her pranks,
Her pride, her wasteful spending, her unkindness,
Her false dissembling, seeming sanctity,
Her scolding, pouting, prating, meddling,
And twenty hundred more of the same stamp,
Were but to reap* an endless catalogue
Of what the world is plagu'd with every day.

⁴ *Malbecco.*] See the story of Malbecco in *Spenser's Fairy Queen*
B. 3. C. 9. &c.

* The old copy has it *reap*, but probably we ought to read *heap* :
“to reap an endless catalogue” is hardly sense. C.

But for the main of that I have to tell,
 It chanced thus. Late in a rainy night
 A crew of gallants came unto my house,
 And (will I, nill I) would forsooth be lodg'd:
 I brought them in, and made them all good cheer,
 (Such as I had in store) and lodg'd them soft.
 Amongst them one, ycleped⁵ Paridell,
 (The falsest thief that ever trod on ground)
 Robb'd me, and with him stole away my wife.
 I (for I lov'd her dear) pursu'd the thief,
 And after many days in travel spent,
 Found her amongst a crew of satyrs wild,
 Kissing and colling⁶ all the live-long night.
 I spake her fair, and pray'd her to return;
 But she in scorn commands me to be gone,
 And glad I was to fly, to save my life.
 But when I backward came unto my house,
 I find it spoil'd, and all my treasure gone.
 Desp'rate and mad, I ran, I knew not whither,
 Calling and crying out on Heaven and fate:
 Till seeing none to pity my distress,
 I threw myself down headlong on a rock,

⁵ ycleped.] *Cleped is called, named.*

Milton's *L'Allegro*, l. 11.

"But come, thou goddess fair and free,

"In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne."

The letter *y* is added, to lengthen it a syllable.

⁶ *Kissing and colling*] *Colling* is embracing round the neck. *Dare brachia cervici*, as Barret explains it in his *Alvearie*, voce *colle*. The word is frequently to be found in ancient writers.

Erasmus Praise of Folie, 1549. Sign B. 2.

"——for els, what is it in younge babes that we dooe kysse so,
 "we doe *colle* so; we do cheryshe so, that a very enemye is moved
 "to spare and succour this age."

Wily beguiled. 1606.

"I'll clasp thee, and clip thee; *coll thee*, and kiss thee; till I be
 "better than naught, and worse than nothing."

The Witch, by Middleton. MS.

"When hundred leagues in aire we feast and sing,

"Daunce, kysse, and coll, use every thing.

The Woorkes of a Young Wit. 1577. p. 37.

"Then for Gods sake, let young folkes *coll* and kisse,

"When oldest folkes will thinke it not amisse.

And so concluded all my ills at once.

Now, judge you, justice benchers, if my wife
Were not the instrument to end my life.

Pluto. Can it be possible (you lords of hell)
Malbecco's tale of women should be true?

Is marriage now become so great a curse,
That whilome was the comfort of the world?

Minos. Women, it seems, have lost their native shame,
As no man better may complain than I;
Though not of any whom I made my wife,
But of my daughter, who procur'd my fall.

Æacus. 'Tis strange what complaints are brought us
every day
Of men made miserable by marriage;
So that amongst a thousand, scarcely ten
Have not some grievous actions 'gainst their wives.

Rhadamanthus. My lord, if Rhadamanth might
counsel you,
Your grace should send some one into the world,
That might make proof if it be true or no.

Pluto. And wisely hast thou counsell'd, Rhadamanth,
Call in Belpagor to me presently;

[*One of the furies goes for Belpagor.*

He is the fittest that I know in hell,
To undertake a task of such import;
For he is patient, mild, and pitiful:
Humours but ill agreeing with our kingdom.

Enter BELPHAGOR.

And here he comes. Belpagor, so it is,
We in our awful synod have decreed,
(Upon occasions to ourselves best known)
That thou from hence shall go into the world,
And take upon thee the shape of a man;
In which estate thou shalt be married.
Choose thee a wife that best may please thyself,
And live with her a twelvemonth and a day;
Thou shalt be subject unto human chance,
So far as common wit cannot relieve thee;
Thou shalt of us receive ten thousand pounds,
Sufficient stock to use for thy increase:

But whatsoever happens in that time,
 Look not from us for succour or relief.
 This shalt thou do, and when the time's expired,
 Bring word to us what thou hast seen and done.

Belphagor. With all my heart, my lord, I am content,
 So I may have my servant Akercock
 To wait upon me as if he were my man,
 That he may witness likewise what is done.

Pluto. We are contented; he shall go with thee.

Minos. But what mean time decrees your majesty
 Of poor Malbecco?

Pluto. He shall rest with us
 Until Belphagor do return again;
 And as he finds, so will we give his doom.
 Come let us go and set our spyal⁷ forth,
 Who for a time must make experiment,
 If hell be not on earth, as well as here. [Exeunt.
 [It thunders and lightens; the devils go forth: Dunstan
 rising, runneth about the stage, laying about him with
 his staff.

St. Dunstan. Satan, avaunt! thou art man's enemy;
 Thou shalt not live amongst us so unseen,
 So to betray us to the prince of darkness.
 Satan, avaunt! I do conjure thee hence.—
 What dream'st thou, Dunstan? yea I dream'd indeed.
 Must then the devil come into the world?
 Such is belike the infernal king's decree;
 Well, be it so; for Dunstan is content.
 Mark well the process of the devil's disguise,
 Who happily may learn you to be wise.
 Women, beware, and make your bargains well,
 The devil, to chuse a wife, is come from hell. [Exit.

⁷ Come let us go and set our spyal forth.] Spyal is a spy, obsolete.
 So in Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, A. 4. S. 3.

“ I have those eyes and ears shall still keep guard
 “ And spial on thee, as they've ever done,
 “ And thou not feel it.”

Roger Ascham's Report and Discourse of the State of Germany, p. 31.

“ —He went into France secretly, and was there with Shirtly
 “ as a common launce knight, and named hymselfe Captaine Paul,
 “ lest the Emperours spials should get out hys doynges.”

SCENE II.

*Enter MORGAN Earl of London, LACY Earl of Kent,
with MILES FORREST.*

Morgan. My lord of Kent, your honour knows my
mind,

That ever has, and still does honour you,
Accounting it my daughter's happiness,
(Amidst her other infelicities)
That you vouchsafe to love her as you do.
How gladly I would grant your lordship's suit
The Heavens can witness, which, with ruthless ears
Have often heard my yet unpitied plaints;
And could I find some means for her recovery,
None but yourself should have her to your wife.

Lacy. My lord of London, now long time it is
Since Lacy first was suitor to your daughter,
The fairest Honorea, in whose eyes
Honour itself in love's sweet bosom lies:
What shall we say, or seem to strive with Heaven,
Who speechless sent her first into the world?
In vain it is for us to think to loose
That which by nature's self we see is bound.
Her beauty, with her other virtues join'd,
Are gifts sufficient, though she want a tongue;
And some will count it virtue in a woman
Still to be bound to unoffending silence;
Though I could wish with half of all my lands,
That she could speak: but since it may not be,
'Twere vain to imprison beauty with her speech.

Forrest. Have you not heard, my lords, the wondrous
fame
Of holy Dunstan, abbot of Glassenbury?
What miracles he hath achieved of late;
And how the rood of Dovercot,^s did speak,

^s *Dovercot*] In the county of Essex, the mother church of Harwich.

" In the same yeare of our Lord 1532 there was an Idoll named
" *The Roode of Dovercourt*, whereunto was much and great resort of
" people. For at that time there was a great rumour blown abroad
" amongst the ignorant sort, that the power of *the Idoll of Dover-*

Confirming his opinion to be true :
 And how the holy consistory fell,
 With all the monks that were assembled there,
 Saving one beam whereon this Dunstan sate ;
 And other more such miracles as these.
 They say he is of such religious life,
 That angels often use to talk with him,
 And tell to him the secrets of the heavens.
 No question, if your honours would but try,
 He could procure my lady for to speak.

Morgan. Believe me, Forrest, thou hast well advised,
 For I have heard of late much talk of him.

Lacy. Is not that Dunstan he who check'd the king
 About his privy dealing with the nun,
 And made him to do penance for the fault ?

Morgan. The same is he ; for whom I straight will
 send.

Miles Forrest shall in post to Glassenbury,
 And gently pray the abbot for my sake
 To come to London. Sure I hope the heavens
 Have ordain'd Dunstan to do Morgan good.

Lacy. Let us dispatch him thither presently ;
 For I myself will stay for his return,
 And see some end or other ere I go.

Morgan. Come then, lord Lacy : Forrest, come away.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*Enter BELPHAGOR attired like a physician ; AKER-
 COCK, his man, in a tawny coat.*

Belphagor. Now is Belphagor, an incarnate devil,
 Come to the earth to seek him out a dame :
 Hell be my speed ! and so, I hope, it will.

*' court was so great that no man had power to shut the church
 ' doore where he stood, and therefore they let the church dore,
 ' both night and day continually stand open, for the more credit
 ' unto the blinde rumour.'—Fox's Martyrs, vol. 2. p. 302. This is
 the account given by Fox of this celebrated image ; who adds,
 that four men determining to destroy it, travelled ten miles from
 Dedham, where they resided, took away the Rood and burnt it, for
 which act three of them afterwards suffered death.*

In lovely London are we here arrived ;
Where, as I hear, the earl hath a fair daughter
So full of virtue, and soft modesty,
That yet she never gave a man foul word.

Akercock. Marry, indeed, they say she cannot speak.

Belphagor. For this cause have I taken this disguise,
And will profess me a physician,
Come up on purpose for to cure the lady :
Marry, no maid⁹ shall bind me but herself,
And she I do intend shall be my wife.

Akercock. But, master, tell me one thing by the way :
Do you not mean that I shall marry too ?

Belphagor. No, Akercock, thou shalt be still unwed ;
For if they be as bad as is reported,
One wife will be enough to tire us both.

Akercock. O, then you mean that I shall now and
then
Have, as it were, a course at base with her.

Belphagor. Not so, not so, that's one of marriage
plagues,
Which I must seek to shun, amongst the rest,
And live in sweet contentment with my wife ;
That when I back again return to hell
All women may be bound to reverence me,
For saving of their credits, as I will.
But who comes here ?

Enter CAPTAIN CLINTON.

Clinton. This needs must tickle Musgrave to the
quick,
And stretch his heart-strings farther by an inch,
That Lacy must be married to his love :
And by that match my market is near marr'd,
For Mariana, whom I most affect ;
But I must cast about by some device
To help myself, and to prevent the earl.

Belphagor. This fellow fitly comes to meet with me,
Who seems to be acquainted with the earl.
Good fortune guide you, sir !

Clinton. As much to you.

⁹ *Maid.*] Way. Former Edition. S. P.

Belphagor. Might I intreat a favour at your hands?

Clinton. What's that?

Belphagor. I am a stranger here in England, sir,
Brought from my native home, upon report
That the earl's daughter wants the use of speech;
I have been practised in such cures ere now,
And willingly would try my skill on her.
Let me request you so to favour me,
As to direct me to her father's house.

Clinton. With all my heart, and welcome shall you be
To that good earl, who mourns his daughter's want;
But they have for a holy abbot sent,
Who can, men say, do many miracles,
In hope that he will work this wond'rous cure.

Belphagor. Whate'er he be, I know 'tis past his
skill;
Nor any in the world, besides myself,
Did ever sound the depth of that device.

Enter MUSGRAVE.

Clinton. Musgrave, well met: I needs must speak
with you.

Musgrave. I came to seek you.

Clinton. Tarry you a while.

Shall I intreat you, sir, to walk before
With this same gentleman? I'll overtake you.

[*Exeunt Belphagor and Akercock.*]

This is the news: the earl of Kent is come,
And in all haste the marriage must be made.
Your lady weeps and knows not what to do;
But hopes that you will work some means or other
To stop the cross proceedings of the earl.

Musgrave. Alas, poor Clinton! what can Musgrave
do?

Unless I should by stealth convey her thence;
On which a thousand dangers do depend.

Clinton. Well, to be brief, because I cannot stay,
Thus stands the case: if you will promise me,
To work your cousin Marian to be mine,
I'll so devise that you shall purchase her;
And therefore tell me if you like the match?

Musgrave. With all my heart, sir; yea and thank you too.

Clinton. Then say no more, but leave the rest to me,
For I have plotted how it shall be done.
I must go follow yon fair gentleman,
On whom I build my hopes. *Musgrave, adieu.*

Musgrave. Clinton, farewell; I'll wish thee good success. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter MORGAN, LACY, DUNSTAN, FORREST, HONOREA, MARIAN.

Morgan. Thou holy man, to whom the higher Powers
Have given the gift of cures beyond conceit,
Welcome thou art unto earl Morgan's house;
The house of sorrow yet, unless by thee
Our joys may spring anew; which, if they do,
Reward and praise shall both attend on thee.

Lacy. And we will ever reverence thy name,
Making the chronicles to speak thy praise:
So Honorea may but have her speech.

Dunstan. My lords, you know the hallow'd gift of
tongues
Comes from the self-same power that gives us breath:
He binds and looseth them at his dispose;
And in his name will Dunstan undertake
To work this cure upon fair Honorea.
Hang there, my harp, my solitary muse,
Companion of my contemplation.

[He hangs his harp on the wall.]
And, lady, kneel with me upon the earth,
That both our prayers may ascend to heaven.

[They kneel down: then enters CLINTON, with BELPHAGOR, terming himself Castiliano, and AKERCOCK, as Robin Goodfellow.]

Clinton. So shall you do the lady a good turn,
And bind both him and me to you for ever.

Belphegor. I have determin'd what I mean to do.

Clinton. Here be the earls, and with them is the friar.

Belphagor. What, is he praying?

Clinton. So methinks he is;

But I'll disturb him. By your leave, my lords,

Here is a stranger from beyond the seas

Will undertake to cure your lordship's daughter.

Morgan. The holy abbot is about the cure.

Belphagor. Yea, but, my lord, he'll never finish it.

Morgan. How canst thou tell? what countryman art thou?

Belphagor. I am by birth, my lord, a Spaniard born,

And by descent came of a noble house;

Though for the love I bear to secret arts,

I never car'd to seek for vain estate,

Yet by my skill I have increas'd my wealth.

My name Castiliano, and my birth

No baser than the best blood of Castile.

Hearing your daughter's strange infirmity,

Join'd with such matchless beauty and rare virtue.

I cross'd the seas on purpose for her good,

Dunstan. Fond man, presuming on thy weaker skill,

That think'st by art to over-rule the heavens!

Thou know'st not what it is thou undertak'st.

No, no, my lord, your daughter must be cur'd

By fasting, prayer, and religious works;

Myself for her will sing a solemn mass,

And give her three sips of the holy chalice,

And turn my beads with aves and with creeds:

And thus, my lord, your daughter must be help'd.

Castiliano. Zounds, what a prating keeps the bald-pate friar!

My lord, my lord, here's church-work for an age?

Tush, I will cure her in a minute's space,

That she shall speak as plain as you or I.

[*Dunstan's harp sounds on the wall.*]

Forrest. Hark, hark, my lord, the holy abbot's harp

Sounds by itself so hanging on the wall!

Dunstan. Unhallowed man, that scorn'st the sacred
rede¹⁰,
Hark how the testimony of my truth
Sounds heavenly music with an angel's hand,
To testify Dunstan's integrity,
And prove thy active boast of no effect.

Castiliano. Tush, sir, that music was to welcome
me!

The harp hath got another master now;
I warrant you, 'twill never tune you more.

Dunstan. Who should be master of my harp but I?

Castiliano. Try then what service it will do for you.

[*He tries to play, but cannot.*]

Dunstan. Thou art some sorcerer or necromancer,
Who by thy spells dost hold these holy strings,

Castiliano. Cannot your holiness unbind the bonds?
Then, I perceive, my skill is most of force.

You see, my lord, the abbot is but weak;
I am the man must do your daughter good.

Morgan. What wilt thou ask for to work thy cure?

Castiliano. That without which I will not do the
cure,

Herself to be my wife; for which intent
I came from Spain. Then if she shall be mine,
Say so, or keep her else for ever dumb.

Morgan. The earl of Kent, mine honourable friend,
Hath to my daughter been a suitor long,
And much it would displease both her and him
To be prevented of their wished love.

Ask what thou wilt beside, and I will grant it.

Castiliano. Alas, my lord, what should the crazy
earl

Do with so young a virgin as your daughter?
I dare stand to her choice 'twixt him and me.

Lacy. And I will pawn mine earldom with my love,
And lose them both, if I lose Honorea.

Castiliano. A match, my lords! We'll stand unto
the choice.

¹⁰ *sacred rede*] See note 42 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

Morgan. I am contented, if the earl be pleased.

Lacy. I were not worthy of her did I doubt.

Castiliano. Then there it goes. Fetch me a bowl of wine,

This is the match, my lord, before I work;
If she refuse the earl, she must be mine.

Morgan. It is.

[One brings him a cup of wine: he strains the juice of the herb into it.]

Castiliano. Now shall your lordships see a Spaniard's skill,

Who from the plains of new America *
Can find out sacred simples of esteem
To bind and unbind nature's strongest powers.
This herb, which mortal men have seldom found,
Can I with ease procure me when I list,
And by this juice shall Honorea speak.
Here, lady, drink the freedom of thy heart,
And may it teach thee long to call me love!

[She drinks.]

Now, lovely Honorea, thou art free,
Let thy celestial voice make choice of me.

Honorea. Base alien! mercenary fugitive!
Presumptuous Spaniard! that with shameless pride
Dar'st ask an English lady for thy wife,
I scorn my slave should honour thee so much:
And for myself, I like myself the worse
That thou dar'st hope the gaining of my love.
Go, get thee gone, the shame of my esteem,
And seek some drudge that may be like thyself!
But as for you, good earl of Kent,
Methinks your lordship, being of these years,
Should be past dreaming of a second wife.
Fy, fy, my lord! 'tis lust in dotting age:
I will not patronize so foul a sin.
An old man dote on youth! 'tis monstrous;
Go home, go home, and rest your weary head

* In 1662 when this play was either first printed or reprinted, it would have been absurd to talk of *America* as *new* or *newly discovered*. C.

'Twere pity such a brow should learn to bud,
 And lastly unto you, my lord, and father,
 Your love to me is too much overseen,
 That in your care and counsel should devise,
 To tie your daughter's choice to two such grooms.
 You may elect for me, but I'll dispose
 And fit myself far better than both those;
 And so I will conclude; you, as you please.

[*Exit Honorea in a chafe.*]

Akercock. Call you this making of a woman speak?
 I think they all wish she were dumb again.

Castiliano. How now, my lord, what are you in a
 muse?

Lacy. I would to God her tongue were tied again.

Castiliano. Ay marry, sir, but that's another thing;
 The devil cannot tie a woman's tongue:
 I would the friar could do that with his beads.
 But 'tis no matter: you, my lord, have promis'd,
 If she refuse the earl, she should be mine.

Morgan. Win her, and wear her, man, with all my
 heart!

Castiliano. Oh! I'll haunt her, till I make her stoop.
 Come, come, my lord, this was to try her voice;
 Let's in and court her; one of us shall speed.

Akercock. Happy man¹¹ be his dole that misseth her,
 say I.

Dunstan. My weaker senses cannot apprehend
 The means this stranger us'd to make her speak:
 There is some secret mystery therein,
 Conceal'd from Dunstan, which the Heavens reveal,
 That I may scourge this bold blaspheming man,
 Who holds religious works of little worth!

[*Exeunt; manent Clinton and Forrest.*]

Forrest. Now, captain Clinton, what think you of
 me?

Clinton. Methinks, as yet, the jest holds pretty well:
 The one hath taught her to deny himself,
 The other woo'd so long he cannot speed.

¹¹ *Happy man be his dole.*] See Note 15 to *Damon and Pithias*,
 vol. I.

Forrest. This news will please young Musgrave.

Clinton. Marry will it,

And I will hasten to acquaint him with them :

Come let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PARSON SHORTHOSE, and GRIM the Collier.

Grim. No, Mr. Parson, grief hath made my heart and me a pair of balance, as heavy as lead : every night I dream I am a town top, and that I am whipt up and down with the scourge-stick of love, and the metal of affection ; and when I wake¹², I find myself stark naked, and as cold as a stone : now judge how I am tumbled and tost ; poor Grim the collier hath wish'd himself burnt up amongst his coals.

Shorthose. O Grim, be wise, dream not of love !

Thy sorrows cannot fancy move :

If Jug love thee, love her again,

If not, thy kindness then refrain.

Grim. I am not skill'd in your rhyming, Mr. Parson ; but that which is bred in the flesh will never come out of the bone. I have seen as much as another man ; my travel should teach me ; there's never a day in the week but I carry coals from Croydon to London, and now when I rise in the morning to harness my horses, and load my cart, methinks I have a tailor sowing stitches in my heart : when I am driving my cart, my heart that wanders one way, my eyes that leer another, my feet they lead me I know not whither, but now and then into a slough over head and ears ; so that poor Grim, that before was over shoes in love, is now over head and ears in dirt and mire.

Shorthose. Well, Grim, my counsel shall suffice

To help thee : but in any wise

Be rul'd by me, and thou shalt see,

As thou lov'st her, she shall love thee.

Grim. A lard ! but do you think that will be so ? I should laugh till I tickle to see that day, and forswear sleep all the next night after. Oh Mr. Parson, I am so halter'd in affection, that I may tell you in secret,

¹² *Wake.*] Former edition reads *work.* S. P.

here's no body else hears me, I take no care how I fill my sacks; every time I come to London my coals are found faulty; I have been five times pilloried, my coals given to the poor, and my sacks burnt before my face. It were a shame to speak this, but truth will come to light. O Joan! thou hast thrown the coal-dust of thy love into my eyes, and stricken me quite blind.

Shorthose. Now afore God the Collier chuseth well;
For beauty, Jug doth bear away the bell,
And I love her: then, Collier, thou must miss,
For parson Shorthose vows, Jug shall be his.
But hear'st thou Grim, I have that in my head,
To plot that how thou shalt the maiden wed.

Grim. But are you sure you have that in your head?
O for a hammer to knock that out! one blow at your pate would lay all open to me, and make me as wise as you.

Shorthose. Think'st thou I do so often look
For nothing on my learned book,
As that I cannot work the feat?
I warrant I'll the miller cheat;
And make Jug thine, in spite of him.
Will this content thee, neighbour Grim?

Grim. Content me! ay, and so highly, that if you do this feat for me, you hire me to you as one hireth an ox or an ass—to use, to ride, to spur, or any thing; yours to demand, miserable Grim! Joan's handmaid! for so I have called myself, ever since last May-day, when she gave me her hand to kiss.

Shorthose. Well let's away; and in all haste,
About it ere the day be past;
And ever after, if thou hast her,
Acknowledge me to be thy master,

Grim. I wool, sir: come, let's away, the best drink in Croydon's yours; I have it for you, even a dozen of jugs, to Jug's health. [*Exeunt both.*]

Enter Earl MORGAN, Earl LACY, MARIAN.

Morgan. My lord of Kent, the latter motion
Doth bind me to you in a higher degree
Than all those many favours gone before:

And now the issue of my help relies
Only on Mariana's gentleness,
Who, if she will, in such a common good,
Put to her helping hand, the match is made.

Lacy. You need not make a doubt of Marian,
Whose love unto her lady were enough,
Besides her cousin's and her own consent,
To move her to a greater thing than this.

Marian. My lords, if aught there be in Marian,
That may or pleasure you, or profit her,
Ye shall not need to doubt of my consent.

Morgan. Gramercy, Marian; and indeed the thing
Is, in itself, a matter of no moment,
If it be weigh'd aright, and therefore this:
Thou know'st the bargain 'twixt me and the doctor,
Concerning marriage with my only daughter,
Whom I determined that my lord of Kent
Should have espoused: but I see her mind
Is only set upon thy cousin Musgrave,
And in her marriage to use constraint
Were bootless; therefore thus we have devised.
Lord Lacy is content to lose his part,
And to resign his title to young Musgrave;
But now the doctor will not yield his right.
Thus we determine to beguile his hopes:
Thou shalt this night be brought unto his bed
Instead of her, and he shall marry thee:
Musgrave shall have my daughter, she her will,
And so shall all things sort¹³ to our content.

Lacy. And this thou shalt be sure of, Marian,
The doctor's wealth will keep thee royally:
Besides, thou shalt be ever near thy friends,
That will not see thee wrong'd by any man.
Say then, wilt thou resolve to marry him?

¹³ *And so shall all things sort to our content.*] Sort is, so happen in the issue. Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, A. 4. S. 4.

" ——— you knew well

" It could not sort with any reputation

" Of mine."

Massinger's Maid of Honour, A. 2. S. 1.

" All sorts to my wishes."

Marian. My lords, you know I am but young :
The doctor's fit for one of riper years :
Yet, in regard of Honorea's good,
My cousin's profit, and all your contents,
I yield myself to be the doctor's wife.

Morgan. 'Tis kindly spoken, gentle Marian.

Enter CASTILIANO.

But here the doctor comes.

Lacy. Then I'll away,
Lest he suspect aught by my being here. [Exit.

Morgan. Do, and let me alone to close with him.

Castiliano. May he ne'er speak, that makes a woman
speak !

She talks now sure for all the time that's past :

Her tongue is like a scarecrow in a tree,

That clatters still with every puff of wind.

I have so haunted her from place to place,

About the hall, from thence into the parlour,

Up to the chamber, down into the garden ;

And still she rails, and chafes, and scolds,

As if it were the sessions-day in hell.

Yet will I haunt her with an open mouth,

And never leave her till I force her love me.

Morgan. Now, master doctor ; what, a match or no ?

Castiliano. A match, quoth you ? I think the devil
himself

Cannot match her ; for if he could, I should.

Morgan. Well, be content : 'tis I must work the
mean

To make her yield whether she will or no.

My lord of Kent is gone hence in a chafe,

And now I purpose that she shall be yours,

Yet to herself unknown ; for she shall think

That Musgrave is the man, but it shall be you :

Seem you still discontented, and no more.

Go, Mariana, call thy mistress hither.

Now when she comes, dissemble what you know,

And go away, as if you car'd not for her ;

So will she the sooner be brought into it.

[Exit Marian.

Castiliano. My lord, I thank you for your honest
care,
And, as I may, will study to requite it.

Enter HONOREA and MARIAN.

But here your daughter comes. No, no, my lord,
'Tis not her favour I regard¹⁴, nor her;
Your promise 'tis I challenge, which I'll have:
It was my bargain—no man else should have her.
Not that I love her, but I'll not be wrong'd
By any one, my lord; and so I leave you.

[Exit Castiliano.]

Morgan. He's passing cunning to deceive himself;
But all the better for the after-sport.

Honorea. Sir, did you send for me?

Morgan. Honorea, for thee.

And this it is. Howe'er unworthily
I have bestowed my love so long upon thee,
That wilt so manifestly contradict me,
Yet, that thou may'st perceive how I esteem thee,
I make thyself the guardian of thy love,
That thine own fancy may make choice for thee.
I have persuaded with my lord of Kent,
To leave to love thee: now the peevish doctor
Swears, that his int'rest he will ne'er resign;
Therefore we must by policy deceive him.
He shall suppose he lieth this night with thee,
But Mariana shall supply thy room;
And thou with Musgrave, in another chamber,
Shalt secretly be lodg'd. When this is done,
'Twill be too late to call that back again:
So shalt thou have thy mind, and he a wife.

Honorea. But wilt thou, Mariana, yield to this?

Marian. For your sake, lady, I will undertake it.

Honorea. Gramercy, Marian, and my noble father;
Now I acknowledge that indeed you love me.

Morgan. Well, no more words, but be you both
prepar'd:

The night draweth on, and I have sent in secret

¹⁴ 'Tis not her favour I regard.] Former edition,

" 'Tis not for favour I regard." S. P.

For Musgrave, that he may be brought unseen,
To hide suspicion from their jealous eyes.

Honorea. I warrant you. Come, Marian, let us go.

[*Exeunt Honorea and Marian.*]

Morgan. And then my lord of Kent shall be my son.
Should I go wed my daughter to a boy?

No, no; young girls must have their will restrain'd;
For if the rule be theirs, all runs to naught. [*Exit.*]

Enter Clack the Miller, with Joan.

Clack. Be not Jug, as a man would say, finer than
five-pence, or more proud than a peacock; that is, to
seem to scorn to call in at Clack's mill, as you pass
over the bridge. There be as good wenches as you, be
glad to pay me toll.

Joan. Like enough, Clack; I had as live* they as
I, and a great deal rather too. You that take toll
of so many maids, shall never toll me after you. Oh
God! what a dangerous thing it is but to peep once
into love! I was never so haunted with my harvest-
work as I am with love's passions.

Clack. Ay, but Joan, bear old proverbs in your
memory; soft and fair; now, sir, if you make too much
haste to fall foul, ay, and that upon a foul one too,
there fades the flower of all Croydon. Tell me but
this: Is not Clack the miller as good a name as Grim
the collier?

Joan. Alas, I know no difference in names,
To make a maid, or choose, or to refuse.

Clack. You were best to say, no nor in men neither.
Well, I'll be sworn I have; but I have no reason to tell
you so much, that care so little for me: yet hark.

[*Clack speaketh in her ear.*]

Enter GRIM and PARSON SHORTHOSE.

Grim. O, Mr. Parson, there he stands like a scare-
crow, to drive me away from her that sticks as close to
my heart as my shirt to my back, or my hose to my heel.
O, Mr. Parson Shorthose, Grim is but a man as another
man is: colliers have but lives as other men have. All

* i. e. "as lief they as I." So in *Eastward Hoe*, vol. IV. p. 272.
"I'd as live as any thing I could see his farewell." See also note
47 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. C.

is gone, if she go from me: Grim is nobody without her. My heart is in my mouth; my mouth is in my hand; my hand threatens vengeance against the miller, as it were a beadle with a whip in his hand, triumphing o'er a beggar's back!

Shorthose. Be silent, Grim; stand close, and see; So shall we know how all things be.

Grim. In wisdom I am appeas'd; but in anger I broil as it were a rasher upon the coals.

Joan. I'll not despise the trades ye either have; Yet Grim, the collier, may, if he be wise, Live even as merry as the day is long. For, in my judgment, in his mean estate Consists as much content as in more wealth.

Grim. O, Mr. Parson, write down this sweet saying of her in Grim's commendations. She hath made my heart leap like a hobby-horse! O, Joan, this speech of thine will I carry with me even to my grave.

Shorthose. Be silent then.

Clack. Well then, I perceive you mean to lead your life in a coal-pit, like one of the devil's drudges, and have your face look like the outward side of an old iron pot, or a blacking-box.

Grim. He calleth my trade into question, I cannot forbear him.

Shorthose. Nay, then you spoil all: neighbour Grim, I warrant you she will answer him.

Joan. What I intend I am not bound to shew To thee, nor any other but my mother, To whom in duty I submit myself: Yet this I tell thee, though my birth be mean, My honest virtuous life shall help to mend it; And if I marry any in all this life, He shall say boldly, he hath an honest wife.

Grim. O that it were my fortune to light upon her, on condition my horses were dead, and my cart broken, and I bound to carry coals as long as I live from Croydon to London on my bare shoulders! Mr. Parson, the flesh is frail, he shall tempt her no longer; she is but weak, and he is the stronger: I'll upon him. Miller, thou art my neighbour, and therein charity

holds my hands; but methinks you, having a water-gap of your own, you may do as other millers do, grind your grist at home, knock your coggs into your own mill; you shall not cogg with her.

She doth discry thee;

And I defy thee,

To a mortal fight;

And so, miller, good night.

And now, sweet Joan,

Be it openly known

Thou art my own.

Clack. Well, Grim, since thou art so collier-like choleric——

Grim. Miller, I will not be mealy mouth'd.

Clack. I'll give thee the fewer words now, because the next time we meet I'll pay thee all in dry blows. Carry coals¹⁵ at a collier's hands! if I do, let my mill be drown'd up in water, and I hang'd in the roof.

Joan. And if thou lov'st me, Grim, forbear him now.

Grim. If I love thee! dost thou doubt of that? nay, rip me up, and look into my heart, and thou shalt see thy own face pictured there as plainly as in the proudest looking-glass in all Croydon. If I love thee! then tears gush out, and shew my love.

Clack. What, Mr. Parson, are you there? you remember you promis'd to win Joan for my own wearing?

Shorthose. I warrant thee, Clack, but now begone; Leave me to work that here alone.

Clack. Well, farewell, Mr. Shorthose; be true when you are trusted. [Exit Clack.

Shorthose. She shall be neither his nor thine, For I intend to make her mine.

Grim. If I love thee, Joan! Those very words are a purgation to me. You shall see desperation in my face,

¹⁵ *Carry coals*] It is observed by Dr. Warburton (note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 1.) that *to carry coals* was a phrase formerly in use, to signify *bearing of injuries*; and Dr. Percy has given several instances in proof of it. To those may be added the following, *Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 5. S. 3. "Take heed, "Sir Puntarvolo, what you do; he'll bear no coals, I can tell you " (o' my word.")

and death marching in my very countenance. If I love!

Shorthose. What, Grim, hath grief drown'd thee at last?

Are all thy joys overcast?

Is Joan in place, and thou so sad!

Her presence, man, should make thee glad.

Joan. Good Mr. Parson, 'twas no fault of mine;

He takes occasion where there none was given.

I will not blab unto the world, my love

I owe to him, and shall do whilst I live. [*Aside.*

Grim. Well, Joan, without all ifs or ands, e-persese, a-persese, or tittle-tattles in the world, I do love thee; and so much, that in thy absence I cry when I see thee, and rejoice with my very heart when I cannot behold thee.

Shorthose. No doubt, no doubt, thou lov'st her well;

But listen now to what I tell;

Since ye are both so well agreed,

I wish you make more haste than speed.

To-morrow is Holy-rood day,

When all a nutting take their way;

Within the wood a close doth stand,

Incompass'd round on either hand

With trees and bushes; there will I

Dispatch your marriage presently.

Grim. O, Mr. Parson, your devising pate hath bless'd me for ever. Joan, we'll have that so: the shorter the work, the sweeter.

Joan. And if my mother give but her consent, My absence shall in no case hinder it.

Grim. She! quotha, she is mine already; we'll to her presently. Mr. Parson, 'tis a match; we'll meet you. Now, miller, do I go beyond you? I have stripp'd him of the wench, as a cook would strip an eel out of her skin, or a pudding out of the case thereof. Now I talk of a pudding, O 'tis my only food, I am an old dog at it. Come, Joan, let us away, I'll pudding you.

Shorthose. Well, if my fortune luckily ensue, As you shall cozen him, I'll cozen you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CASTILIANO at one door with MARIAN, Earl

LACY at another door with HONOREA.

Castiliano. Come, lovely Honorea, bright as day.
As came Alcmena from her sacred bed,
With Jupiter, shap'd like Amphitrion,
So shew my love.

Honorea. My love! whom have we here? Sweet
Musgrave! but alas I am betray'd!

Castiliano. Thou art my love.

Lacy. No, mine.

Honorea. Nor yours, nor yours;
But Musgrave's love. O, Musgrave, where art thou?

Lacy. Be not displeas'd, my dear; give me thy hand.

Honorea. My hand, false earl! nor hand nor heart
of mine.

Could'st thou thus cunningly deceive my hopes?

And could my father give consent thereto?

Well, neither he, nor thou, shalt force my love.

Castiliano. 'Tis I, fair Honorea, am thy love:
Forsake the worthless earl, give me thy hand.

Marian. Whose hand would you have, sir? this
hand is mine,

And mine is yours: then keep you to your own:

Yet are you mine, sir, and I mean to keep you.

What, do you think to shake me off so soon?

No, gentle husband, now 'tis too too late;

You should have look'd before you came to bed.

*Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW * with his master's gown.*

Robin. Many good-morrows to my gentle master,
And my new mistress; God give you both joy.

What say you to your gown, sir, this cold morning?

Castiliano. Robin, I am undone, and cast away!

Robin. How, master, cast away upon a wife.

Castiliano. Yea, Robin, cast away upon a wife.

Robin. Cast her away then, master, can you not?

Marian. No, sir, he cannot, nor he shall not do it.

Robin. Why, how know you? I am sure you are not
she.

* i. e. *Akercock*, as he is called in the preceding scenes. See note
24 to this play. C.

Marian. Yes, sir, I am your mistress, as it falls.

Robin. As it falls, quoth ye; marry a foul fall is it.

Marian. Base rascal, doth thou say that I am foul?

Robin. No; it was foul play for him to fall upon you.

Marian. How know you that he fell? were you so nigh?

[*She giveth Robin a box on the ear.*]

Robin. Mass, it should seem it was he that fell, if any,

For you, methinks, are of a mounting nature:

What, at my ears at first? a good beginning.

Lacy. My dear delight, why dost thou stain thy cheeks,

Those rosy beds, with this unseemly dew?

Shake off those tears, that now untimely fall,

And smile on me, that am thy summer's joy.

Honorea. Hapless am I to lose so sweet a prison,
Thus to obtain a weary liberty.

Happy had I been so to have remain'd,

Of which estate I ne'er should have complain'd.

Robin. Whoop, whoo! more marriages! and all of a sort. Happy are they, I see, that live without them: if this be the beginning, what will be the ending!

Enter Earl MORGAN and DUNSTAN.

Morgan. Look, Dunstan, where they be; displeas'd,
no doubt:

Try if thou canst work reconciliation.

Castiliano. My Lord, I challenge you of breach of promise,

And claim your daughter here to be my wife.

Lacy. Your claim is nought, sir; she is mine already.

Honorea. Your claim is nought, sir; I am none of yours,

Marian. Your claim is here, sir; Marian is yours.

What, husband, newly married, and inconstant!

'Greed we so well together all this night,

And must we now fall out? for shame, for shame!

A man of your years, and be so unstay'd!

Come, come away, there may no other be;

I will have you, therefore you shall have me.

Robin. This is the bravest country in the world,

Where men get wives whether they will or no :
I trow ere long some wench will challenge me.

Castiliano. Oh ! is not this a goodly consequence ?
I must have her, because she will have me.

Dunstan. Ladies and gentlemen, hear Dunstan speak.
Marriage, no doubt, is ordain'd by providence ;
Is sacred, not to be by vain affect
Turn'd to the idle humours of men's brains.
Besides, for you, my lady Honorea,
Your duty binds you to obey your father,
Who better knows what fits you than yourself ;
And 'twere, in you, great folly to neglect
The earl's great love, whereof you are unworthy,
Should you but seem offended with the match.
Therefore submit yourself to make amends,
For 'tis your fault ; so may you all be friends.

Morgan. And, daughter, you must think what I have
done
Was for your good, to wed you to the earl,
Who will maintain and love you royally :
For what had Musgrave but his idle shape ?
A shadow, to the substance you must build on.

Robin. She will build substances on him I trow :
Who keeps a shrew against her will, had better let her go.

Marian. Madam, conceal your grief, and seem content ;
For, as it is, you must be rul'd per force :
Dissemble till convenient time may serve
To think on this despite and Musgrave's love.

Lacy. Tell me, my dear, wilt thou at length be
pleas'd ?

Honorea. As good be pleas'd, my lord, as not be
eas'd ;

Yet though my former love did move me much,
Think not amiss, the same love may be yours.

Castiliano. What ! is it a match ? nay then, since
you agree,
I cannot mend myself, for aught I see ;
And therefore 'tis as good to be content.
Come, lady, 'tis your lot to be my dame.

Lordings, adieu; God send you all good speed:
Some have their wives for pleasure, some for need.

Lacy. Adieu, Castiliano: are we friends?

Castiliano. Yes, yes, my lord, there is no remedy.

Robin. No remedy, my masters, for a wife!

A note for young beginners, mark it well. [Exeunt.

Enter FORREST, Captain CLINTON, HARVEY.

Forrest. Now, gallants, what imagine you of this?

Our noses are all slit; for Mariana,
The Spanish doctor hath her to his wife,
And Musgrave's hopes are dead for Honorea,
For she is married to the earl of Kent.
'Twill be good sport to see them when they rise,
If so they be not gotten up already.

Clinton. I say the devil go with them all, for me.
The Spanish doctor marry Marian!
I think that slave was born to cross me still.
Had it not been last day before the earl,
Upon my conscience I had crack'd his crown,
When first he ask'd the lady for his wife;
Now he hath got her too, whom I desir'd.
Why, he'll away with her ere long to Spain,
And keep her there to dispossess our hopes.

Forrest. No, I can comfort you for that suppose:*
For yesterday he hir'd a dwelling-house,
And here he means to tarry all this year;
So long at least, whate'er he doth hereafter.

Clinton. A sudden plat-form† comes into my mind,

* Suppose is here used in the sense of *conjecture* or *apprehension*, Gascoyne translated a comedy of Ariosto, and called it *the Supposes*. The employment of the verb for the substantive in the present instance is an evidence of the antiquity of this play: the following parallel is from Gascoyne's Prologue: "the very name where-
"of may peradventure drive into everie of your heads, a sundrie
"suppose, to suppose the meaning of our supposes." C.

† i. e. *plot* or *contrivance*: the word is obsolete in this sense. Tarlton produced a piece called "The plat-form of the seven deadly sins," and in *Sir J. Oldcastle*, by Drayton and others, first printed in 1600, it is used with the same meaning as in the text, viz. a contrivance for giving effect to the conspiracy.

"There is the plat-form, and their hands, my Lord
Each severally subscribed to the same." C.

And this it is. Miles Forrest, thou and I
 Are partly well acquainted with the doctor.
 Ralph Harvey shall along with us to him;
 Him we'll prefer for his apothecary?
 Now, sir, when Ralph and he are once acquainted,
 His wife may often come unto his house,
 Either to see his garden, or such like:
 For, doubt not, women will have means enough,
 If they be willing, as I hope she will.
 There may we meet her, and let each one plead.
 He that speeds best, why let him carry it.

Forrest. I needs must laugh, to think how all we
 three,

In the contriving of this feat, agree:
 But, having got her, every man will strive
 How each may other of her love deprive.

Clinton. Tut, Forrest, love admits these friendly
 strifes;

But say, how like you of my late device?

Forrest. Surpassing well, but let's about it straight,
 Lest he, before our coming, be provided.

Clinton. Agreed. [Exeunt.

Enter MUSGRAVE and MARIAN.

Musgrave. Tush, cousin, tell not me; but this device
 Was long ago concluded 'twixt you two!
 Which divers reasons move me to imagine:
 And therefore these are toys to blind my eyes,
 To make me think she only loved me,
 And yet is married to another man.

Marian. Why, cousin Musgrave, are your eyes so
 blind,

You cannot see the truth of that report?
 Did you not know, my lord was always bent,
 Whatever came, to wed her to the earl?
 And have you not, besides, heard the device
 He us'd to marry her against her will?
 Betray'd, poor soul, unto earl Lacy's bed,
 She thought she held young Musgrave in her arms!
 Her morning tears might testify her thoughts:
 Yet thou shalt see she loves thee more than him,

And thou shalt taste the sweets of her delights.
 Mean time my house shall be thy mansion,
 And thy abode, for thither will she come:
 Use thou that opportunity, and try
 Whether she lov'd thee, or did but dissemble.

Musgrave. If she continue kind to me hereafter,
 I shall imagine well of her and you.

Enter CASTILIANO.

Castiliano. Now, dame, in talk! what gentleman is
 this?

Mariana. My cousin Musgrave, husband, comes to
 see you.

Castiliano. Musgrave, now on my faith heartily wel-
 come.

Give me thy hand, my cousin, and my friend,
 My partner in the loss of Honorea;
 We two must needs be friends, our fortune's like:
 Marry yet I am richer by a shrew.

Marian. 'Tis better to be a shrew, sir, than a sheep;
 You have no cause, I hope, yet to complain.

Castiliano. No, dame; for yet you know 'tis honey-
 moon.

What! we have scarcely settled our acquaintance.

Musgrave. I doubt not, cousin, but ye shall agree,
 For she is mild enough if she be pleas'd.

Castiliano. So is the devil, they say: yea, cousin,
 yea,
 My dear and I, I doubt not, shall agree.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Robin. Sir, here be two or three gentlemen at the
 door

Would gladly speak a word with your worship.

Enter CLINTON, FORREST, HARVEY.

They need no bidding, methinks: they can come alone.

Clinton. God save you, signior Castiliano.

Castiliano. O captain, come *sta*¹⁶? welcome all, my
 friends!

Forrest. Sir, we are come to bid God give you joy,
 And see your house.

¹⁶ *Come sta?*] The Italian for *How do you do?*

Mariana. Welcome, gentlemen :

'Tis kindly done to come to see us here,

Robin. This kindness makes me fear my master's head :

Such hot-spurs must have game, howe'er they get it.

Clinton. We have a suit to you, Castiliano.

Castiliano. What is it sir? if it lies in me, 'tis done.

Clinton. Nay, but a trifle, sir; and that is,
This same young man, by trade apothecary,
Is willing to retain unto your cures.

Castiliano. Marry, with all my heart, and welcome too.

What may I call your name, my honest friend?

Harvey. Ralph Harvey, sir; your neighbour here hard by.

The golden lion is my dwelling-place,

Where what you please shall be with care perform'd.

Castiliano. Gramercies, Harvey! welcome, all my friends!

Let's in, and hansom our new mansion-house

With a carousing round of Spanish wine.

Come, cousin Musgrave, you shall be my guest;

My dame, I trow, will welcome you herself.

Marian. No, boy, lord Lacy's wife shall welcome thee.

Robin. So now the game begins, here's some cheer toward;

I must be skinker then ¹⁷: let me alone;

¹⁷ *I must be skinker then.*] *Skinker* was a tapster or drawer. Prince Henry, in the first part of Henry IV. A. 2. S. 4, speaks of an *under-skinker*, meaning an *under-drawer*. Mr. Steevens says, it is derived from the Dutch word *schenken*, which signifies to fill a cup or glass. So in *G. Fletcher's Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 13. speaking of a town built on the south-side of Moskoa, by Basilius the emperor, for a garrison of soldiers, "to whom he gave priviledge to drinke
" mead and beer, at the drye or prohibited times, when other
" Russes may drinke nothing but water, and for that cause called
" this newe citie by the name of Naloi, that is *Skinck* or *poure in*."

Marston's Sophonisba. A. 5. S. 2.

" Ore whelme me not with sweets, let me not drink,

" Till my breast burst, O Jove, thy nectar *skinke*."

They all shall want, ere Robin shall have none.

[*Exeunt omnes nisi Clin. & Har.*]

Clinton. Sirrah, Ralph Harvey, now the entry is made,

Thou only hast access without suspect¹⁸.

Be not forgetful of thy agent here ;

Remember Clinton was the man that did it.

Harvey. Why, captain, now you talk in jealousy.

Do not misconstrue my true-meaning heart.

Clinton. Ralph, I believe thee, and rely on thee.

Do not too long absent thee from the doctor :

Go in, carouse, and taint his Spanish brain ;

I'll follow, and my Marian's health maintain.

Harvey. Captain, you well advise me ; I'll go in,

And for myself my love-suits I'll begin. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW *with his head broken.*

Robin. The devil himself take all such dames for me !

Zounds, I had rather be in hell than here.

Nay, let him be his own man if he list,

Robin means not to stay to be us'd thus.

The very first day, in her angry spleen,

Her nimble hand began to greet my ears

With such unkind salutes as I ne'er felt ;

And since that time there hath not pass'd an hour,

Wherein she hath not either rail'd upon me,

Or laid her anger's load upon my limbs.

Even now (for no occasion in the world,

But as it pleas'd her ladyship to take it)

Ben Jonson's Poetaster, A. 4. S. 5.

Alb. " I'll ply the table with nectar, and make 'em friends.

Her. " Heaven is like to have but a lame skinker."

Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, A. 2. S. 2.

" Froth your cans well i' the filling, at length, rogue, and jog
" your bottles o' the buttock, sirrah ; then skink out the first glass
" ever, and drink with all companies."

¹⁸ *Suspect.*] Suspicion. See note 45 to Marlow's *Edward the Second*, vol. II. &c.

She gat me up a staff, and breaks my head.
But I'll no longer serve so curs'd a dame;
I'll run as far first as my legs will bear me.
What shall I do? to hell I dare not go,
Until my master's twelvemonths be expir'd,
And here to stay with mistress Marian,
Better to be so long in purgatory.
Now, farewell, master! but, shrewd dame, fare-ill!
I'll leave you, though the devil is with you still.

[Exit Robin.]

Enter MARIAN alone, chafing.

Marian. My heart still pants within; I am so
chaf'd!

The rascal slave my man, that sneaking rogue,
Had like to have undone us all for ever!
My cousin Musgrave is with Honorea,
Set in an arbour in the summer-garden;
And he, forsooth, must needs go in for herbs,
And told me further, that his master bid him:
But I laid hold upon my younker's pate,
And made the blood run down about his ears.
I trow, he shall ask me leave ere he go.
Now is my cousin master of his love,
The lady at one time reveng'd and pleas'd.
So speed they all, that marry maids perforce!

Enter CASTILIANO.

But here my husband comes.

Castiliano. What, dame, alone?

Marian. Yes, sir, this once; for want of company.

Castiliano. Why, where's my lady, and my cousin
Musgrave?

Marian. You may go look them both for aught I
know.

Castiliano. What, are you angry, dame?

Marian. Yea, so it seems.

Castiliano. What is the cause, I pr'ythee?

Marian. Why would you know?

Castiliano. That I might ease it, if it lay in me.

Marian. O, but it belongs not to your trade.

Castiliano. You know not that.

Marian. I know you love to prate, and so I leave you. [Exit Marian.]

Castiliano. Well, go thy way: oft have I raked hell
To get a wife, yet never found her like.
Why this it is to marry with a shrew.
Yet, if it be, as I presume it is,
There's but one thing offends both her and me;
And I am glad if that be it offends her.
'Tis so, no doubt; I read it in her brow.
Lord Lacy shall, with all my heart, enjoy
Fair Honorea: Marian is mine;
Who, though she be a shrew, yet is she honest.
So is not Honorea, for even now,
Walking within my garden all alone,
She came with Musgrave, stealing closely by,
And follows him that seeks to fly from her.
I spy'd this all unseen, and left them there.
But sure my dame hath some conceit thereof,
And therefore she is thus angry, honest soul!
Well, I'll straight hence unto my lord of Kent,
And warn him watch his wife from these close meet-
ings.

Well, Marian, thou liv'st yet free from blame:
Let ladies go, thou art the devil's dame.

[Exit Castiliano.]

Enter the DEVIL, like MUSGRAVE, with HONOREA.

Musgrave. No, lady; let thy modest, virtuous life
Be always joined with thy comely shape,
For lust eclipseth nature's ornament.

Honorea. Young heady boy, think'st thou thou shalt
recal

Thy long-made love, which thou so oft hast sworn,
Making my maiden thoughts to doat on thee?

Musgrave. With patience hear me, and if what I say
Shall jump with reason¹⁹, then you'll pardon me.
The time hath been when my soul's liberty
Vow'd servitude unto that heavenly face,

¹⁹ Shall jump with reason, &c.] See note 17 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. II.

Whilst both had equal liberty of choice;
But since the holy bond of marriage
Hath left me single, you a wedded wife,
Let me not be the third, unlawfully
To do earl Lacy so foul injury.
But now at last——

Honorea. I would that last
Might be thy last, thou monster of all men!

Musgrave. Hear me with patience:

Honorea. Cease: I'll hear no more!

'Tis my affection, and not reason speaks:
Then, Musgrave, turn the hardness of thy heart,
And now at least incline thy love to mine.

Musgrave. Nay, now I see thou wilt not be reclaim'd.
Go and bestow this hot love on the earl;
Let not these loose affects thus scandalize
Your fair report. Go home and learn to live
As chaste as Lucrece, madam. So I leave you.

[*She pulleth him back.*

Honorea. O stay a little while, and hear my tongue
Speak my heart's words, which cannot chuse but tell
thee,

I hate the earl, only because I love thee.

[*Exit Musgrave.*

Musgrave, return! hear, Honorea speaks!
Disdain hath left him wings to fly from me!
Sweet love, lend me thy wings to overtake him,
For I can stay him with kind dalliance!
All this is but the blindness of my fancy.
Recal thyself: let not thy honour bleed
With the foul wounds of infamy and shame.
My proper home shall call me home again,
Where my dear lord bewails, as much as I,
His too much love to her that loves not him.
Let none hereafter fix her maiden love
Too firm on any, lest she feel with me
Musgrave's revolt, and his inconstancy. [Exit.

Enter FORREST, with MARIAN.

Forrest. Tut, I'll remember thee, and straight return:
But here's the doctor.

Marian. Where? Forrest, farewell!
I would not have him see me for a world.

Forrest. Why? he is not here. Well, now I see
you fear him.

Marian. Marry beshrew thee for thy false alarm!
I fear him? no, I neither fear nor love him.

Forrest. But where's my lady? She is gone home
before,
And I must follow after. *Marian, farewell.*

Marian. I shall expect your coming.

Forrest. Presently;
And hearest thou, *Marian*? nay, it shall be so.
[*He whispers in her ear.*]

Marian. O lord, sir, you are wed, I warrant you:
We'll laugh, be merry, and it may be kiss;
But if you look for more, you aim amiss.

Forrest. Go to, go to! we'll talk of this anon.

[*Exit Forrest.*]

Marian. Well, go thy way, for the true-hearted'st
man

That livest, and as full of honesty,
And yet as wanton as a pretty lamb.
He'll come again, for he hath lov'd me long,
And so have many more besides himself;
But I was coy and proud, as maids are wont,
Meaning to match beyond my mean estate:
Yet I have favour'd youths, and youthful sports,
Altho' I durst not venture on the main;
But now it will not be so soon espy'd:
Maids cannot, but a wife a fault may hide.

Enter NAN.

What, *Nan*!

Nan. Anon, forsooth.

Marian. Come hither, maid.
Here, take my keys, and fetch the galley-pot;
Bring a fair napkin, and some fruit dishes.
Dispatch, and make all ready presently;
Miles Forrest will come straight to drink with me.

Nan. I will forsooth. [*Exit Nan.*]

Marian. Why am I young but to enjoy my years?

Why am I fair, but that I should be lov'd?
And why should I be lov'd, and not love others?
'Tut she is a fool that her affection smothers:
'Twas not for love I was the doctor's wife,
Nor did he love me when he first was mine.
Tush, tush, this wife is but an idle name!
I purpose now to try another game.
Art thou return'd so soon? O 'tis well done.

Enter NAN with the banquet.

And hear'st thou, Nan, when Forrest shall return,
If any happen to enquire for me,
Whether't be Captain Clinton, or Ralph Harvey,
Call presently, and say thy master's come;
So I'll send Forrest o'er the garden pale.

Nan. I will, forsooth.

Marian. Mean time stay thou and make our banquet ready.

I'll to my closet, and be here again,
Before Miles Forrest shall come visit me. [*Exit Marian.*]

Nan. I wonder what my mistress is about?
Somewhat she would not have my master know:
Whate'er it be, 'tis nothing unto me;
She is my good mistress, and I'll keep her counsel.
I have oft seen her kiss behind his back;
And laugh, and toy, when he did little think it.
O what a winking eye the wanton hath
To cozen him, even when he looks upon her!
But what have I to do with what she doth?
I'll taste her junkets, since I am alone:
That which is good for them, cannot hurt me.
Ay, marry, this is sweet! a cup of wine
Will not be hurtful for digestion.

Enter CASTILIANO.

Castiliano. I would I had been wiser once to-day;
I went on purpose to my lord of Kent,
To give him some good counsel for his wife,
And he, poor heart, no sooner heard my news,
But turns me up his whites, and falls flat down:
There I was fain to rub and chafe his veins,
And much ado we had to get him live.

But for all that he is extremely sick,
 And I am come in all the haste I may
 For cordials to keep the earl alive.
 But how now? What a banquet! What means this?

Nan. Alas! my master is come home himself!
 Mistress, mistress! my master is come home!

[He stops her mouth.]

Castiliano. Peace, you young strumpet, or I'll stop
 your speech!

Come hither, maid: tell me, and tell me true,
 What means this banquet? what's your mistress doing?
 Why cam'st thou out,* when as thou saw'st me coming?
 Tell me, or else I'll hang thee by the heels,
 And whip thee naked. Come on, what's the matter?

Nan. Forsooth I cannot tell.

Castiliano. Can you not tell? come on, I'll make
 you tell me.

Nan. O master, I will tell you.

Castiliano. Then say on.

Nan. Nothing, in truth, forsooth, but that she means
 To have a gentleman come drink with her.

Castiliano. What gentleman?

Nan. Forsooth, 'tis Mr. Forrest as I think.

Castiliano. Forrest! nay then I know how the game
 goeth:

Whoever loseth, I am sure to win
 By their great kindness, tho't be but the horns:

Enter FORREST at one door MARIAN at another.

But here comes he and she. Come hither, maid:
 Upon thy life give not a word, a look,
 That she may know aught of my being here:
 Stand still, and do whate'er she bids thee do.
 Go, get thee gone, but if thou dost betray me,
 I'll cut thy throat: look to it, for I will do it.
 I'll stand here close to see the end of this,
 And see what rakes she keeps when I'm abroad.

* Query ought we not to read,

"Why call'dst thou out," &c.

He says afterwards,

"You cried not out when as you saw me come." C.

Marian. 'Tis kindly done, Miles, to return so soon,
And so I take it. Nan, is our banquet ready?
Welcome, my love! I see you'll keep your word.

Nan. 'Twere better for you both he had not kept it.

Forrest. Yea, Mariana, else I were unworthy.
I did but bring my lady to the door,
And there I left her full of melancholy,
And discontented.

Marian. Why, 'twas kindly done.
Come, come sit down, and let us laugh a while:
Maid, fill some wine.

Nan. Alas, my breech makes buttons,
And so would theirs, knew they as much as I.
He may change the sweet-meats, and put
Purging comfits in the dishes.

Marian. Here's to my lady, and my cousin Musgrave.

Forrest. I pray remember gentle master doctor,
And good earl Lacy too, among the rest.

Castiliano. O, sir, we find you kind! we thank you
for it:

The time may come when we may cry you quit.

Nan. Master, shall I steal you a cup of wine?

Castiliano. Away, you baggage! hold your peace,
you wretch.

Forrest. But I had rather walk into your orchard,
And see your gallery, so much commended;
To view the workmanship he brought from Spain,
Wherein's describ'd the banquet of the gods.

Marian. Ay, there's one piece exceeding lively
done²⁰;

Where Mars and Venus lie within a net,
Inclos'd by Vulcan, and he looking on.

Castiliano. Better and better yet: 'twill mend anon.

Marian. Another of Diana with her nymphs,
Bathing their naked bodies in the streams;
Where fond Acteon, for his eyes' offence,
Is turn'd into a hart's shape, horns and all:
And this the doctor hangs right o'er his bed.

²⁰ *Ay, there's, &c.*] Similar to this description is one in *Marlow's Edward II.* A. 1. See vol. II.

Forrest. Those horns may fall and light upon his head.

Castiliano. And if they do, worse luck. What remedy?

Forrest. Nay, Marian, we'll not leave these sights unseen;

And then we'll see your orchard and your fruit,
For now there hang queen apples on the trees,
And one of them are worth a score of these.

Marian. Well, you shall see them, lest you lose your longing. *[Exeunt Marian and Forrest.]*

Castiliano. Nay, if ye fall a longing for green fruit,
Child-bearing is not far off, I am sure.

Why this is excellent; I feel the buds:

My head groweth hard, my horns will shortly spring.

Now who may lead the cuckold's dance but I,

That am become the head man of the parish?

O! this it is to have an honest wife,

Of whom so much I boasted once to-day.

Come hither, minx! you know your mistress' mind,

And you keep secret all her villainies:

Tell me, you were best, where was this plot devised?

How did these villains know I was abroad?

Nan. Indeed, forsooth, I knew not when it was.

My mistress call'd me from my work of late,

And bade me lay a napkin: so I did,

And made this banquet ready; but in truth

I knew not what she did intend to do.

Castiliano. No, no, you did not watch against I came,
To give her warning to dispatch her knaves?

You cried not out, when as you saw me come?

All this is nothing, but I'll trounce you all.

Nan. In truth, good master!

Enter MARIAN, FORREST.

Castiliano. Peace, stay! they come.

Whimper not; and you do, I'll use you worse.

Behold that wicked strumpet with that knave!

O that I had a pistol for their sakes,

That at one shot I might dispatch them both!

But I must stand close yet, and see the rest.

Marian. How lik'st thou, Miles, my orchard, and my house?

Forrest. Well; thou art seated to thy heart's content,

A pleasant orchard and a house well furnish'd:

There nothing wants; but in the gallery

The painter shews his art exceedingly.

Marian. Yet is there one thing goeth beyond all these—

Contented life, that giveth the heart his ease;

And that I want. [*One knocketh at the door.*]

Forrest. Sweet love, adieu. [*Exit Forrest.*]

Marian. Farewell, sweetheart. Who is that at the door?

Enter CLINTON.

Clinton. A friend.

Marian. Come near: what, captain, is it you?

Clinton. Even I, fair Marian, watching carefully
The blessed step of opportunity:

Marian. Good, good! how fortune gluts me with excess!

Still they that have enough shall meet with more.

Clinton. But where's the doctor?

Marian. Ministering abroad
Physic to some sick patients he retains.

Clinton. Let him abroad, I'll minister at home
Such physic shall content my Marian.

Castiliano. O monstrous! now the world must see my shame.

This head must bear whatever likes²¹ my dame.

Marian. I have no malady requires a cure.

Clinton. Why, then must I assume a sick man's part
And all my sickness lieth at my heart:

'Tis the heart-burning that torments me so.

Marian. There is no cure for fire but to be quench'd.

Clinton. Thou hast prescrib'd a sovereign remedy.

Castiliano. O who the devil made her a physician?

Clinton. Let's not obscure, what love doth manifest;
Nor let a stranger's bed make thee seem strange

²¹ *Likes*] See note 8 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

To him that ever lov'd and honour'd thee.

Marian. A captain made a captive by loose love,
And gadding fancy? fie, 'twere monstrous shame
That Cupid's bow should blemish Mars's name:
Take up thy arms, recal thy drooping thoughts,
And lead thy troops into the spacious fields.

Castiliano. She counsels others well, if she would
take it.

Clinton. Thou counsellest the blind to lead the blind.
Can I lead them that cannot guide myself?
Thou, Marian, must release my captive heart.

Marian. With all my heart, I grant thee free release.

Clinton. Thou art obscure too much: but tell me,
love,

Shall I obtain my long-desired love?

Marian. Captain, there is yet somewhat in thy mind
Thou would'st reveal, but wantest utterance.
Thou better knowest to front the braving foe,
Than plead love-suits.

Clinton. I grant, 'tis even so;
Extremity of passions still are dumb,
No tongue can tell love's chief perfections:
Persuade thyself my love-sick thoughts are thine;
Thou only may'st those drooping thoughts refine.

Marian. Since at my hands thou seek'st a remedy,
I'll ease thy grief, and cure thy malady.
No drug the doctor hath shall be too dear;
His antidote shall fly to do thee good.
Come in, and let thy eye make choice for thee,
That thou may'st know how dear thou art to me.

[*Exeunt Clinton, Marian.*]

Castiliano. Is this obedience? now the devil go with
them!

And yet I dare not; oh she's mankind grown²²!

²² ——— oh she's mankind grown!] In Shakspeare's *Coriolanus*, Sicinius asks Volumnia, "Are you mankind?" on which Dr. Johnson remarks, that "a mankind woman is a woman with the roughness of a man; and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood." Mr. Upton says, mankind means wicked. See his *Remarks on Ben Jonson*, p. 92. The

O miserable men that must live so,
And damned strumpets, authors of this woe!

Enter CLINTON, MARIAN.

But peace! be still! they come. O shameless shame!
Well may the world call thee the devil's dame.

Marian. Captain, thy skill hath pleased me so well,
That I have vow'd my service to Bellona.

Castiliano. Her service to Bellona! turn'd stark
ruffian!

She'll be call'd Cavaliero Marian.

Clinton. And I will train thee up in feats of arms,
And teach thee all the orders of the field;
That whilst we, like to Mars and Venus, jest,
The doctor's head may get a gallant crest.

Castiliano. I can no longer linger my disgrace,
Nor hide my shame from their detested sight.

How now, thou whore, dishonour to my bed!

Disdain to womanhood, shame of thy sex!

Insatiate monster! corrosive of my soul!

What makes this captain revelling in my house?

My house! nay, in my bed! you'll prove a soldier!

Follow Bellona, turn a martialist!

I'll try if thou hast learn'd to ward my blows.

Marian. Why, how now, man! is this your madding
month?

What, sir, will you forbid me in good sort
To entertain my friends?

Castiliano. Your friends, you whore!

They are no friends of mine, nor come they here.

Clinton avaunt, my house is for no such.

Marian. Alas, good sir, are you grown so suspicious,

word is frequently used to signify *masculine*. So in *Love's Cure*; or,
The Martial Maid, A. 4. S. 3.

"From me, all *mankind* women learn to woove."

Dekkar's Satiromastrix.

"—— my wife's a woman; yet

"'Tis more than I know yet, that know not her;

"If she should prove *mankind*, 'twere rare; fie! fie!"

Massinger's City Madam, A. 2. S. 1.

—— "You brach

"Are you turn'd *mankind*?"

Thus on no proofs to nourish jealousy?
 I cannot kiss a man, but you'll be angr y.
 In spite of you, or whoso else saith nay,
 My friends are welcome as they come this way:
 If thou mislike it, mend it as you may.
 What do you think to pin up Marian,
 As you were wont to do your Spanish girls?
 No, sir, I'll be half mistress of myself;
 The other half is yours, if you deserve it.

Clinton. What madness mov'd thee be displeas'd with
 me,

That always us'd thee with so kind regard?
 Did I not at thy first arrival here
 Conduct thee to the earl of London's house?

Marian. Did I not, being unsolicited,
 Bestow my first pure maiden-love on thee?

Clinton. Did I not grace thee there in all the court,
 And bear thee out against the daring abbot?

Marian. Did I forsake many young gallant courtiers,
 Enamoured with thy aged gravity?
 Who now being weary of me, would'st disgrace me?

Castiliano. If there be any conscience left on earth,
 How can I but believe these protestations?

Clinton. Have I not always been thy nearest friend?

Marian. Have I not always been thy dearest wife?

Clinton. How much will all the world in this condemn
 thee?

Marian. At first I little fear'd what now I find,
 And grieve too late.

Castiliano. Content thee, gentle dame.
 The nature of our countrymen is such,
 That if we see another kiss our wives,
 We cannot brook it: but I will be pleas'd;
 For, will I, nill I²³, so methinks I must.

²³ *Will I, nill I.*] *Whether I will or not.* This mode of expression is often found in contemporary writers. Dekkar's *Bel-man of London*, Sign. F 3. "—— can by no meanes bee brought to remember this new friend, yet *will hee, nill he*, to the taverne he sweares to have him."

It may be worth remark that it is also found in *Damon and Pithias*, (vol. I. p. 249.) from which the character of Grim is taken.

And gentle captain, be not you offended;
 I was too hot at first, but now repent it.
 I pr'ythee, gentle dame, forgive me this,
 And drown all jealousy in this sweet kiss.

Clinton. This shows your wisdom: on, I'll follow you.

Marian. Well, doctor, henceforth never reake it scorn
 At my sweet Clinton's hands to take the horn.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW²⁴, in a suit of leather, close to his body; his face and hands colour'd russet-colour, with a flail.

Robin. The doctor's self would scarce know Robin now.

Curst Marian may go seek another man,
 For I intend to dwell no longer with her,
 Since that the bastinado drove me thence.
 These silken girls are all too fine for me:
 My master shall report of those in hell,
 Whilst I go range amongst the country-maids,
 To see if home-spun lasses milder be
 Than my curst dame, and Lacy's wanton wife.
 Thus therefore will I live betwixt two shapes;
 When as I list in this transform'd disguise,
 I'll fright the country people as they pass;
 And sometimes turn me to some other form,
 And so delude them with fantastic shews.
 But woe betide the silly dairy-maids,
 For I shall fleet their cream-bowls night by night,
 And slice the bacon flitches as they hang.
 Well, here in Croydon, will I first begin

²⁴ *Robin Goodfellow.*] Sometimes called *Puck*, alias *Hobgoblin*. In the creed of ancient superstition, he was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and achievements are recorded in a ballad printed in *Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. 3. p. 202; where the reader who is desirous of further information concerning this personage, may meet with complete satisfaction.

To frolic it among the country lobs.
 This day, they say, is call'd Holyrood-day.
 And all the youth are now a nutting gone :
 Here are a crew of yonkers in this wood,
 Well sorted, for each lad hath got his lass.
 Marry, indeed, there is a tricksey²⁵ girl,
 That three or four would fain be doing with,
 But that a wily priest among the rest
 Intends to bear her shere away from all.
 The miller, and my brother Grim the collier,
 Appointed here to scuffle for her love :
 I am on Grim's side ; for long time ago
 The devil call'd the collier like to like* :

*Enter GRIM, CLACK, PARSON SHORTHOSE, JOAN
 with a bag of nuts.*

But here the miller and the collier come,
 With parson Mack-bate, and their tricksey girl.

Grim. Parson, persuade me no more. I come, Jug,
 to your custody ; Jug, hold the nut-bag.

Clack. Nay, I will give you nuts to crack.

Grim. Crack in thy throat and hauster too.

Shorthose. Neighbours, I wish you both agree :
 Let me be judge, be rul'd by me.

²⁵ *Tricksey*] Pretty or clever. So in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. 6. C. 31. Edit. 1602.

" There was a *tricksie* girl, I wot, albeit clad in gray."

The word is also used in Shakspeare's *Tempest*, A. 5. S. 1. See Mr. Steevens's note thereon.

* This is one of the most common, and one of the oldest proverbs in English. Ulpian Fulwell, as has been mentioned in one of the notes introductory of this play, wrote an interlude founded upon it printed 1568. It is often met with in our old writers, and among others in a translation from the French printed in 1595, called, " A pleasant Satyre or Poesie, wherein is discovered the Catholicon of Spain," &c. the running title being " A Satyre Menippized." It is to be found on p. 54 and 185. Having mentioned this tract, we may quote, as a curiosity, the following lines, which probably are the original of a passage for which *Hudibras* is usually cited as the authority.

" Oft he that doth abide
 Is cause of his own paine ;
 But he that flieth in good tide
 Perhaps may fight againe." C.

Grim. Mr. Parson, remember what *Pueriles* * saith, *Ne accesseris ad consilio*, &c. I tell you I found this written in the bottom of one of my empty sacks. Never persuade men that be execrable. I have vowed it, and I will perform it. The quarrel is great, and I have taken it upon my own shoulders.

Clack. Ay, that thou shalt ere I have done; for I will lay it on, i'faith.

Grim. If you lay it in, I must bear it out, this is all. If you strike, I must stand to any thing, although it be the biggest blow that you can lay upon me.

Joan. Ye both have oft times sworn that ye love me; Let me over-rule you in this angry mood. Neighbours and old acquaintance, and fall out!

Robin. Why, that is because thou wilt not let them fall in.

Grim. I say, my heart bleedeth when thou speakest, and therefore do not provoke me. Yet, miller, as I am monstrous angry, so I have a wonderful great mind to be repeas'd. Let's think what harm cometh by this same fighting; if we should hurt one another, how can we help it? Again, Clack; do but here forswear Joan's company, and I'll be thine instead of her, to use in all your businesses from Croydon to London; your's, Gilbert Grim, the chief collier for the king's majesty's own mouth.

Clack. O, Grim, do I smell you? I'll make you forswear her before we two part; and therefore come on to this geer. Collier, I will lay on load, and when it is done, let who will take it off again.

Joan. Yet once more hear me speak: leave off for shame,
If not for love; and let not others laugh
To see your follies; let me over-rule you.

† *Pueriles.*] Till now printed *Puzzles* as if because it had puzzled Dodsley and Reed to make out the true word. In the old copy it stands *Puriles*, and although it may seem a little out of character for Grim to quote Latin, yet he does so in common with the Farmer in Peele's *Edward I.* and from the very same great authority. "'Tis an old said saying, I remember I read it in Cato's *Pueriles* that *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*," &c. C.

Shorthose. Ay, let them fight, I care not, I
Mean time away with Joan will fly;
And whilst they two are at it here,
We two will sport ourselves elsewhere.

Robin. There's a stone priest! he loveth a wench,
indeed:

He careth not though both of them do bleed;
But Robin Goodfellow will conjure you,
And mar your match, and bang you soundly too.
I like this country-girl's condition well;
She's faithful, and a lover but to one:
Robin stands here to right both Grim and her.

Grim. Master Parson, look you to my love.
Miller, here I stand
With my heart and my hand
In sweet Jug's right,
With thee to fight.

Clack. Come, let us to it then.

[*They fight: Robin beateth the miller with a flail,
and felleth him.*]

Robin. Now, miller, miller, dustipole
I'll clapper-claw your jobberhole.

Shorthose. Come, Jug, let's leave these senseless
blocks,
Giving each other blows and knocks.

Joan. I love my Grim too well to leave him so.

Shorthose. You shall not chuse: come let's away.

[*Shorthose pulleth Jug after him: Robin beateth the
priest with his flail.*]

Robin. Nay then, sir priest, I'll make you stay.

Clack. Nay, this is nothing, Grim; we'll not part so.
I thought to have borne it off with my back sword ward,
And I receiv'd it upon my bare costard²⁶,

[*They fight again.*]

Robin. What, miller, are you up agin?
Nay, then my flail shall never lin²⁷,

²⁶ *Costurd.*] Head. See note 90 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol II.

²⁷ *Nay, then my flail shall never lin.*] Shall never cease, stop, or
leave off.

So in *Ben Jonson's Staple of News*, Intermean after 4th Act.

"He'll never *lin* till he be a gallop."

Until I force one of us twain
Betake him to his heels amain.

[*Robin beats the miller again.*]

Clack. Hold thy hands, Grim! thou hast murder'd me.

Grim. Thou liest, it is in my own offence I do it. Get thee gone then: I had rather have thy room than thy company.

Clack. Marry, with all my heart. O! the collier playeth the devil with me.

Robin. No, it is the devil playeth the collier with thee.

Shorthose. My bones are sore; I pr'ythee, Joan, Let's quickly from this place be gone.

Nay, come away, I love thee so,
Without thee I will never go.

Robin. What, priest, still at your lechery?
[*Robin beats the priest.*]

I'll thresh you for your knavery.
If any ask who beat thee so,
Tell them 'twas Robin Goodfellow,
[*Shorthose runneth away.*]

Mr. Whalley proposes to read *blin*. "The word, says he, is Saxon, " and the substantive *blin*, derived from *blinnan*, occurs in the *Sad Shepherd*. Yet the word occurs in Drayton, in the sense of stopping or staying, as it is used here by our Poet:

"Quoth Puck, my liege, I'll never *lin*,

"But I will thorough thick and thin. *Court of Fairy.*

"So that an emendation may be unnecessary, and *lin*, the same as "leave, might have been in common use."

The latter conjecture is certainly right, many instances may be produced.

The Return from Parnassus, A. 4. S. 3.

"Fond world, that ne'er think'st on that aged man,

"That Ariosto's old swift-paced man,

"Whose name is Time, who never *lins* to run,

"Loaden with bundles of decayed names.

A Chast Mayd in Cheapside. By Middleton. p. 36.

"You'll never *lin* 'till I make your tutor whip you; you know how I serv'd you once at the free schoole in Paul's Church Yard."

More Dissemblers besides Women, by the same. A. 3. S. 1.

"You nev'r *lin* railing on me, from one week's end to another."

Grim. Oh, miller, art thou gone? I am glad of it. I smelt my own infirmity every stroke I struck at him. Now, Joan, I dare boldly swear thou art my own; for I have won thee in the plain field. Now master Parson shall even strike it up; two or three words of his mouth will make her gammer Grim all the days of her life after.

Robin. Here is two well-favoured slaves!
Grim and I may curse all good faces,
And not hurt our own.

Joan. What, my love, how dost thou?

Grim. Even as a conqueror may do. Jug, for thy sake I have made the miller a poor cripple all the days of his life, good for nothing else but to be carried into the spittle-house.

Robin. Ay, there is one lie, for thou didst never hurt him.

Joan. I am glad thou 'scapedst, my love, and wast not hurt.

Grim. Who, I hurt! Joan thou knowest me not yet: thou mayest do better hereafter. I gave him five mortal wounds the first five strokes I made at him.

Robin. There are five lies clapt into one, for brevity's sake.

Grim. And presently, upon the fifth blow, I made a dangerous thrust at him, and violently overthrew him, horse and foot, and there he lay.

Robin. Nay, there you lie. The collier is excellent
To be companion to the devil himself.

Grim. But where's master Parson?

Joan. He was well bang'd, and knew not who it was did it,

And would have had me gone away with him.

Here lieth his nut-bag, and the miller's too:

They had no leisure to take them away.

Grim. The better for us, Joan; there is good crack-
ing work: it will increase household stuff. Come, let's
after the parson: we will comfort him, and he shall
couple us. I'll have Pounceby the painter score upon

our painted cloth * at home, all the whole story of our going a nutting this Holyrood-day ; and he shall paint me up triumphing over the miller.

[*Exeunt Grim and Joan.*

Robin. So let the collier now go boast at home
How he hath beat the miller from his love.
I like this modest country maid so well,
That I believe I must report in hell
Better of women than my master can.
Well, till my time's expir'd, I'll keep this quarter,
And night by night attend their merry meetings.

[*Exit Robin.*

Enter DUNSTAN with Earl LACY sick.

Dunstan. Let not your sickness add more feebleness
Unto your weaken'd age, but give me leave
To cure thy vain suspicious malady.
Thy eyes shall witness how thou art deceiv'd,
Misprizing thy fair lady's chastity :
For whilst we two stand closely here unseen,
We shall espy them presently approach.

Lacy. O shew me this, thou blessed man of God,
And thou shalt then make young my wither'd age.

Dunstan. Mark the beginning ; for here Musgrave
cometh.

Enter MUSGRAVE.

Musgrave. O thrice unhappy and unfortunate,
That having fit occasion proffer'd thee
Of conference with beauteous Honorea,
Thou overslipp'd it, and o'erslipp'dst thyself.
Never since wedlock tied her to the earl
Have I saluted her ; altho' report
Is blaz'd abroad of her inconstancy.
This is her evening walk and here will I
Attend her coming forth, and greet her fairly.

Lacy. See, Dunstan, how their youth doth blind our
age !
Thou dost deceive thyself, and bringest me
To see my proper shame and infamy.

* See note 67 to the *Honest Whore*, Pt. I. vol. III. and note 20 to the *Match at Midnight*, vol. VII. C.

Enter HONOREA.

But here she comes—my hope, my fear, my love.

Dunstan. Here comes the unstain'd honour of thy bed.

Thy ears shall hear her virtuous chaste replies,
And make thy heart confess thou dost her wrong.

Honorea. Now modest love hath banish'd wanton thoughts,

And alter'd me from that I was before,
To that chaste life I ought to entertain:

My heart is tied to that strict form of life,
That I joy only to be Lacy's wife.

Lacy. God fill thy mind with these chaste virtuous thoughts!

Musgrave. Oh now I see her, I am half asham'd
Of so long absence, of neglect of speech.

My dearest lady, patroness of beauty,
Let thy poor servant make his true excuse!

Honorea. Musgrave, I easily take your excuse,
Accusing my fond self for what is past.

Musgrave. Long time we wanted opportunity;
But now the forelock of well-wishing time

Hath bless'd us both, that here without suspect
We may renew the tenor of our loves.

Lacy. O Dunstan, how she smiles to hear him speak!

Honorea. No, child of fortune and inconstancy.
Thou shalt not train me, or induce my love

To loose desires, or dishonoured thoughts.
'Tis God's own work that struck a deep remorse

Into my tainted heart for my past folly.

Musgrave. O thou confound'st me! Speak as thou
wert wont,
Like Love herself, my lovely Honorea.

Honorea. Why how now, Musgrave! what esteem'st
thou me,

That thou provokest me, that first deny'd me?
I will not yield you reasons why I may not,

More than your own. You told me why you would not.

Musgrave. By Heavens, by thee, my saint, my happiness!

No torture shall controul my heart in this,
To teach my tongue deny to call thee love.

Honorea. Well, in regard that in my maiden-days
I lov'd thee well, now let me counsel thee.
Reclaim these idle humours; know thyself;
Remember me, and think upon my lord;
And let these thoughts bring forth those chaste effects,
Which may declare thy change unto the world:
And this assure thee—whilst I breathe this air,
Earl Lacy's honour I will ne'er impair. [*Exit Honorea.*]

Dunstan. Now your eyes see that which your heart
believ'd not.

Lacy. 'Tis a miracle beyond the reach
Of my capacity! I could weep for joy,
Would but my tears express how much I love her!
Men may surmise amiss in jealousy,
Of those that live in untouch'd honesty.

Musgrave. Is she departed? and do I conceive
This height of grief, and do no violence
Unto myself? Said she, I deny'd her?
Far be it from my heart to think that thought.
All ye that, as I do, have felt this smart,
Ye know how burthensome 'tis at my heart.
Hereafter never will I prosecute
This former motion, my unlawful suit;
But, since she is earl Lacy's virtuous wife,
I'll live a private, pensive, single life. [*Exit Musgrave.*]

Dunstan. God doth dispose all at his blessed will;
And he hath chang'd their minds from bad to good,
That we which see't may learn to mend ourselves.

Lacy. I'll reconcile myself to Musgrave's love:
I will recant my false suspicion,
And humbly make my true submission. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MARIAN chafing.

Marian. Say'st thou thou'lt make the house too hot
for me?

I'll soon abroad, and cool me in the air.
I'll teach him never scorn to drink his health
Whom I do love. He thinks to overcrow me
With words and blows, but he is in the wrong,

Begin he when he dares! Oh, he's too hot
And angry, to live long with Marian.
But I'll not long be subject to his rage:
Here 'tis shall rid him of his hateful life,
And bless me with the stile of widowhood.
'Twas Harvey's work to temper it so well,
The strongest poison that he could devise.

Enter CLINTON.

I have been too long subject to the slave;
But now I'll cast off that detested yoke.

Clinton. Musgrave, I see, is reconcil'd to th' earl;
For now I met him walking with lord Lacy.
Sure this is Marian's plot, and there she stands,
What, love, alone!

Marian. Ay, captain, much disturb'd
About the frantic doctor's jealousy;
Who, though he seem'd content when thou wast there,
He after fell reviling thee and me;
Robb'd me of all my jewels; locks his plate
In his own trunk; and lets me only live
To bear the idle title of his wife.

Clinton. Fair Marian, by a soldier's loyal faith,
If my employment any way may help
To set thee free from this captivity,
Use me in any sort: command my sword;
I'll do't as soon as thou shalt speak the word.

Marian. Now, by my true love, which I wish to thee,
I conjure thee with resolution
To slay that monster! Do not fail to do it!
For if thou dost, I would I had not spoke it.

Clinton. Now try me; and, when next we hap to
meet,
The doctor lies stone dead at Clinton's feet.

Marian. Nay, now I see thou lov'st me.

Clinton. Say no more.
If thou dost lothe him, he shall die therefore.

Marian. To-morrow morning will he early rise
To see earl Lacy: meet him in the cloister,
And make that place revenge his sanctuary,
This night will I break open all the trunks,

Rifle his caskets, rob him of his gold,
And all the doctor's treasure shall be thine.
If thou miscarry, yet this drink shall do it.

Enter CASTILIANO.

Castiliano. My wife's impatience hath left me alone,
And made my servant run, I know not whither.

Marian. Peace! here is our eye-sore. Clinton,
leave us now.

Clinton. Nay, now occasion smiles, and I will do it.

[Clinton draweth his sword.

Marian. Put up thy sword; be it thy morning's
work :

Farewell to-night, but fail me not to-morrow.

Clinton. Farewel, my love! No rest shall close these
eyes

Until the morning peep, and then he dies.

[Exit Clinton.

Castiliano. Now I remember, I have quite out-run
My time prefix'd to dwell upon the earth :

Yet Akercock is absent: where is he?

Oh, I am glad I am so well near rid

Of my earth's plague, and my lascivious dame.

Marian. Hath he discover'd my intendment,
That he presageth his ensuing death?

I must break off these fearful meditations.

Castiliano. How shall I give my verdict up to Pluto
Of all these accidents?

Marian. Why how now, man!

Castiliano. What my dear dame! my reconciled
spouse!

Upon my soul, my love to thee is more

Now at this present, than 'twas e'er before.

Marian. He hath descried me sure, he sootheth me
so!

Castiliano. I love thee now, because I now must
leave thee.

This was the day of my nativity,
And therefore, sweet wife, let us revel it.

Marian. Nay, I have little cause to joy at all.

Castiliano. Thou crossest still my mirth with discontents!

If ever heretofore I have displeas'd thee,
Sweet dame, I crave thy pardon now for all.

This is my birth-day, girl, I must rejoice:

Ask what thou wilt, and I will give it thee.

Marian. Should I but ask to lead a quiet life,
You hardly would grant this unto your wife;
Much less a thing that were of more import.

Castiliano. Ask any thing, and try if I'll deny thee.

Marian. Oh, my poor Musgrave, how hast thou been
wrong'd,

And my fair lady!

Castiliano. Use no preambles,
But tell me plainly.

Marian. Nay, remember them,
And join their slander to that love you owe me,
And then old Lacy's jealousy.

Castiliano. What then?

Marian. Nay, now I see you will not understand me.

Castiliano. Thou art too dark; speak plainly, and
'tis done.

Marian. Then doom the earl, and bless poor Musgrave's eyes

With Honorea's love; for this in thy hands lies.

Castiliano. How should I doom him?

Marian. How else, but to death?

Castiliano. As if his life or death lay in my hands!

Marian. He is thy patient, is he not?

Castiliano. He is.

Marian. Then in thy hands lie both his life and
death.

Sweet love, let Marian beg it at thy hand:

Why should the grey-beard live to cross us all?

Nay, now I see thee frown: thou wilt not do it.

Castiliano. Fie, fie, dame, you are too suspicious.
Here's my hand: that thou may'st know I love thee,
I'll poison him this night before I sleep.

Marian. Thou dost but flatter me.

Castiliano. Tush, I have sworn it.

Marian. And wilt thou do it?

Castiliano. He is sure to die.

Marian. I'll kiss thy lips for speaking that kind word:

But do it, and I'll hang about thy neck,
And curl thy hair, and sleep betwixt thy arms,
And teach thee pleasures which thou never knew'st.

Castiliano. Promise no more, and trouble me no more:

The longer I stay here, he lives the longer.
I must go to him now, and now I'll do it.
Go home and hasten supper 'gainst I come:
We will carouse to his departing soul.

Marian. I will, dear husband; but, remember me:
When thou hast poison'd him, I'll poison thee.

[*Exit Marian.*

Castiliano. O wonderful, how women can dissemble!
Now she can kiss me, hang about my neck,
And soothe me with smooth smiles and lewd intreaties.
Well, I have promis'd her to kill the earl;
And yet, I hope, ye will not think I'll do it*.
Yet I will sound the depth of their device,
And see the issue of their bloody drift.
I'll give the earl unknown to any man,
A sleepy potion, which shall make him seem
As if he were stark dead, for certain hours:
But in my absence no man shall report,
That for my dame's sake I did any hurt. [Exit.

* This must have been addressed to the audience, and may be adduced as some slight evidence of the antiquity of the play; as in later times, dramatists were not guilty of this impropriety. The old morality of *The Disobedient Child* (printed by T. Colwell, N.D.) has several instances of the kind; thus, the son says to the spectators:

"See ye not, my maysters, my father's advyse?"

"Have you the lyke at any time harde?"

Again, the Man-cook:

"Maysters, this woman did take such assage,

"And then in those dayes so applyed her booke." C.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter GRIM, with JOAN.

Grim. Nay, but Joan, have a care! bear a brain * for all at once. 'Tis not one hour's pleasure that I suspect more than your mother's good countenance. If she be asleep, we may be bold under correction; if she be awake, I may go my ways, and nobody ask me, Grim, whither goest thou? Nay, I tell you, I am so well beloved in our town, that not the worst dog in the street will hurt my little finger.

Joan. Why speak you this? You need not fear my mother,
For she was fast asleep four hours ago.

Grim. Is she, sure? Did you hear her snort in her dead sleep? Why then, Joan, I have an hour's mirth for thee.

Joan. And I a mess of cream for thee.

Grim. Why, there is one for another then: fetch it, Joan; we will eat and kiss, and be as merry as your cricket. [*Exit Joan for the cream.*] Art thou gone for it? Well, go thy ways for the kindest lass that ever poor collier met withal! I mean for to make short work with her, and marry her presently. I'll single her out, i'faith, till I make her bear double, and give the world to understand we will have a young Grim between us.

Enter JOAN with the cream.

Joan. Look here, my love, 'tis sweeten'd for thy mouth.

Grim. You have put none of your love-powder in it, to make me enamourable of you, have you, Joan? I have a simple pate, to expect you! [*One knocketh at the door.*] Joan, hark, my brains beat, my head works, and my mind giveth me: some lovers of yours come sneaking hither now; I like it not, 'tis suspicious.
[*One knocketh again.*]

* See note 19 to *All Fool's*, vol. IV. and note 25 to *Ram Alley*, vol. V. C.

Joan. You need not fear it; for there is none alive
Shall bear the least part of my heart from thee.

Grim. Say'st thou so? hold there still, and whoe'er
he be, open door to him.

*She openeth the door. Enter SHORTHOSE, and
ROBIN after him.*

Joan. What, Mr. Parson, are you come so late?
You are welcome; here's none but Grim and I.

Shorthose. Joan, I'll no more a nutting go,
I was so beaten to and fro;
And yet who it was I do not know.

Grim. What, Mr. Parson, are you come so late to
say evening song to your parishioners? I have heard
of your knavery. I give you a fair warning; touch her
no lower than her girdle, and no higher than her chin:
I keep her lips and her hips for my own use; I do,
and so, welcome.

Robin. This two hours have I dogg'd the parson round
About all Croydon, doubting some such thing.

Shorthose. No, Grim, I here forswear to touch
Thy Joan, or any other such:
Love hath been so cudgell'd out of me,
I'll go no more to wood with thee.

Robin. 'Twas Robin beat this holy mind into him.
I think more cudgelling would make him more honest.

Grim. You speak like an honest man, and a good
parson! and that is more. Here's Joan's benevolation
for us, a mess of cream and so forth. Here is your
place, Mr. Parson. Stand on the t'other side of the
table, Joan. Eat hard to-night, that thou may marry
us the better to-morrow.

Robin. What is my brother Grim so good a fellow?

[They fall to the cream.]

I love a mess of cream as well as they;
I think it were best I stept in and made one:
Ho, ho, ho²⁸, my masters! No good fellowship!

²⁸ *Ho, ho, ho.*] See note 45 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

Query, if the passages there quoted may not refer to this very
character of Akercock, and his dress, as described in A. 1. S. 1. C.

Is Robin Goodfellow a bug-bear grown,
 [Robin falleth to eat.
 That he is not worthy to be bid sit down?

Grim. O Lord save us! sure he is some country-devil; he hath got a russet coat upon his face.

Shorthose. Now, *benedicite!* who is this?

I take him for some fiend, I wiss²⁹;

Oh, for some holy-water here

Of this same place this sp'rit to clear!

Robin. Nay, fear not, Grim, come fall unto your cream:

Tut, I am thy friend; why dost not come and eat?

Grim. I, sir? truly, master devil, I am well here, I thank you.

Robin. I'll have thee come, I say. Why tremblest thou?

Grim. No, sir, not I; 'tis a palsy I have still.

Truly, sir, I have no great acquaintance with you.

Robin. Thou shalt have better, man, ere I depart.

Grim. I will not, and if I can choose.

Robin. Nay, come away, and bring your love with you.

Grim. Joan! you were best go to him, Joan.

Robin. What shall I fetch thee man? The cream is sweet.

Grim. No, sir, I am coming: much good do't you. I had need of a long spoon, now I go to eat with the devil³⁰.

²⁹ *I take him for some fiend, I wiss.*] So in the *Return from Parnassus*, A. 5. S. 4.

"I'll make thee run this lousy case, I wis."

Massinger's City Madam, A. 4. S. 4.

"—— 'Tis more comely,

"I wis, than their other whim-whams."

³⁰ *I had need of a long spoon.*] "He had need of a long spoon, that eats with the devil," is a proverbial phrase. See *Ray's Proverbs*, p. 97. So *Stephano* in the *Tempest*, A. 2. S. 2. alluding to this proverb, says, "This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon." See also *Comedy of Errors*, A. 4. S. 3. and *Chaucer's Squier's Tale*, v. 10916, Edit. 1775.

"Therefore behoveth him a ful long spone,

"That shall ete with a fiend."

Robin. The parson's penance shall be thus to fast.
Come tell me, Grim, dost thou not know me, man?

Grim. No, truly, sir; I am a poor man, fetcheth my living out of the fire; your worship may be a gentleman devil, for aught I know.

Robin. Some men call me Robin Goodfellow.

Grim. O lord! sir, Mr. Robert Goodfellow, you are very welcome, sir.

Robin. This half year have I liv'd about this town,
Helping poor servants to dispatch their work,
To brew and bake, and other husbandry.
Tut, fear not, maid; if Grim be merry,
I will make up the match between ye.

Grim. There will be a match in the devil's name!

Robin. Well, now the night is almost spent,
Since your affections all are bent
To marriage, and to constant love,
Grim, Robin doth thy choice approve;
And there's the priest shall marry you:
Go to it, and make no more ado:
Sirrah, sir priest, go get you gone,
And join both her and him anon;
But ne'er hereafter let me take you
With wanton love-tricks, lest I make you
Example to all stone-priests ever,
To deal with other men's loves never.

Shorthose. *Valete vos*, and God bless me,
And rid me from his company!
Come, Grim, I'll join you hand in hand,
In sacred wedlock's holy band.
I will no more a nutting go,
That journey caused all this woe.

Grim. Come, let's to hand in hand quickly. Mr. Robert, you were ever one of the honestest merry devils that ever I saw.

Joan. Sweet Grim, and if thou lovest me, let's away.

Grim. Nay, now, Joan, I spy a hole in your coat: if you cannot endure the devil, you'll never love the collier. Why, we two are sworn brothers. You shall see

me talk with him even as familiarly as if I should par-break* my mind and my whole stomach upon thee.

Joan. I prithee do not, Grim.

Grim. Who, not I? O lord, Mr. Robert Goodfellow, I have a poor cottage at home, whither Joan and I will jog us merrily. We will make you no stranger if you come thither. You shall be used as devilishly as you would wish, i'faith. There is never a time my cart cometh from London, but the collier bringeth a goose in his sack, and that with the giblets thereof is at your service.

Robin. This is more kindness, Grim, than I expected.

Grim. Nay, sir, if you come home, you shall find it true, I warrant you. All my whole family shall be at your devilship's pleasure; except my poor Joan here, and she is my own proper night-geer.

Robin. Gramercies, but away in haste; The night is almost spent and past.

Grim. God be with you, sir; I'll make as much haste about it as may be; for and that were once done, I would begin a new piece of work with you, Joan.

[*Exeunt all but Robin.*]

Robin. Now, joy betide this merry morn,
And keep Grim's forehead from the horn:
For Robin bids his last adieu
To Grim, and all the rest of you. [*Exit Robin.*]

Enter CLINTON alone.

Clinton. Bright Lucifer, go couch thee in the clouds,
And let this morning prove as dark as night!
That I unseen may bring to happy end
The doctor's murder, which I do intend.
'Tis early yet, he is not so soon stirring;
But stir he ne'er so soon, so soon he dies.
I'll walk along before the palace gate;
Then shall I know how near it is to day,
He shall have no means to escape away. [*Exit Clinton.*]

* This is a word which I apprehend is very seldom found in writers subsequent to the year 1600. It is used by Skelton, and sometimes by Spenser. See Todd's Johnson's Dict.

Enter CASTILIANO.

Castiliano. My trunk's broke open, and my jewels gone!

My gold and treasure stol'n! my house despoil'd
Of all my furniture, and nothing left!

No, not my wife, for she is stol'n away:

But she hath pepper'd me, I feel it work—

My teeth are loosen'd, and my belly swell'd;

My entrails burn with such distemper'd heat,

That well I know my dame hath poison'd me:

When she spoke fairest, then she did this act.

When I have spoken all I can imagine,

I cannot utter half that she intends;

She makes as little poisoning of a man,

As to carouse; I feel that this is true.

Enter CLINTON.

Nay, now I know too much of womankind.

Zounds, here's the captain! what should he make here

With his sword drawn? there's yet more villainy.

Clinton. The morning is far spent, but yet he comes
not:

I wonder Marian sends him not abroad.

Well, doctor, linger time, and linger life;

For long thou shalt not breathe upon the earth.

Castiliano. No, no, I will not live amongst ye long:

Is it for me thou wait'st, thou bloody wretch?

Here poison hath prevented thee in murder.

*Enter EARL MORGAN, ST. DUNSTAN with HONOREA
fainting, and MARIAN.*

Now here be they, suppose earl Lacy dead.

See, how this lady grieveth for that she wisheth:

Dunstan. My lord of London, by his sudden death,

And all the signs before his late departure,

'Tis very probable that he is poison'd.

Marian. Do you but doubt it? credit me, my lord,

I heard him say, that drink should be his last:

I heard my husband speak it, and he did it.

Castiliano. There is my old friend, she always speaks
for me.

Oh shameless creature! was't not thy device?

Morgan. Let not extremity of grief o'erwhelm thee,
My dearest Honorea; for his death shall be
Surely reveng'd with all severity
Upon the doctor, and that suddenly.

Clinton. What fortune's this, that all these come this
way

To hinder me, and save thy life to-day?

Honorea. My gracious lord, this doleful accident
Hath robb'd me of my joy: and, royal earl,
Though in thy life thou didst suspect my love,
My grief and tears suspicions shall remove.

Marian. Madam, to you, and to your father's love,
I owe as much and more than my own life.
Had I ten husbands should agree to do it,
My gracious lord, you presently should know it.

Castiliano. Ay, there's a girl! think you I did not well
To live with such a wife, to come from hell.

Marian. Look, look, my lord, there stands the mur-
derer!

Castiliano. How am I round beset on every side!
First, that same captain here stands to kill me;
My dame she hath already poisoned me;
Earl Morgan he doth threaten present death;
The countess Honorea, in revenge
Of Lacy, is extremely incens'd against me.
All threaten, none shall do it; for my date
Is now expired, and I must back to hell.
And now, my servant, wheresoe'er thou be,
Come quickly, Akercock, and follow me.
Lordings, adieu, and my curst wife farewell,
If me ye seek, come follow me to hell.

[*The ground opens, and he falls down into it.*]

Morgan. The earth that opened now is clos'd again.

Dunstan. It is God's judgment for his grievous sins.

Clinton. Was there a quagmire, that he sunk so soon?

Honorea. O miracle! now may we justly say,
Heavens have reveng'd my husband's death this day.

Morgan. Alas, poor Marian! we have wrong'd thee
much
To cause thee match thyself to any such.

Marian. Nay, let him go, and sink into the ground;

For such as he are better lost than found.
Now, Honorea, we are freed from blame,
And both enrich'd with happy widows' names.

Enter Earl LACY with FORREST, MUSGRAVE.

Lacy. O lead me quickly to that mourning train,
Which weep for me, who am reviv'd again.

Honorea. Marian, I shed some tears of perfect grief.
[*She falleth into a swoon.*]

Morgan. Do not my eyes deceive me? liveth my son?

Lacy. My lord and father, both alive and well
Recover'd of my weakness. Where's my wife?

Marian. Here is my lady, your beloved wife,
Half dead to hear of your untimely end.

Lacy. Look on me, Honorea; see thy lord:
I am not dead, but live to love thee still.

Dunstan. 'Tis God disposeth all things as he will:
He raiseth those the wicked wish to fall.

Clinton. Zounds, I still watch on this inclosed
ground;
For if he rise again, I'll murder him.

Honorea. My lord, my tongue's not able to re-
port
Those joys my heart conceives to see thee live.

Dunstan. Give God the glory: he recovered thee,
And wrought this judgment on that cursed man,
That set debate and strife among ye all.

Morgan. My lord, our eyes have seen a miracle,
Which after ages ever shall admire.
The Spanish doctor, standing here before us,
Is sunk into the bowels of the earth,
Ending his vile life by a viler death.

Lacy. But, gentle Marian, I bewail thy loss,
That wert maid, wife, and widow, all so soon.

Marian. 'Tis your recovery that joys me more
Than grief can touch me for the doctor's death.
He never lov'd me whilst he liv'd with me,
Therefore the less I mourn his tragedy.

Morgan. Henceforth we'll strictlier look to strangers' lives,

How they shall marry any English wives.

Now all men shall record this fatal day;

Lacy revived, the doctor sunk in clay.

[*The trumpets sound, exeunt omnes nisi Dunstan.*

Dunstan. Now is earl Lacy's house fill'd full of joy,
He and his lady wholly reconcil'd,

Their jars all ended: those that were like men

Transformed, turn'd unto their shapes again.

And, gentlemen, before we make an end,

A little longer yet your patience lend,

That in your friendly censures you may see

What the infernal synod do decree;

And after judge, if we deserve to name

This play of ours, *The devil and his dame.* [Exit.

It thunders and lighteneth. Enter PLUTO, MINOS,

*ÆACUS, RHADAMANTHUS, with FURY bringing in
MALBECCO'S Ghost.*

Pluto. Minos, is this the day he should return,
And bring us tidings of his twelvemonth spent?

*Enter BELPHAGOR, like a devil, with horns on his
head, and AKERCOCK.*

Minos. It is, great king, and here Belphagor comes.

Pluto. His visage is more ghastly than 't was wont.
What ornaments are those upon his head?

Belphagor. Hell, I salute thee! now I feel myself
Rid of a thousand torments. O vile earth,
Worse for us devils than hell itself for men!
Dread Pluto, hear thy subject's just complaint

[*Belphagor kneeleth to Pluto.*
Proceeding from the anguish of my soul.
O never send me more into the earth!
For there dwells dread and horror more than here.

Pluto. Stand forth, Belphagor, and report the truth
Of all things have betide thee in the world.

Belphagor. When first, great king, I came into the
earth,
I chose a wife both young and beautiful,
The only daughter to a noble earl;

But when the night came that I should her bed,
I found another laid there in her stead :
And in the morning when I found the change,
Though I deny'd her, I was forc'd to take her.
With her I liv'd in such a mild estate,
Us'd her still kindly, lov'd her tenderly ;
Which she requited with such light regard,
So loose demeanour, and dishonest life,
That she was each man's whore that was my wife.
No hours but gallants flock'd unto my house,
Such as she fancied for her loathsome lust,
With whom, before my face, she did not spare
To play the strumpet. Yea, and more than this,
She made my house a stew for all resorts,
Herself a bawd to others' filthiness :
Which, if I once began but to reprove,
Oh, then her tongue was worse than all the rest !
No ears with patience would endure to hear her,
Nor would she ever cease till I submit ;
And then she would speak me fair, but wish me
dead.

A hundred drifts she laid to cut me off,
Still drawing me to dangers of my life.
And now my twelvemonth being near expir'd,
She poison'd me ; and least that means should fail,
She entic'd a captain to have murdered me.
In brief, whatever tongue can tell of ill,
All that may well be spoken of my dame.

Akercock. Poor Akercock was fain to fly her sight,
For never an hour, but she laid on me ;
Her tongue and fist walked all so nimbly.

Pluto. Doth then, Belpagor, this report of thine
Against all women hold in general ?

Belpagor. Not so, great prince : for, as 'mongst
other creatures,
Under that sex are mingled good and bad.
There are some women virtuous, chaste, and true ;
And to all those the devil will give their due.
But, oh my dame ! born for a scourge to man,

For no mortality would endure that
Which she a thousand times hath offered me.

Pluto. But what new shapes are those upon thy
head?

Belphagor. These are the ancient arms of cuckoldry,
And these my dame hath kindly left to me;
For which Belphagor shall be here derided,
Unless your great infernal majesty
Do solemnly proclaim, no devil shall scorn
Hereafter still to wear the goodly horn.

Pluto. This for thy service I will grant thee freely:
All devils shall, as thou dost, like horns wear,
And none shall scorn Belphagor's arms to bear.
And now, Malbecco, hear thy latest doom.
Since that thy first reports are justified
By after-proofs, and women's looseness known,
One plague more will I send upon the earth:
Thou shalt assume a light and fiery shape,
And so for ever live within the world:
Dive into women's thoughts, into men's hearts;
Raise up false rumours, and suspicious fears;
Put strange inventions into each man's mind;
And for these actions they shall always call thee
By no name else but fearful Jealousy.
Go, Jealousy, be gone; thou hast thy charge;
Go, range about the world that is so large.
And now, for joy Belphagor is return'd,
The furies shall their tortures cast away,
And all hell o'er we'll make it holy-day.

[*It thundereth and lighteneth. Exeunt omnes.*]

EDITION.

Grim, the Collier of Croyden; or the Devil and his Dame : with the Devil and St. Dunston. By I. T. London. Printed in the year — *.

* The two other plays forming the *Ternary* bear date in 1662, but on the title-page of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon," it is left blank.

and the other two are the same as the first, but the third is a new edition, and is the most complete and accurate of the three.

EDITION.
The first edition of this work was published in 1754, and was the most complete and accurate of the three.

Grim, the Collier of Croydon; or the Devil and his Dame: with the Devil and St. Dunston. By J. T. London: Printed in the Strand.

* The two other plays forming the Tivoli series date in 1802, but on the title-page of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon," it is left blank.

The first edition of this work was published in 1754, and was the most complete and accurate of the three.

CITY NIGHT-CAP.

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CITY NIGHT-CLUB.

ROBERT DAVENPORT is a writer of whom scarce any particulars are known. Langbaine¹ says he was "the author of two plays in the reign of King Charles the Martyr, though not publish't 'till the reign of King Charles the second." Notwithstanding this authority, it is more probable that he wrote in the time of James the first, as two poems of a very grave cast were published by him in the year 1625, the one entitled, "*A Crowne for a Conqueror, from Rev. xx. 12,*" and the other, "*Too late to call backe Yesterday, and To-morrow comes not yet. The words fancied in a dialogue, supposed betweene a Lover and the Day.*" This last is dedicated to his noble friends, as he calls them, Mr. Richard Robinson² and Mr. Michael Bowyer; and in his address to them, he stiles both the poems some of the expence of his time at sea. From the address prefixed to the play of King John and Matilda, signed R. D. he appears to have been alive in the year 1655, when that piece was first published. He wrote, 1. "King John and Matilda, a tragedy, as it was acted with great applause by her majesties servants, at the Cock-pit in Drury-lane," 1655, 4to.* It was published for Andrew Pennycuicke,

¹ Lives of Dramatick Poets, p. 116.

² Both Robinson and Bowyer were players. The former is in the list of the performers in Shakspeare's plays, and acted in the *Roman Actor*. The name of the latter is to be found amongst the performers in *The Bondman*, by Massinger, *King John and Matilda*, &c.

* This tragedy was preceded in point of date by an excellent play entitled "A pleasant and witty comedy called a New Tricke to cheat the Divell," 1639, which was printed earlier than any of Davenport's other productions and seems to have been unknown to Mr. Reed. He is also stated to have been the author of the subsequent dramatic performances:

The Fatal Brothers.
The Politic Queen.
The Pedlar, and
Henry II.

In conjunction with Thomas Drue he likewise wrote a play

one of the performers, who says he was the last who played the character of Matilda. 2. "The City Night-Cap, or *Crede quod habes et habes*, a tragedy, as it was acted with great applause by her majesties servants, at the Phoenix in Drury-lane," 1661,* 4to. Mr. Malone says,³ he was the author of a play not published, called *The Pirate*.†

under the title of *The Woman's Mistaken*, as appears from the registers of the Stationers' Company. C

³ Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays.

* Davenport's *City Night Cap* was licensed for the Cockpit Company on the 24th Oct. 1624, by Sir H. Herbert; and it appears from the office-book of the same overseer, that Davenport had licence for "*The Historie of Henrie the first*," on the 10th April, 1624. These facts bear out the assertion that Davenport wrote in the reign of James I. (Chalm. Supp. Apol. 219. and Shaksp. III. 278.)

O. G.

† There can be little or no doubt of this fact, for in S. Sheppard's "Epigrams, theological, philosophical and romantic," 1651, is one "To Mr. Davenport on his play called *The Pirate*." C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE of VERONA.

DUKE of VENICE, *brother to Abstemia.*

DUKE of MILAN.

ANTONIO, *the duke's son.*

LORENZO, *husband to Abstemia.*

PHILIPPO, *his friend.*

LODOVICO, *husband to Dorothea.*

LORDS of Verona.

SENATORS of Venice.

SANCHIO, } *lords of Milan.*
SEBASTIANO, }

PANDULPHO.

SPINOSO.

JASPRO.

JOVANI.

FRANCISCO, *servant to Lodovico.*

PAMBO, *a clown.*

MORBO, *a pander.*

A Turk, slave to Antonio.

Two slaves to Lorenzo.

Officers and servants.

WOMEN ACTORS.*

ABSTEMIA, *Lorenzo's wife, and sister to the duke of Venice.*

DOROTHEA, *Lodovico's wanton lady.*

TIMPANINA, *a bawd.*

Ladies.

* i. e. Actors of women's parts; though *women actors* were brought upon the stage about the date when this play was printed, but not when it was first performed.

THE
CITY NIGHT CAP.*

ACT I.†

Enter LORENZO and PHILIPPO.

Lorenzo. THOU sha't try her once more.

Philippo. Fie, fie!

Lorenzo. Thou shalt do't.

If thou be'st my friend, thou'lt do't:

Philippo. Try your fair wife?

You know 'tis an old point, and wond'rous frequent
In most of our Italian comedies.

Lorenzo. What do I care for that? let him seek
new ones,

Cannot make old ones better; and this new point
(Young sir) may produce new smooth passages,
Transcending those precedent. Pray, will ye do't?

Philippo. Pray, fool yourself no farther: twice you
have sway'd me;

Twice I have try'd her; and 'tis not yet, ye know,

Ten days since our reconciliation.

How will it shew in you, so near a kinsman

* The plot of this play is taken partly from "Philomela, the Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale, by Robert Greene," 1592, 4to. which resembles the novel of the *Curious Impertinent* in *Don Quixote*, and partly from Boccace's *Decameron*, Day 7, Novella 7.

I. R.

† This play in the old copy is divided into acts, but not into scenes. It was therefore useless to mark "Scene I." at the beginning of each act, as Mr. Reed allowed it to stand, without the noting of any of the other scenes. C.

To the duke ; nay, having woven yourself into
The close-wrought mystery of opinion,
Where you remain a soldier, a man
Of brain and quality, to put your friend
Again on such a business, and to expose
Your fair wife to the tempest of temptation ?
And, by the white unspotted cheek of truth,
She is——

Lorenzo. A woman.

Philippo. A good woman.

Lorenzo. Pish.

Philippo. As far from your distrust, as bad ones are
from truth.

She is in love with virtue : would not boast it,
But that her whole life is a well-writ story.
Where each word stands so well plac'd, that it passes
Inquisitive detraction to correct.
She's modest, but not sullen, and loves silence ;
Not that she wants apt words, (for when she speaks,
She inflames love with wonder) but because
She calls wise silence the soul's harmony.
She's truly chaste ; yet such a foe to coyness,
The poorest call her courteous ; and which is excellent,
(Though fair and young) she shuns to expose herself
To the opinion of strange eyes. She either seldom
Or never walks abroad but in your company ;
And then with such sweet bashfulness, as if
She were venturing on crack'd ice ; and takes delight
To step into the print your foot hath made,
And will follow you whole fields : so she will drive
Tediumness out of time with her sweet character.
And therefore, good my friend, forbear to try
The gold has past the fire.

Lorenzo. Thou foolish friend,
Beauty, like the herb Larix, is cool i'th' water,
But hot i'th' stomach. Women are smooth flatterers,
But cunning injurers.

Philippo. Thou wond'rous yellow friend.
Temper an antidote with antimony,
And 'tis infectious : mix jealousy with marriage

It poisons virtue: let the child feel the sting,
He'll fly the honey-comb. Has she one action
That can expose you to distrust?

Lorenzo. Oh! when the Elesander-leaf looks most
green,
The sap is then most bitter. An approv'd appearance
Is no authentic instance: she that is lip-holy,
Is many times heart-hollow.—Here she comes.

Enter ABSTEMIA.

A prayer-book in her hand! oh hypocrisy!
How fell'st thou first in love with woman? wilt try again,
But this one time?

Philippo. Condition'd you will stand
Ear-witness to our conference; that you may take
In at your ear a virtue that will teach
Your erring soul to wonder.

Lorenzo. He would wittal me,
With a consent to my own horns. I will.
I'll give thee a new occasion: there lurks
In woman's blood a vindicating spirit.

Abstemia. I came, sir, to give you notice,
Count Lodovico, Stroimo, Spinoso, and Pandulpho,
With the rest of the consilliadory, certify
They are setting forth to meet the duke your kinsman,
Returning from Venice.

Lorenzo. Oh, there he has seen the duke your brother.

Abstemia. Yes, sir, and they stay but for your com-
pany.

Lorenzo. And you're cloy'd with't——

[*Kicks her, and exit. She weeps.*]

Philippo. And will you still be us'd thus? Oh,
madam,
I do confess twice I have batter'd at
The fort I fain would vanquish, and I know
Ye hold out more 'cause ye would seem a soldier,
Than in hate to the assailant. I am again
Inflam'd with those sweet fountains from whence flow
Such a pair of streams: Oh strong force of desire!
The quality should quench, hath set on fire.
I love you in your sorrows.

Abstemia. And I sorrow
 In nothing but your love. Twice, Philippo,
 Have I not beat back the impetuous storm
 Of thy incessant rudeness? Wilt thou again
 Darken fair honour with dishonesty?
 Thou know'st my lord hath long and truly lov'd thee
 In the wisdom of a friend, in a fair cause:
 He wears his good sword for thee, lays his heart
 A lodger in thy bosom, proclaims thee partner
 In all he hath, but me: Oh, be not counterfeit!
 We all conclude, a diamond with clouds
 The goldsmith casts into his dust: and a gentleman
 So blemish'd in his honour, blots his name
 Out of the herald's book, stands a lost man
 In goodness and opinion. Oh, Philippo,
 Make me once more so happy to believe
 'Tis but a painted passion.

Lorenzo. Most acute witch!*

Philippo. Come, learn of your city wagtail: with one
 eye
 Violently love your husband, and with t'other
 Wink at your friend.

Lorenzo. I will not trust you, brother.

Philippo. He seeks, will ye not have him find? cries
 ye out
 In his mad fits, a strumpet; rails at all women,
 Upon no cause, but because you are one:
 He gives wound upon wound, and then pours vinegar
 Into your bleeding reputation,
 Poison'd with bitter calumny. Pox on him.
 Pile a reciprocal reward upon him:
 Let ballad-mongers crown him with their scorns:
 Who buys the buck's-head well deserves the horns.
 Demur not on't, but clap them on.

Abstemia. You are, sir,
 Just like the Indian hyssop, prais'd of strangers
 For the sweet scent, but hated of the inhabitants

* Of course all that Lorenzo says in this scene in the presence of
 Abstemia is aside, and while he stands unseen by her. C.

For the injurious quality. Can he love the wife,
That would betray the husband? Hast thou not seen me
Bear all his injuries, as the ocean suffers
The angry bark to plough thorough her bosom,
And yet is presently so smooth, the eye
Cannot perceive where the wide wound was made?
And cannot this inform, I love him better
In his sour follies, than you in your sweet flatteries?
If Verona hath observ'd any errors in me,
I well may call for grace to amend them,
But will never fall from grace to befriend you.

Philippo. With what a majesty good women thunder!

Lorenzo. H'as given her some close nod that I am
here.

Abstemia. Rip up the end of thy intent, and see
How shame and fear do lurk where you would walk,
Like a pair of serpents in a flow'ry mead.
Lust sees with pleasure, but with fear doth tread.

Philippo. Very brave, woman!

Abstemia. What is the pleasure thou pursu'st? A sin
Finish'd with infinite sorrows. Read, and find
How barb'rous nations punish it with death:
How a minute's sin so stolen, tho' in the face
Sit summer calms, all smooth, yet thou wilt hear,
From the eternal alarm* of thy conscience,
How it sets within thy soul continual tempests,
Thunder, and dismal blackness! Mark but the course
Of the holy-seeming hollow man, and see
How he that glories Heaven with no honour,
Covets to glorify himself with honesty.
And, to put you past your hopes, let me leave this with
you:—

Thou may'st hold an elephant with a thread, eat fire
And not be burnt, or catch birds with desire,
Quench flame with oil, cut diamonds with glass,
Pierce steel with feathers: this thou may'st bring to
pass

* For the measure we ought to read,

“From the eternal *larum* of thy conscience,”
and so probably the author wrote, the old copy being misprinted. C.

Sooner than hope to steal the husband's right,
Whose wife is honest, and no hypocrite.* [Exit.

Philippo. What think you now, sir?

Lorenzo. Why now I do think it possible for the
world

To have an honest woman in it.—Goodbye, sir;
I must go meet the duke. Adieu.

Philippo. Farewell.

Oh jealousy! how near thou dwell'st to hell! [Ereunt.

Enter LODOVICO, PANDULPHO, SPINOSO, JASPRO,
JOVANI, and CLOWN.

Lodovico. The duke not seven leagues off? my horse,
rogues!

Pandulpho. Our negligence deserves just blame; and
how

'Twill please his grace to construe it, we know not.

Jaspro. But where's your fair chaste wife, my lord?

Lodovico. Marry, with my man Francisco. Oh that
fellow! She were undone without him; for indeed she
takes great pleasure in him: he learns her music. To
hear what counsel she will give him! if he but screw his
look sometimes with the pin, she will tell him straight
'twas an unchristian look. I love him dearly.

Spinoso. But can your honour never woo your lady
To a more sociable affability? She will not kiss,
Nor drink, nor talk, but against new fashions.

Lodovico. Oh, sir, she is my crown: nor is it requi-
site women should be so sociable. I have had such a
coil with her, to bring her but to look out at window!
When we were first married, she would not drink a cup
of wine, unless nine parts of it were water.

Omnes. Admir'd temperance!

Lodovico. Nay, and ye knew all, my lords, ye would
say so. T'other day I brought an English gentleman
home with me, to try a horse I should sell him: he (as

* The 4to reads;

"Whose wife *seems* honest, and no hypocrite."

Mr. Reed altered it as it stands in the text, and although he was
probably right, the change ought to have been noticed. C.

ye know their custom, though it be none of ours) makes at her lips the first dash.

Clown. He dash'd her out of countenance, I'm sure of that.

Lodovico. She did so pout and spit, that my hot-brain'd gallant could not forbear but ask the cause. Quoth she—

Clown. No, sir, she spit again before quoth she left her lips.

Lodovico. I think she did indeed: but then quoth she, a kiss, sir, is sin's earnest-penny. Is't not true, Pambo?

Clown. Very true, sir. By the same token, quoth he to her again, if you dislike the penny, lady, pray let me change it into English halfpence; and so gave her two for't.

Lodovico. But how she vex'd then! then she rattled him, and told him roundly, though confidence made cuckolds in England, she could no coxcombs in Italy.

Clown. But did ye mark how bitterly he clos'd it with a middling jest?

Lodovico. What was that, I pr'ythee?

Clown. Why, quoth he again, Confidence makes not so many cuckolds in England, but craft picks open more padlocks in Italy.

Jovani. That was something sharp.—But there she comes.

Enter DOROTHEA and FRANCISCO.

Lodovico. Ye shall see how I'll put ye all upon her presently.

Clown. Then I shall take my turn.

Dorothea. Francis.

Francisco. Madam.

Dorothea. Have you chang'd the ditty you last set?

Francisco. I have, madam.

Dorothea. The conceit may stand; but I hope you have clothed the method in a more christian-like apparel.

Francisco. I have, lady.

Dorothea. Pray, let me hear it now.

Francisco. *She that in these days looks for truth,
Seldom or never finds, in sooth.*

Dorothea. That's wondrous well.

Clown. Yes, in sadness.

Lodovico. Peace, sirrah! nay, she's built of modesty.

Francisco. *Even as a wicked kiss defiles the lips,
So do new fashions her that through them trips.*

Dorothea. Very modest language.

Francisco. *She that doth pleasure use for what 'twill
bring her,*

Will pluck a rose, although she prick her finger.

Dorothea. Put in hurt her finger, good Francis: the phrase will be more decent.

Pandulpho. Y'are a wondrous happy man in one so virtuous!

Lodovico. Nay, ye shall have no count Lorenzo of me, I warrant ye.

Clown. Nor no count Lorenzo's lady of your wife, I warrant ye.

Lodovico. Sweet chick, I come to take leave of thee: finger in eye already? We are all to meet the duke this afternoon, bird, who is now come from Venice: thou may'st walk and see the count Lorenzo's lady.

Dorothea. Alas! she's too merry for my company.

Jaspro. Too merry! I have seen her sad,
But very seldom merry.

Dorothea. I mean, my lord,
That she can walk, tell tales, run in the garden.

Clown. Why, then your ladyship may hold your tongue, say nothing, and walk in the orchard.

Dorothea. She can drink a cup of wine not allay'd* with water.

Clown. Why then you may drink a cup of water without wine.

Dorothea. Nay, if a nobleman come to see her lord. She will let him kiss her too, against our custom.

* The quarto has it, "not *delayed* with water."

Pandulpho. Why a modest woman may be kiss'd by accident, yet not give the least touch to her reputation.

Lodovico. Well said: touch her home.

Dorothea. Nay, but they may not: she that will kiss, they say, will do worse, I warrant her.

Jovani. Why I have seen you, madam, kiss'd against your will.

Dorothea. Against my will, it may be I have been kiss'd indeed.

Clown. Pshaw, there's nothing against a woman's will; and I dare be sworn, if my lady kiss but any one man, 'tis because she cannot do with all.

Lodovico. Nay, I know that to be true, my lords: and at this time, because you cannot do with all, pray kiss them in order; kiss her all over, gentlemen, and we are gone.

Dorothea. Nay, good my lord, 'tis against our nation's custom.

Lodovico. I care not; let naturals love nations:
My humour's my humour.

Spinosa. I must have my turn too, then.

Jovani. It must go round.

Dorothea. Fie, fie.

Lodovico. Look how she spits now!

Jaspro. The deeper the sweeter, lady.

Clown. The nearer the bone, the sweeter the flesh, lady.

Dorothea. How now, sauce-box!

Clown. Did not my lord bid the gentlemen kiss you all over?

Lodovico. I have sweet cause to be jealous, have I not, gentlemen? no: *Crede quod habes, et habes* still: he that believes he has horns, has them. Will you go bring my horse, sir?

Clown. I will bring your horse, sir, and your horse shall bring his tail with him. [Exit.

Lodovico. Francis, I pr'ythee stay thou at home with thy lady. Get thy instrument ready; this me-

laucholy will spoil her : before these lords here, make her but laugh, when we are gone——

Francisco. Laugh before these lords when they are gone sir !

Lodovico. Pish ; I mean, make her laugh heartily before we come home, and before these lords, I promise thee a lease of forty crowns per annum.

Francisco. Can ye tell whether she be ticklish, sir ?

Lodovico. Oh, infinitely ticklish !

Francisco. I'll deserve your lease, then, ere you come home, I warrant.

Lodovico. And thou shalt ha't, i'faith, boy.

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. Your horse is ready, sir.

Lodovico. My lords, I think we have staid with the longest. Farewell, Doll. *Crede quod habes, et habes*, gallants.

Pandulpho. Our horses shall fetch it up again. Farewell, sweet lady.

Jaspro. Adieu, sweet mistress : and whensoe'er I marry,

Fortune turn up to me no worse card than you are.

Clown. And whensoe'er I marry, Venus send me a card may save Fortune the labour, and turn up herself.

[*Exeunt.*]

Dorothea. How now ? why loiter you behind ? why ride not you along with your lord ?

Francisco. To lie with your ladyship.

Dorothea. How ?

Francisco. In the bed, upon the bed, or under the bed.

Dorothea. Why, how now Francis !

Francisco. This is the plain truth on't, I would lie with ye.

Dorothea. Why Francis——

Francisco. I know too that you will lie with me.

Dorothea. Nay, but Francis——

Francisco. Plague of Francis ! I am neither Frank nor Francis,

But a gentleman of Milan, that even there
Heard of your beauty, which report there guarded
With such a chastity, the glittering'st sin
Held no artillery of power to shake it.
Upon which, I resolv'd to try conclusions;
Assum'd this name and fortune, sought this service:
And I will tell ye truly what I guess you.

Dorothea. You will not ravish me, Francis?

Francisco. No; but unravel ye, in two lines experience writ lately:

Extremes in virtue, are but clouds to vice;

She'll do i'th' dark, who is i'th' day too nice.

Dorothea. Indeed ye do not well to belie me thus.

Francisco. Come, I'll lie with thee, wench, and make all well again. Though your confident lord makes use of *Crede quod habes, et habes*, and holds it impossible for any to be a cuckold, can believe himself none, I would have his lady have more wit, and clap them on.

Dorothea. And, truly Francis, some women now would do't.

Francisco. Who can you chuse more convenient to practise with than me, whom he doats on? where shall a man find a friend but at home? so you break one proverb's pate, and give the other a plaster. Is't a match, wench?

Dorothea. Well, for once it is: but and ye do any more, indeed I'll tell my husband.

Francisco. But when shall this once be? now?

Dorothea. Now? no indeed, Francis.

It shall be soon at night, when your lord's come home.

Francisco. Then! how is it possible?

Dorothea. Possible! women can make any of these things possible, Francis: now many casualties may cross us; but soon at night my lord, I'm sure, will be so sleepy, what with his journey, and deep healths for the duke's return, that before he goes to bed (as he uses still, when he has been hard a drinking) he will sleep upon the bed in's cloaths so sound, bells would not wake him, rung in the chamber.

Francisco. The cuckold slumbers; and though his wife hit him o'th' forehead with her heel, he dreams of no such matter.

Dorothea. Now Pambo, that makes him merry in his chamber, shall, when the candle's out and he asleep, bring you into the chamber.

Francisco. But will he be secret?

Dorothea. Will he, good soul! I am not to try him now.

Francisco. 'Sfoot, this is brave,
My kind lord's fool, is my cunning lady's knave.
But pray how then?

Dorothea. When you are at door, on right before you, you shall feel the bed; give me but softly a touch, I'll rise, and follow you into the next chamber: but truly and you do not use me kindly, I shall cry out and spoil all.

Francisco. Use you kindly! was lady e'er us'd cruelly i'th' dark? Do you but prepare Pambo and your maid, let me alone with her mistress. About eleven I desire to be expected.

Dorothea. And till the clock strike twelve, I'll lie awake.

Francisco. Now ye dare kiss?

Dorothea. Once with my friend, or so; yet you may take two, Francis.

Francisco. My cast is ames-ace then.

Dorothea. Deuce-ace had got the game.

Francisco. Why then you're welcome. Adieu, my dainty mistress.

Dorothea. Farewell, kind Francis. [Exeunt.]

Enter LORENZO, as from horse.

Lorenzo. I have given them all the slip, the duke and all,

And am at home before them. I cannot rest,
Philippo and my wife run in my mind so:
I know no cause why I should trust him more
Than all the world beside. I remember
He told her that I bought the buck's-head, therefore
Deserv'd the horns: altho' I bid him try her,

Yet I did not bid him bid her with one eye
Love me, and with the other wink at a friend.
How we long to grow familiar with affliction;
And, as many words do aptly hold concordance
To make one sentence, just so many causes
Seem to agree, when conceit makes us cuckolds.

Enter PHILIPPO and ABSTEMIA.

And here comes proof apparent; hand in hand too:
Now their palms meet, that grasp begets a bastard!

Philippo. By your white hand I swear 'twas only so.

Lorenzo. Poison of toads betwixt ye!

Abstemia. Philippo, you have fully satisfy'd me.

Lorenzo. Insatiate whore! could not I satisfy ye?
I shall commit a murder, if I stay:

I'll go forge thunder for ye. Oh let me

Never more marry! what plague can transcend
A whorish wife, and a perfidious friend! *[Exit.*

Philippo. By the unblemish'd faith then of a gentle-
man,

And by your potent goodness, a great oath,
(For you are greatly good) by truth itself,
(For still I swear by you) what again hath past,
Was at the first but trial of your chastity,
Far above time or story: as I speak truth,
So may I prosper.

Abstemia. And came these trials from your breast
only?

Philippo. Only from my breast; and by the sweet
Excellent blush of virtue; there is in you
Plenty of truth and goodness.

Abstemia. You have nobly
Appeas'd the storm o'ertook you, and you are
Again a good man.

*Enter LORENZO, PANDULPHO, SPINOSO, JASPRO,
JOVANI.*

Lorenzo. Traitor to truth and friendship!
Did not mine honour hold me, I should rip out
That blushing hypocrite thy heart, that hath broke
So strong a tie of faith: but behold,

How much of man is in me! there, I cast them
From this believing heart, to the iron hand
Of law, the wrong'd man's saint.

Philippo. What means this?

Pandulpho. My lord, here's warrant
For what's done, immediate from the duke;
By force of which you're early i'th' morning
Before his grace to answer to such injuries
The count Lorenzo shall allege against you.

Philippo. Injuries! Why, friend, what injuries?

Lorenzo. Can ye spell stag, sir? 'tis four letters with
two horns.

Good gentlemen, convey him from my fury,
For fear of greater mischief.

Philippo. Thou yellow fool! [Exit.

Abstemia. I would you would instruct me, noble
sir,

But how to understand all this.

Lorenzo. Do ye see her? look on her all, and
wonder:

Did ye ever see so foul guilt stand underneath
A look so innocent?

Jovani. I should have pawn'd
My blood upon her honour.

Pandulpho. Colours not in grain,
Make as fair shew, but are more apt to stain.

Abstemia. My lord.

Lorenzo. Ye whore! [Kicks her. She swoons.

Jaspro. Look to the lady.

Lorenzo. Look to her! hang her: let me send her
now

To the devil, with all her sins upon her head.

Spinoso. Bear her in gently, and see her guarded.

Pandulpho. You are too violent, my lord.

Lorenzo. That men should ever marry! that we
should lay our heads,
And take our horns up out of women's laps!

Jovani. Be patient, good sir.

Lorenzo. Yes, and go make potguns.

Jaspro. 'Tis late, and sleep would do you good, my lord.

Lorenzo. Sleep! why, do you think I am mad, sir?

Jaspro. Not I, my lord.

Lorenzo. Then you do lie, my lord,
For I am mad, horn mad: I shall be acted
In our theatres of Verona. Oh! what poison's
Like a false friend? and what plague more ruinous
Than a lascivious wife? they steal our joys,
And fill us with affliction: they leave our names
Hedg'd in with calumny: in their false hearts
Crocodiles breed, who make grief their disguise,
And, in betraying, tears 'stil through their eyes.
Oh! he that can believe he sleeps secure
In a false friend's oath, or in a bad wife's arms,
Trusts Circe's witchcraft, and Calypso's charms.

Omnes. 'Tis late, let's to the court. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT II.

*A bed thrust out. LODOVICO sleeping in his clothes;
DOROTHEA in bed. Enter CLOWN leading in FRANCISCO.*

Francisco. Softly, sweet Pambo: are we in the chamber yet?

Clown. Within a yard of my lady, and ye can be quiet.

Francisco. Art sure my lord's asleep?

Clown. I know not; I'll go and ask him.

Francisco. No, no, no, do not wake him; we are undone then, man.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha, now do I see cuckold-making is as ticklish a profession as coney-catching. My lord was so paid with healths at court, he's fast enough.

Francisco. But still I pursue wonder,
Why my lady should prescribe this strange,
Nay wondrous desperate way to her desires.

Clown. Is that a question to ask now? would you would grope out the bed; for I sleep in my talk, I am sure of that. [*Lodovico coughs.*]

Francisco. We are lost for ever! did he not cough?

Clown. 'Tis nothing but the last cup comes up in stew'd-broth. If ever you make true whore-master, I'll be bound to resign my place up to my lord's page: sea-sick before you come to th' salt water! let me go in your stead.

Francisco. No, I'll venture, stood a gulf between, Belching up a tempest. Oh valiant lust! How resolute thou go'st to acts unjust! Pambo, good night. Desire drowns fear, in presuppos'd delight.

Clown. Turn of your left hand, 'twill lead you to the devil, to my lady, I should say, presently. [*Exit.*]

Francisco. Let me see: Four steps on the left hand. I have the bed, And on this side she lies. 'Sfoot, there's beard! But all's well yet, she lies on this side sure. I have her: 'tis her hand, I know the touch. It melts me into passion. I have much ado To contain my wild desires. As the wind strains In caverns lock'd, so through my big swoln veins. My blood cuts capers.

Dorothea. Who's there?

Francisco. 'Tis I.

Dorothea. Francis!

Francisco. Fortunate Francis, that was wrapp'd in's mother's smock.

Dorothea. Give me your hand, Francis.

Francisco. There 'tis. I melt already!

Dorothea. My lord! count Lodovico, awake!

Francisco. I am lost for ever, madam.

Dorothea. My lord! my lord!

Francisco. If I pull too hard, I shall pull her out o' th' bed too.

Dorothea. My lord, will ye not wake?

Lodovico. What's the matter? what's the matter?

Francisco. How I do dwindle!

Dorothea. Pray, hear me, sir; I cannot sleep till
you

Have resolv'd me one thing.

Lodovico. What is't, sweetheart?

Dorothea. Of all your men, which do you love best?

Lodovico. That's a strange question to ask at mid-
night! Francisco.

Dorothea. And that same false Francisco in your
absence

Most lewdly tempted me to wrong your bed.

Francisco. Was ever woodcock catch'd thus!

Lodovico. Oh rogue, I'll go cut's throat sleeping.

Dorothea. Nay, I have fitted him most daintily.

Francisco. Now, now, now, now, I am spitted.

Dorothea. I seem'd sweetheart, to consent to him—

Francisco. A plague of seemings. I were best con-
fess,

And beg pardon.

Dorothea. And to make him sure for your revenge, I
appointed

About this hour, the door left ope on purpose——

Francisco. Ah!

Dorothea. To meet me in the garden.

Francisco. All's well again.

Dorothea. Now sweetheart,

If thou would'st but steal down thither, thou might'st
Catch him, and snap the fool very finely.

Lodovico. Oh my sweet birds-nie! what a wench
have I

Of thee! *Crede quod habes, et habes* still.

And I had thought it possible to have been

Cuckolded, I had been cuckolded.

I'll take my rapier as I go, sirrah;

And the night being dark, I'll speak like thee,

As if thou hadst kept thy word. Oh villain!

Nothing vexes me, but that he should think

I can be a cuckold, and have such a lady.

Do thou lie still, and I'll bring thee his heart

For thy monkey's breakfast.

Dorothea. And would you part unkindly, and not kiss me?

Lodovico. I have no more manners than a goose.
Farewell,

My chaste delicious Doll. What may his life
Be compar'd to, that meets with such a wife! [Exit.

Enter CLOWN.

Francisco. Pish, Pambo.

Clown. Here, boy.

Francisco. Go meet him in the garden, and hark.

Clown. Excellent! I'll play my lady, I warrant ye.

Francisco. Do't daintily.

Clown. Well, I may hope for a 'squire's place; my father was a coster-monger⁴. [Exit.

Francisco. Well, now I see, as he who fain would know

The real strain of goodness, may in her read it,

⁴ Well, I may hope for a squire's place; my father was a coster-monger.] A coster-monger is a seller of apples; and an apple-squire was formerly a cant term for a pimp.

Erasmus's Praise of Folie. Sign. P.

"Or doo you judge peradventure they coulde easily fynde in their hertes, that so many scriveners, so many registrers, so manie notaries, so many advocates, so many promoters, so many secretaries, so many moyleters, so many horsekeepers, so many gentlemen of householde, so many apple-squires, so many baudes, I had almost spoken a softer worde," &c.

Faults, and nothing but Faultes, by Barnaby Rich. 1606. p. 24.

"—— Shee shall not want the assistance of her ruffians, her apple-squires, and of those brothell queanes that lodge, that harbour, and that retain her."

Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour. A. 4. S. 10.

"Well, good wife bawd, Cob's wife, and you,

"That make your husband such a hoddy doddy;

"And you, young apple-squire, and old cuckold-maker,

"I'll ha' you every one before a justice."

See also *Dekker's Belman of London.* Sign. H. 2.

"Women in those dayes might sore have distained their newlie risen opinion of holines, if they had chaunced to haue bene with childe by the prelates, and therefore other spiritual remedies were sought out for them by their good providers and proctors; ye may if ye will call them apple-squires." *Bales Actes of Englyshe votaries,* part I. fol. 27. Col. 2. Edit. 1550. O. G.

Who can seem chaste, but not be what she seems :
So, who would see hell's craft, in her may read it,
Who can seem too, but not be what she seems.
In brief, put him to school (would cheat the de'il of's
right)

To a dainty smooth-fac'd female hypocrite. [Exit.

Enter LODOVICO and CLOWN.

Lodovico. Here's a wife, Pambo!

Clown. Now, *Crede quod habes, et habes*, sir.

Lodovico. Why, right man; let him believe he has
horns, and he has 'em.

Clown. To discover upon the pinch to ye!

Lodovico. Oh! you kind loving husbands, like my-
self,

What fortunes meet ye full but with such wives.

Clown. Fortune's i' th' fashion of hay-forks.

Lodovico. Sirrah Pambo, thou shalt seldom see a harsh
fellow have such a wife, such a fortunate wedding.

Clown. He will go to hanging as soon.

Lodovico. No, no; we loving souls have all the for-
tunes.

There's count Lorenzo for example now;

There's a sweet coil to-morrow 'bout his wife.

He has two servants that will take their oaths

They saw her dishonest with his friend count Philippo;

Nay, in the very act. Now what was't brought her
to't,

But his dogged usage of her?

Clown. Nay, she never liv'd a good day with him.

Lodovico. How she goes flaunting too! she must
have a

Feather in her head, and a cork in her heel.

Clown. Ay, that shews her light from head to heel,
sir; and who have heavier heads than those whose
wives have light heels? that feather confounds her.

Lodovico. I shall so laugh to hear the comical his-
tory of the great count Lorenzo's horns: but as I have
such a wife now, what a villain did I entertain to
teach her music? H'as done her no good since he
came, that I saw.

Clown. Hang him, h'as made her a little perfect in prick-song, that's all; and it may be, she had skill in that before you married her too.

Lodovico. She could sing at the first sight, by this hand, Pambo.

But hark! I hear somebody.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Clown. 'Tis he sure; h'as a dreaming whoremaster's pace. Pray, let me practise my lady's part, and counterfeit for her.

Lodovico. Canst thou imitate to th' life?

Clown. Can I? Oh wicked Francis!

Lodovico. Admirable! Thou shalt do't.

Clown. Pray, be you ready with your rapier to spit him then, and I'll watch him a good turn, I warrant ye.

Francisco. Here they are. If Pambo now comes off with his part neatly, the comedy passes bravely. Who's there——madam?

Clown. Francis?

Francisco. The same.

Clown. I think this place lies too open to the air, Francis?

Lodovico. Delicate Pambo.

Clown. And truly there's a great dew fallen to-night; The grass is wondrous wet.

Lodovico. Sweet rogue!

Clown. Come, Francis,
And let us sport ourselves in yonder rushes,
And being set, I'll smother thee with busses.

Lodovico. Oh villain!

Francisco. Hear me, lady:

It is enough, my lord hath now a friend
In these dishonest days, that dares be honest.

Lodovico. How is this?

Clown. Nay, for thy lord, he's a mere coxcomb,
Francis.

Lodovico. Out, rogue!

Francisco. 'Tis but your bad desires that tell you so.
Can I contain a heart, or can that heart
Harbour a thought of injury 'gainst him,

Under whose wing I safely stretch my pinions?
Has he not nobly entertain'd me? stand I not
Next neighbour, save yourself, unto his heart?

Lodovico. Ay, by this hand dost thou.

Francisco. And should I quit him thus? No, lady,
no.

Lodovico. Brave Frank!

Francisco. I am too wise to fall in love with woe,
Much less with woman. I but took advantage
Of my lord's absence for your trial, lady.
For fear some fellow (far hotter rein'd than I)
Might have sought, and sped: and I would be loath
A lord so loving——

Lodovico. Shalt have five leases, by these fingers.

Francisco. Should have a lady false.
Back, lady, to your yet unblemish'd bed:
Preserve your honour, and your lord's——calf's head.

Clown. Well, Francis, you had been better—if I do
not tell my lord of this!

Lodovico. He has put him to't now.

Francisco. Then I am lost for ever:
You'll turn it all on me, I know; but ere
I'll live to wrong so good a lord, or stand
The mark unto your malice, I will first
Fall on my sword and perish.

Lodovico. Hold, hold, hold, man.

Francisco. Ha, who are you?

Lodovico. One that has more humanity in him, than
to see a proper fellow cast himself away, I warrant thee.
'Tis I, 'tis I, man: I have heard all.

Clown. And 'twas I play'd my lady, to have snapp'd
ye.

Francisco. Has she been then so good to tell your
honour?

Now am I worse afflicted than before,
That she should thus outrun me in this race
Of honesty.

Lodovico. Nay, sh'as bobb'd thee bravely.
Sh'as a thousand of these tricks, i'faith, man:

But howsoever, what I have found thee, I have found thee.

Hark in thine ear, shalt have five leases,
And mine own nag, when th'ast a mind to ride.

Francisco. Let me deserve, sir, first.

Lodovico. Shalt have them. I know what I do, I warrant thee.

Francisco. I joy in such a lady.

Lodovico. Nay, there's a couple of you, for a wife and a friend. Shalt be no more my servant. I had thought to have made thee my steward, but thou'rt too honest for the place, that's the truth on't.

Clown. His superfluity is my necessity. Pray, let me ha't, sir.

Lodovico. I will talk with thee to-morrow, Pambo: thou shalt have something too: but I'll go to bed. Honest Francis, the dearest must part, I see. I will so hug the sweet rascal, that thinks every hour ten, till I come yonder! Good night, Frank.

To bed, Pambo. What delight in life
Can equal such a friend and such a wife?

So, my dainty Doll, I come to thee. [Exit.]

Clown. So a city night-cap go with thee—But shall I not be thought on for my night's service?

Francisco. Oh look ye, pray forget not ye had something.

Clown. Well, and pray do you remember I had nothing.

Francisco. Nothing! what's that?

Clown. Nothing before I had something, I mean. So you are well return'd from Utopia.

Francisco. You're very nimble, sir: good-morrow.

[Exeunt.]

A bar set out. Enter the DUKE of VERONA, PANDULPHO, SPINOSO, JASPRO, JOVANI, LORENZO, PHILIPPO, ABSTEMIA, a guard, and two slaves.

Verona. Call the accus'd to th' bar.

Philippo. We appear,
With acknowledg'd reverence to the presence.

Verona. We meet not
To build on circumstances, but to come plainly
To the business that here plac'd us. Cousin Lorenzo,
You have free leave to speak your griefs; but this
Desire the senate to observe, and nearly:
I come here not your kinsman; neither, madam,
Looking unto the greatness of your blood,
As you are sister to the duke of Venice;
But as an equal judge, I come to doom,
As circumstances and proof informs.

Lorenzo. Thus then,
(Great sir, grave lords, and honourable auditors
Of my dishonour) I affirm 'tis known
To th' signory of Verona, the whole city;
Nay, the great multitude without, that come
This day to hear unwilling truth, can witness,
How since my marriage with that woman (weep'st thou?
Oh truth, who would not look thee in a woman's tears!
But showers that fall too late, produce dear years)
All know that since our marriage, I have perform'd
So fairly all judicial wedlock-offices,
That malice knew not how at my whole actions
To make one blow, and to strike home. I did rather
Honour her as a saint, sir, than respect her
As she was my wife: on pilgrimage I sent
All my endeavours to the fair seeming shrine
Of their desires, where they did offer daily
A plenal satisfaction, which she seem'd
Reciprocally to return, pay'd back
As much obedience as I lent of love:
But then the serpent stings, when like a dove
Opinion feathers him: women's sweet words⁵
As far are from their hearts (though from their breasts
They fly) as lapwings' cries are from their nests.

Pandulpho. Oh you inveigh.

Lorenzo. I would appear no satire.
And for this man (how fain I would call him friend!)

⁵ *Women's sweet words, &c.*] See note 19, to Alexander and Campaspe, vol. II.

I appeal to the whole state, if at the fight
Betwixt Biserta gallies and your grace,
Wherein you pleas'd to send me general there,
That he deserv'd (let me not take from him
His merit's meet confession) but I was there,
The man (the erring man) that crown'd his merit
With approbation and reward; brought him home,
Prefer'd him to those graces you heap'd on him:
Wore him a neighbour to my heart, as lovers
Wear jewels, left by their dead friends. I lock'd him
Into my heart, and double-barr'd him there
With reason and opinion: his extremities
Fasten'd me more unto him, whilst like an arch
Well built, by how much the more weight I bore,
I stand the stronger under him; so lov'd him,
That in his absence still mine ear became
A sanctuary to his injur'd name.

Verona. And what from hence infer you?

Lorenzo. That 'twas base,
Base in the depth of baseness, for this wife
So honour'd, and this smooth friend so lov'd,
To conspire betwixt them my dishonour.

Verona. How?

Lorenzo. To stain my sheets with lust, a minute's
theft;
To brand perpetually three faces; a husband's,
A wife's, and friend's.

Abstemia. Oh, good my lord,
Cast out this devil from you.

Lorenzo. Oh, good my lady,
Keep not the devil within you, but confess.

Philippo. Hear me, great sir; I will confess, Lorenzo,
And print thee down the fool of passion.

Spinoso. Speak, sir.

Philippo. 'Tis true, this boasting man did thus erect
me
In his opinion, plac'd me in his love,
Grac'd me with courtesies: Oh the craft of jealousy!
As boys, to take the bird, about the pit
Cast wheat and chaff, contriving a neat train

To entice her to her ruin ; so this friend
Falsar than city-oaths, it is not doubted,
Having so far indear'd me, when he came
To enjoy a fair wife guess'd it impossible
For me to share with him in all things else,
And not in her ; (for fair wives oft we see
Strike the discord in sweet friendship's harmony :)
And having no way to insnare me so,
To separate our loves, he seriously
Woo'd me to try his wife.

Lorenzo. 'Tis false.

Philippo. 'Tis true,

By all that honest men may be believed by.
Three several times I try'd her, by him urg'd to't,
Yet still my truth not started, kept so constant,
That till this hour this lady thus much knew not.
I bore her brave reproofs. Oh when she spake,
The saints sure listen'd, and at every point
She got th' applause of angels! now upon this,
This jealous lord infers (and it may be
But to shun futurity) that I
(His betray'd friend) could not hold the cup,
But I must drink the poison. No, Lorenzo,
An honest man is still an unmov'd rock,
Wash'd whiter, but not shaken with the shock.
Whose heart conceives no sinister device,
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.

Verona. Cousin, did you, as your friend here affirms,
Counsel him to these trials?

Lorenzo. I?

Philippo. You did.

Lorenzo. Philipppo, thou art fallen from a good man,
And hast ta'en leave of modesty. Let these my ser-
vants

(That incredulity should be induction
To my more certain shame) let these speak
And relate what they saw: they grew so public,
My servants could discover them.

Pandulpho. Speak, friends, be fearless;
And what you know, even to a syllable,

Boldly confess.

First Slave. Then know, great sir, as soon
As e'er my lord was gone to meet your grace,
Signor Philippo and my lady privately
Went up to her bed-chamber: we two suspecting
What afterwards we found, stole softly up,
And through the key-hole (for the door was lock'd)
We saw my lady and count Philippo there
Upon the bed, and in the very act,
As my lord before affirm'd.

Abstemia. Canst thou hear, Heaven,
And withhold thy thunder?

Philippo. My lords, one devil, ye know,
May possess three bodies.

Verona. Will you swear this, sir?

First Slave. I will, my lord.

Spinoso. And you?

Second Slave. I will, and dare, sir.

Lorenzo. Brave rascals!

Verona. Reach them the book.

Abstemia. Ye poor deluded men, oh do not swear!

Lorenzo. Think of the chain of pearl.

First Slave. Give us the book:

That we affirm the truth, the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth, we swear.

Pandulpho. Believe me, I am sorry for the lady.

Philippo. How soon

Two souls, more precious than a pair of worlds,
Are levell'd below death!

Abstemia. Oh hark! did you not hear it?

Omnes. What, lady?

Abstemia. This hour a pair of glorious towers are
fallen;

Two goodly buildings beaten with a breath
Beneath the grave. You all have seen this day,
A pair of souls both cast and kist away.

Spinoso. What censure gives your grace?

Verona. In that I am a kinsman
To the accuser, that I might not appear
Partial in judgment, let it seem no wonder

If unto your gravities I leave
The following sentence: but as Lorenzo stands
A kinsman to Verona, so forget not,
Abstemia still is sister unto Venice.

Philippo. Misery of goodness!

Abstemia. Oh! Lorenzo Medico,
Abstemia's lover once, when he did vow
And when I did believe; then when Abstemia
Deny'd so many princes for Lorenzo,
Then when you swore.—Oh maids! how men can weep,
Print protestations on their breasts, and sigh,
And look so truly, and then weep again,
And then protest again, and again dissemble!
When once enjoy'd, like strange sights we grow stale,
And find our comforts like their wonder, fail.

Philippo. Oh Lorenzo!

Look upon tears, each one of which well valued,
Is worth the pity of a king; but thou
Art harder far than rocks, and canst not prize
The precious waters of truth's injur'd eyes.

Lorenzo. Please your grace proceed to censure.

Verona. Thus 'tis decreed, as these lords have set
down

Against all contradiction. Signor Philipppo,
In that you have thus grossly, sir, dishonour'd
Even our blood itself in this rude injury
Lights on our kinsman, his prerogative
Implies death on your trespass; but your merit,
Of more antiquity than is your trespass,
That death is* blotted out, and in the place
Banishment writ, perpetual banishment
(On pain of death, if you return, for ever)
From Verona, and her signories.

Philippo. Verona is kind.

Pandulpho. Unto you, madam,
This censure is allotted. Your high blood
Takes off the danger of the law, nay from

* Qy. ought we not to read

“That death *has* blotted out,” &c. C.

Even banishment itself. This lord your husband
Sues only for a legal fair divorce,
Which we think good to grant, the church allowing :
And in that the injury chiefly reflects
On him, he hath free licence to marry when
And whom he pleases.

Abstemia. I thank ye,
That you are favourable unto my love,
Whom yet I love and weep for.

Philippo. Farewell, Lorenzo.
This breast did never yet harbour a thought
Of thee, but man was in it, honest man :
There's all the words that thou art worth. Of your
grace.

I humbly thus take leave : farewell, my lords :
And lastly farewell thou, fairest of many,
Yet by far more unfortunate : look up
And see a crown held for thee ; win it, and die
Love's martyr, the sad map of injury :
And so remember, sir, your injur'd lady
Has a brother yet in Venice. [Exit.

Abstemia. Farewell, Lorenzo,
Whom my soul doth love : if you e'er marry,
May you meet a good wife ; so good, that you
May not suspect her, nor may she be worthy
Of your suspicion : and if you hear hereafter
That I am dead, enquire but my last words,
And you shall know that to the last I lov'd you :
And when you walk forth with your second choice,
Into the pleasant fields, and by chance talk of me,
Imagine that you see me lean and pale,
Strewing your paths with flowers : and when in bed
You cast your arms about her happy side,
Think you see me stand with a patient look,
Crying, all hail, you lovers, live and prosper.
But may she never live to pay my debts :
If but in thought she wrong you, may she die
In the conception of the injury.
Pray make me wealthy with one kiss. Farewell, sir :
Let it not grieve you when you shall remember

That I was innocent: nor this forget,
 Though innocence here suffer, sigh and groan,
 She walks but thorough thorns to find a throne. [*Exit.*

Verona. Break up the court; and, cousin, learn this
 rede;

Who stabs truth's bosom, makes an angel bleed.

Lorenzo. 'The storm upon my breast, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter LODOVICO, JASPRO, JOVANI, and CLOWN.

Lodovico. Did chronicle ever match this couple, gentlemen?

Jaspro. You make us wonder,
 That both should seem to yield to the temptation,
 And both so meet in one resolved goodness,
 Unknown to one another!

Lodovico. There lies the jest on't. Sirrah, Pambo,
 I do but think, an' she had met him in the garden,
 how she would have rattled him.

Clown. And ruffled him too, sir: the camomile⁶
 would have been better fot it many a day after.

Jovani. Such an honest-minded servant where shall
 one find?

⁶ *The camomile would have been better for it.]* The camomile is said to grow faster the more it is pressed or trodden upon, and to this circumstance the clown here alludes. Frequent notice is taken of this property in the plant by our ancient writers. As in "*Honours Academie, or the famous pastorall of the Faire Shepheardesse Julietta,*" 1610. p. 204. 5th part.

"But as gold taken out of the burning furnace, is farre more bright and fierce, than when it was first flung in; and as Camomell, the more it is trod upon, the thicker and better it groweth: even so we see this faire Archeresh to shew more cleare and beautifull, when the flame was once past and gone then she had bene before."

First part Henry IV. A. 2. S. 4.

"——for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears."

See other instances in the notes of Mr. Steevens and Dr. Farmer on the last passage.

Lodovico. Servant! my sworn brother, man; hes' too honest for an office, he'll never thrive in't: ye have few servants will deal so mercifully with their lords.

Jaspro. A wife! why she's a saint; one that ever bears a good sound soul about her.

Clown. Yes, when she wears her new shoes.

Jovani. Shall we see her, my lord?

Lodovico. Where is she, Pambo?

Clown. Walking a turn or two i'th' garden with Francisco, sir; I'll go call her.

Lodovico. No, no, no; let her alone: 'tis pity indeed to part them, they are so well match'd. Was he not reading to her?

Clown. No, sir, she was weeping to him: she heard this morning that her confessor, father Jacomo, was dead.

Jaspro. Father Jacomo dead?

Lodovico. Why now shall not we have her eat one bit this five days.

Clown. She'll munch the more in a corner: that's the puritan's fast.

Lodovico. Nay, do but judge of her, my lords, by one thing: whereas most of our dames go to confession but once a month, some twice a quarter, and some but once a year, and that upon constraint too, she never misses twice a week.

Jaspro. 'Tis wonderful!

Jovani. 'Tis a sign she keeps all well at home: they are even

With the whole world, that so keep touch with Heaven.

Lodovico. Nay, I told ye, ye should find no Philipppo of Francisco.

Clown. And I remember I told your honour you should find no Abstemia of my lady.

Lodovico. Nor no Lorenzo of myself: he was ever a melancholy stubborn fellow. He kept her in too much, and see what come's on't! I give my wife her will, and see what comes on't too!

Clown. Nay, sir, there is two come on't an' a man could discover 'em.

Lodovico. Two what, I pr'ythee?

Clown. It may be two babies, sir: for they come commonly with giving a woman her will.

Lodovico. I'd laugh at that, i'faith, boy—But who has she now for her confessor?

Clown. She looks for one, they call him father Antony, sir; and he wish'd* to her by madonna Lussuriosa.

Enter DOROTHEA and FRANCISCO.

Lodovico. There's another modest soul too, never without a holy man at her elbow! But here comes one out-weighs them all—Why, how now, chick, weeping so fast? This is the fault of most of our ladies; painting, weeping for their sins I should say, spoils their faces.

Francisco. Sweet madam.

Lodovico. Look, look, look, loving soul, he weeps for company!

Clown. And I shall laugh out-right by-and-by.

Dorothea. Oh that good man!

Lodovico. Why, bird?

Jaspro. Be patient, lady.

Dorothea. Would he go to heaven without his zealous pupil?

Clown. It may be he knew not your mind, forsooth.

Dorothea. He knew my mind well enough.

Clown. Why then it may be he knew you could not hold out for the journey. Pray do not set us all a crying. [Weeps.

Lodovico. Pr'ythee, sweet birds-nie, be content.

Dorothea. Yes, yes, content! when you too leave my company!

No one comes near me; so that were it not
For modest simple Francis here———

Clown. As modest as a gib-cat at midnight.

Dorothea. That sometimes reads
Virtuous books to me; were it not for him,
I might go look content. But 'tis no matter,

* See Note 47, to *The Honest Whore*, Part I. vol. III. C.

Nobody cares for me.

Lodovico. Nay, pr'ythee, Doll—pray, gentlemen, comfort her. [Weeps.]

Clown. Now is the devil writing an encomium upon cunning cuckold-makers.

Francisco. You have been harsh to her of late, I fear, sir.

Lodovico. By this hand I turn'd not from her all last night: what should a man do?

Jaspro. Come, this is but a sweet obedient shower, To bedew the lamented grave of her old father.

Clown. He thinks the devil's dead too.

Dorothea. But 'tis no matter; were I such a one As the count Lorenzo's lady, were I so graceless To make you wear a pair of wicked horns, You would make more reckoning of me—— [Weeps.]

Lodovico. Weep again? She'll cry out her eyes, gentlemen.

Clown. No, I warrant you: remember the two lines your honour read last night:

———A woman's eye,

'S April's dust, no sooner wet but dry.

Lodovico. Good pigs-nie! Frank, pr'ythee walk her t'other turn i'th' garden, and get her a stomach to her supper: We'll be with ye presently, wench.

Dorothea. Nay, when ye please——But why should I go from ye?

Lodovico. Loving soul! Pr'ythee, Frank, take her away.

Dorothea. Pray let me kiss ye first. Come, Francis, Nobody cares for us. [At the door Francis kisses her.]

[Exeunt.]

Lodovico. Well, there goes a couple: where shall a man match you, indeed? Hark, Pambo!

Jaspro. Did you observe?

Jovani. They kiss'd!

Jaspro. Peace.

Lodovico. And intreat madonna Lussuriosa to sup with us: as you go, tell her my lady's never well but in her company.

Clown. What if your honour invited the count Lorenzo? he'll be so melancholy, now his lady and he are parted.

Lodovico. Pray do as you are bid, kind sir, and let him alone: I'll have no cuckold sup in my house to-night.

Clown. 'Tis a very hot evening; your honour will sup in the garden then.

Lodovico. Yes, marry, will I, sir; what's that to you?

Clown. Why your honour was ever as good as your word: keep the cuckolds out of door, and lay a cloth for my lord in the arbour, gentlemen. *[Exit.*

Lodovico. I have been this three months about a project.

Jovani. What is't, my lord?

Lodovico. Why, I intend to compose a pamphlet of all my wife's virtues, put them in print, and dedicate them to the duke, as orthodoxal directions against he marries.

Jaspro. 'Twill give him apt instructions, when he does marry, to pick out such a woman.

Lodovico. Pick her! where will he pick her? as the English proverb says, *He may as soon find a needle in a bottle of hay.* Would I knew what sins she has committed, I would set them down all one with another; they would serve as foils to her virtues: but I do think she has none: d'ye think she has any, gentlemen?

Jovani. Oh, none, sir, but has some.

Lodovico. Aye, piddling ones, it may be; as when a pin pricks her finger to cry at sight on't, and throw't away; but for other matters——

Jaspro. Now I think on't, sir, I have a device newly begotten, that, if you be so desirous to be resolv'd of her perfections, 'twill be an apt means for your intelligence.

Lodovico. That will be excellent; and then my book, grounded upon mine own experience, the report of my judgment in the choice of a woman, will sell them off faster than the compositor can set the letters together.

Jaspro. We will discourse it as we go: mean time,
sir,

Let this prepare the path to your construction,
Conceit and confidence are jugglers born;
One grafts in air, t'other hides the real horn.

Lodovico. Well, he that believes he has horns, has
horns; and *crede quod habes, et habes*, shall be my
motto. [Exeunt.]

Enter PANDULPHO and SPINOSO.

Spinoso. The powers of Venice upon our confines?

Pandulpho. Yes: signor Philippo, it seems, having
possess'd him⁷

With the passages that pass'd upon his sister,
Embassadors were dispatch'd to Bergamo,
Where then his forces lay; who thus return'd,
That he came not a public foe unto Verona,
But to require justice against count Lorenzo,
To approve his sister innocent.

Spinoso. What witness,
Proof, or apparent circumstance, builds he
His bold attempt upon?

Pandulpho. He says, besides
The honour of Philippo, he has proof
So irresistible to affirm the plot
Of count Lorenzo, that he only crav'd
(Hostages being render'd for their safe returns)
Here in the senate chamber the fair trial
Might publicly be censur'd. And by this
They are at hand.

*Enter at one door DUKE of VENICE, PHILIPPO, and
LORDS: at the other, DUKE of VERONA, JASPRO,
JOVANI; LORENZO guarded. A bar set out. The
FIRST SLAVE.*

Verona. Fair sir, the presence is level'd for your
grievances.

⁷ ——having possess'd him] That is, acquainted, or informed him.
So in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 1. S. 5. Bobadil says, "Possess
"no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging."
Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune, A. 2. S. 1.
"Sir, I am very well possess'd of it."

Venice. First summon to the bar the count Lorenzo.

Pandulpho. Lorenzo Medico, stand to the bar.

Lorenzo. I do stand to the bar.

Venice. I come not here, witness the good man's comfort,

To add one step unto my territories; and tho' I burden
The neighbour-bosom of my confines with
The weight of armour, or do wound your breast
(My dukedom's near next neighbour) with the hoofs
Of war-apparell'd horses, 'tis not to seek
For martial honours, but for civil justice.
Conceive mine honour wounded: a sister's shame
Is an unpleasant spot upon our arms;
Yet that we come not here to sanctify
A sister's sin; for if she be so prov'd,
Shame sleep within her epitaph, and brand her;
Let bears and wolves that angel's face confound,
Gives goodness such a foul unfriendly wound:
But if she chaste be prov'd, what balm can cure
A wounded name? As he that not inflicts
The bitter stroke of law upon the strumpet,
Fattens the sad afflictions of a thousand:
So who but stains an honest woman's name,
Plagues are yet kept for him: steel is no defence,
For the unclean tongue injures innocence.
I affirm my sister wrong'd, wrong'd by this man,
This that has wrong'd pure judgment, and thrown
poison

Upon the face of truth; and upon him
I seek a satisfaction.

Lorenzo. I reply,

The law must give you satisfaction,
That justly did divorce us: I appeal
To the whole consiliadory, if equal law,
In her progression, went a step astray,
Either by proof or information.
Let the duke speak (not as he is my kinsman)
If I produc'd not legally in court,
Besides mine own assertion, (which even reason
Grounded on probability) two of my servants,

That upon oath affirm'd they saw your sister
Even in the very act of sin and shame,
With that Philippo there. Blame me not then, sir,
If I return an error to your cause.

Reason (the base whereon we build the laws)
You injure in this action, give her the lie.
Who dares not build his faith upon his eye?
They swore what they did see ; and men still fear,
(Reason concludes) what they not see, to swear.

Verona. You hear my kinsman's answer.

Pandulpho. And 'tis requisite
That you produce your author : it is held
Mere madness on a hill of sand to build.

Philippo. The foundation-work is mine,
And that I answer : he builds on truth,
The good man's mistress, and not in the sanctuary
Of this injur'd brother's power, but the integrity
And glory of the cause. I throw the pawn
Of my afflicted honour, and on that
I openly affirm your absent lady
Chastity's well-knit abstract : snow in the fall,
Purely refin'd by the bleak northern blast,
Not freer from a soil ; the thoughts of infants
But little nearer Heaven : and if these princes
Please to permit, before their guilty thoughts
Injure another hour upon the lady,
My right drawn sword shall prove it.

Lorenzo. Upon my knee, sir,
(How my soul dances !) humbly I intreat
Your grant to his request : fight with Philippo
I'th' midst of flame, or pestilence ; in a cave,
Where basilisks do breed.

Verona. We must take counsel :
The price of blood is precious.

Lorenzo. Blood desires burthen :
The price of truth is precious. For all the fights
I have fought for you on land ; the fears at sea,
Where I have tugg'd with tempests, stood storms at
midnight,
Out-star'd the flaring lightning, and the next morning

Chas'd the unruly stubborn Turk with thunder;
For all the bullets I have bravely shot,
And sent death singing to the slaughter, sir—

Verona. Peace.

Lorenzo. What should a soldier do with peace? remember

Mine honour lies a bleeding, and in mine yours;
Her wide wound inward bleeds; and while you cry
peace,

Shame wars upon my name. Oh, rather kill me,
Than cast me to this scandal!

Spinoso. The doubtful cause,
With such a dare approv'd, you may permit it.

Verona. Your request is granted, cuz.

Lorenzo. You have now, sir, breath'd
Fresh air in the face of fainting honour.

Rapiers of fair equality.

*Venice.** Look with what cunning
The spider, when she would snare the fly, doth weave
With neater art appearance deceive.

Stay! as you said, sir, blood is a precious price:

Let me but see the men produc'd, who swore

They saw them in the shameful act, and then

Farewell a sister and her honour.

Pandulpho. Produce your servants, sir.

[*Venice sends off a lord.*]

Lorenzo. Plague of this change! here's one of them;
the t'other,

In that I threaten'd him for some neglect,

The next day ran away.

Venice. Did you, sir, swear
You saw our sister and this gentleman
In this base act of sin?

Lorenzo. Fear nothing.

First Slave. To deny truth,
Is more dangerous than to displease a duke.
I saw it, and did swear it.

* The speech following has hitherto very mistakenly been assigned to Verona. The sense, even without comparison with the old copy, shews the error. C.

Enter LORD, and SECOND SLAVE.

Venice. But here comes one
Will swear you saw it not, and are forsworn.

First Slave. 'Sfoot, Stratzo!

Spinoso. This is the other fellow took his oath.

Verona. What come you here to say, sir?

Second Slave. That we swore falsely, may it please
your grace;

Hir'd by my lord with gifts and promises:
And as I now have spoke the truth, so Heaven
Forgive my former perjury.

Verona. Hear you, cousin?

First Slave. Would you would say something: I have
nettles in my breeches.

Lorenzo. Now, now, I hope, your eyes are open, lords;
The bed of snakes is broke, the trick's come out,
And here's the knot .i'th' rush. Good Heaven, good
Heaven!

That craft, in seeking to put on disguise,
Should so discover herself!

Verona. Explain yourself!

Lorenzo. Now see, sir, where this scorpion lurks, to
sting

Mine honour unto death. This noble duke
By nature is engag'd to defend a sister;
And to this duke so engag'd, this malicious lord
(For sin still hates her scourger) makes repair,
And prepossesses him with that suppos'd innocence
Of an injur'd sister, which he had hir'd this slave
To follow him and affirm, and lays the cause
To scruple, and to conscience: they did consent
To steal belief by seeming accident.
Sin, juggler-like, casts sin before our eyes:
Craft sometimes steals the wonder of the wise.
With an equal hand now weigh me, and if I want
A grain of honour, tear me from your blood,
And cast me to contempt.

First Slave. My lord would have made an excellent
state-sophister.

Verona. In what a strange dilemma judgment sits,

Charm'd to her chair with wonder !

Venice. Shall I have justice ?

Pandulpho. Yes, in that this fellow swears for the duke :

Reach him the book ; you shall see him again
Take the former oath.

Verona. This doubt must be so ended :
If it give not satisfaction, send back our hostage ;
You have fair regress to your forces : but
The blood remains on you ; and still remember
The price of blood is precious.

Philippo. Let us end it.

Venice. Oh, what a combat honour holds with conscience !

Reach him the book ; and if thou false do'st say,
May thine own tongue thine own foul heart betray.

First Slave. Amen, say I :

Give me the book. My oath must end all then ?

Spinoso. It must.

Lorenzo. Now you shall hear him swear
He saw them both in the base act.

First Slave. Nay, I swear
They are now both seen in the base act.

Omnes. How's this ?

Pandulpho. 'Tis a strange oath.

First Slave. 'Tis true, though.

Lorenzo. 'True, villain ! are both now seen in the base act ?

First Slave. Yes, both.

Lorenzo. Which both ?

First Slave. You and I, sir.

Omnes. How ?

First Slave. Both you and I are seen in the base act,
Slandering spotless honour, an act so base
The barbarous Moor would blush at.

Philippo. D'ye hear him now ?

Lorenzo. Out, slave ! wilt thou give ground too ? fear
works upon 'em :

Did you not both here swear, i'th' senate-chamber,
You saw them both dishonest ?

First Slave. Then we swore true, sir.

Lorenzo. I told you 'twas but fear.

Verona. Swore ye true then, sir, when ye swore
Ye both saw them dishonest?

First Slave. Yes, marry, did we, sir;
For we were both two villains when we saw them,
So we saw them dishonest.

Venice. Heaven, thou art equal!

First Slave. This is a jealous lord; his lady chaste.
A rock of crystal not more clear; this gentleman
Basely abus'd; this great prince dishonour'd;
And so we kneel for mercy.

Verona. You have redeem'd it:
Depart, prove honest men. That I should bear
Dishonour in my blood!

Omnes. Much-injur'd lady!

Venice. What justice, sir, belongs unto the injur'd?

Verona. First, witness Heaven, I tear thee from my
blood,

And cast thee off a stranger. Assume you, sir,
(Since the great cause is yours) my seat of justice,
And sentence this foul homicide: it must be,
And suddenly; he will infect the air else.
Proceed, great sir, with rigour, whilst I stand by,
And do adore the sentence.

Venice. Answer, Lorenzo,
Art thou not guilty?

Lorenzo. Give me my merit, death.
Princes can build and ruin with one breath.

Venice. The cause may seem to merit death, in that
Two souls were hazarded, a princess' fame,
A duke dishonour'd, and a noble lord
Wounded in reputation; but since she lives,
And that no blood was spilt, (tho' something dearer)
Mercy thus far stretches her silver wings
Over your trespass. We do banish you,
Both from our dukedom's limits and your own:
If you but set a daring foot upon them,
Whilst life lends you ability to stand,
You fall into the pit of death, unless

You shall find out our most unfortunate sister,
And bring her to our court.

Lorenzo. You, sir, are merciful!

Verona. This let me add,

In that you have made impartial justice, sir,
Princes should punish vice in their own blood:
Until you find that excellent injur'd lady,
Upon this gentleman, who hath suffer'd for you,
We confer your lands, revenues, and your place:
That, during three days stay within our confines,
It shall be death to any that relieves you,
But as they do a beggar at their door:
So cast him from our presence.

Lorenzo. Your dooms are just!

Oh love, thy first destruction is distrust!

[*Exeunt Lorenzo,* Jaspro, and Jovani.*]

Verona. For you, fair sir, until we shall hear tidings
Of your most-injur'd sister, please you to call
My court your own; conceive it so; where live.
Two partners in one passion we will be,
And sweeten sorrow with a sympathy. [Exeunt.]

Enter LODOVICO like a frier, JASPRO, and JOVANI.

Lodovico. What, am I fitted, gallants? am I fitted?

Jaspro. To th' life, able to cheat suspicion; and so
like

Father Antony the confessor, that I protest
There's not more semblance in a pair of eggs.

Jovani. An apple cut in half, is not so like.

Lodovico. Well, of lords, you're mad lords to coun-
sel me to this. But now, in this habit, shall I know
the very core of her heart, and her little piddling sins,
which will shew in my book as foils to her giant-bodied
virtues.

Jaspro. That will be admirable!

Jovani. We'll step aside: by this she's upon coming.

Jaspro. We shall know all.

Lodovico. Reveal confession! but go your ways: as

* The quarto reads, "*Exeunt Lord,*" &c. but Lorenzo is meant.
C.

much as may lawfully be reveal'd, we'll laugh at, at next meeting.

Jaspro. Come, let's be gone. But once upon a time, sir,

A beggar found a lark's nest; and o'erjoy'd
At his sudden glut, for he thought 'twas full of young ones,

Looking, they were all gone: he was forc'd again to beg,
For he found in the lark's nest a serpent's egg.

So much good d'ye, sir.—— [Exeunt.]

Enter DOROTHEA.

Lodovico. Well, thou surpasseth all the courtiers in these pretty ones, if a man had the wit to understand them—Yonder she comes: I can hardly forbear blushing, but that for discovering myself.

Right reverend habit, I honour thee
With a son's obedience, and do but borrow thee,
As men would play with flies, who, i'th' midst
Of modest mirth, with care preserve themselves.

Dorothea. Hail, holy father!

Lodovico. Welcome, my chaste daughter!

Dorothea. Death having taken good father Jacomo,
Upon the plenal and approv'd report
Of your integrity and upright dealing——

Lodovico. Delicate Doll!

Dorothea. I have made a modest choice of you, grave sir,

To be my ghostly father; and to you I fall
For absolution.

Lodovico. Empty then, my daughter,
That vessel of your flesh of all the dregs
Which (since your last confession clear'd you) have
Taken a settled habitation in you;
And, with a powerful sweet acknowledgment,
Hunt out those spirits which haunt that house of flesh.
Tears make dry branches flourish green and fresh.

Dorothea. Since last I confess'd, then I do confess
My first sin was, that my tailor bringing home
My last new gown, having made the sleeves too flant-
ing,

In an unchristian passion I did bid
The devil take him.

Lodovico. That was something harsh, dear daughter,
Yet the more pardonable, for it may be your tailor
Lies in hell, night by night. Pray, to your second.

Dorothea. Next, in a more savage rage, my chamber-maid
Putting a little saffron in her starch⁸,
I most unmercifully broke her head.

Lodovico. 'Twas rashly done too. But are you sure,
dear daughter,
The maid's head was not broke before?

Dorothea. No, no, sir; she came to me with ne'er a
crack about her.

Lodovico. These will be brave sins to mix with her
virtues! Why they will make no more shew than three
or four bailiffs amongst a company of honest men.—
These sins, my dove-like daughter, are out of contra-
diction venial, trivial, and light. Have you none of
greater growth?

Dorothea. Oh, yes, sir, one!

Lodovico. One! What should that be, I wonder?

Dorothea. One yet remains behind
Of weight and consequence. The same order
Heralds prescribe in shews, I now observe
In placing of my sins; as there inferiors
(Because the last lives freshest in our memories)—
Far 'fore the persons of great note⁹, so last
My great sin comes to obliterate those past.

Lodovico. Sh'as trod some chicken to death, I war-
rant her.

Dorothea. Hear me, and let a blush make you look
red.

Unseemly I have abus'd my husband's bed.

Lodovico. You did ill to drink too hard ere you went
to bed.

⁸ Putting a little saffron in her starch.] See note 25 on Albumazar.
Vol. vi.

⁹ Far fore.] i. e. before. Former editions read, Far more. S. P.

Dorothea. Alas, sir, you mistake me: I have lain
With another man, besides my husband.

Lodovico. How?

Dorothea. Nay, the same way I use to lie with him,
But not altogether so often.

Lodovico. Why then, *crede quod habes, et habes*, I
will believe I have horns, for I have 'em. 'Sfoot, a
woman, I perceive, is a neat herald; she can quarter
her husband's coat with butcher's arms at pleasure.
But I have a penance for your pure whoreship.—You
are somewhat broad: are you not with child, daughter?

Dorothea. Yes, yes; sure 'twas that night's work.

Lodovico. How know you that?

Dorothea. Alas, by experience, sir. The kind fool
my husband
Wishes all well; but like a light piece of gold,
He's taken for more than he weighs.

Lodovico. With child! there's charges too: o'th'other
side there should follow
A zealous exhortation: but great affairs
That brook no stay, make me be brief, rememb'ring
Lawful necessity may dispense with ceremony.
You are ingenuously sorry?

Dorothea. Yes, indeed, sir.

Lodovico. And resolve to fall no more so?

Dorothea. No, in truth, sir.

Lodovico. I then pronounce you here absolv'd. Now
for your penance.

Dorothea. Any thing.

Lodovico. As the fact in you seems strange, so blame
me not

If your penance be as strange. You may wonder at it,
But it is wonderous easy in performance;
But as your penance I enjoin it. Nay, now I remember
In an old French authentic author, his book
'Titled, *De Satisfactione*, I read the same
Enjoin'd a lady of Dauphin. 'Tis no holy fast,
No devout prayer, nor no zealous pilgrimage;
'Tis out of the prescrib'd road.

Dorothea. Let it be

So strange story ne'er match'd the injunction,
I do vow the plenal strict performance.

Lodovico. Listen to me.

Soon at night (so rumour spreads it thro' the city)
The two great dukes of Venice and Verona
Are feasted by your lord, where a mask's intended.

Dorothea. That's true, sir.

Lodovico. Now, when ye all are set round about the
table,

In depth of silence, you shall confess these words
Aloud to your husband; *you are not this child's father* :
And, 'cause my orders bar* me such inquisition,
You shall say, such a man lay with me,
Naming the party was partner in your sin.

Dorothea. Good sir!

Lodovico. This is your penance I injoin you : keep it,
You are absolv'd ; break it, you know the danger of it.
Good-bye.

Dorothea. Oh, good sir, stay ! never was penance of
more shame than this.

Lodovico. You know the danger of the breach as to
us :

'Tis the shameful loss of our religious orders,
If we reveal.

Dorothea. For Heaven's sake,
Enjoin me first upon my knees to creep
From Verona to Loretto.

Lodovico. That's nothing.

Dorothea. Nothing indeed to this. Is this your
penance,
So wond'rous easy in performance?

Lodovico. 'Tis irrevocable.

Dorothea. I am silent : your new penance may meet
A new performance. Farewell, sir.
You are the cruel'st e'er confest me before.

Lodovico. And this the trick to catch a neat pure
whore.

Exeunt.

* Query if we ought not to read,

"And 'cause my *order bars* me such inquisition."
Alluding to the religious order to which he pretends to belong. C.

ACT IV.

Enter ABSTEMIA.

Abstemia. Here, miserable, despis'd Abstemia,
In Milan let thy misery take breath,
Wearied with many sufferings. Oh Lorenzo!
How far in love I am with my affliction,
Because it calls thee father! Unto this house
Where gentlewomen lodge, I was directed;
But I here discover
Strange actions closely carried in this house.
Great persons (but not good) here nightly revel
In surfeits, and in riots, yet so carried,
That the next day the place appears a sanctuary
Rather than sin's foul receptacle. These ways
Have to me still been strangers; but, Lorenzo,
Thou couldst not though believe it. Oh Jealousy!
Love's eclipse, thou art; in thy disease,
A wild mad patient, wond'rous hard to please.

Enter TIMPANIA and MORBO.

Morbo. Yonder she walks mumbling to herself. The
prince Antonio has blest her with's observation; and
ye win her but to him, your house bears the bell away.
Accost her quaintly.

Timpania. I warrant thee, Morbo; Madonna Tim-
pania has effected wonders of more weight than a mai-
denhead. Have I ruin'd so many city-citadels to let
in court-martialists, and shall this country-cottage hold
out? I were more fit for a cart than a coach then,
i'faith.—How now, Millicent, how d'ye this morning?

Abstemia. Well, I do thank so good a landlady.

Timpania. But hark you, Mill—Is the door close,
Morbo?

Morbo. As a usurer's conscience: Grace was coming
in, till she saw the door shut upon her.

Timpania. I'll set Grace about her business, and I
come to her. Is here any work for Grace, with a wan-

nion to her ¹⁰? We shall have eaves-droppers, shall we?

Abstemia. Chastity guard me! how I tremble.

Timpania. Come hither, mistress Millicent. Fie, how you let your hair hang about your ears too! How do you like my house, Mill?

Abstemia. Well indeed, well.

Timpania. Nay, I know a woman may rise here in one month, and she will herself. But truth's truth: I know you see something, as they say, and so forth. Did you see the gallant was here last till twelve?

Abstemia. Which of them mean you? here was many.

Timpania. Which? he in the white feather, that supp'd in the gallery: was't not white, Morbo?

Morbo. As a lady's hand, by these five fingers.

Timpania. White? No, no, 'twas a tawny, now I remember.

Morbo. As a gipsy, by this hand: it look'd white by candle-light, though.

Timpania. That lusty springal ¹¹, Millicent, is no worse man
Than the duke of Milan's son.

Abstemia. His excellent carriage spoke him of noble birth.

Timpania. And this same duke's son loves you, Millicent.

Abstemia. Now Heaven defend me!

Timpania. What, from a duke's son? marry come up with a murrain, from whence came you trow, ha?

¹⁰ ——— with a wannion to her.] This expression occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, A. 2. S. 1.

“Look how thou stirrest now:

“Come away, I'll fetch thee with a wannion.”

Ben Jonson's Devil is an Ass.

“And a cuckold is,

“Where'er he put his head with a wannion,

“If his horns be forth, the devil's companion!”

¹¹ *That lusty springal.*] *Springal* (adolescens) a youth. *Skinner.*

Spenser's Fairy Queen, B. 5. C. 10. S. 6.

“Amongst the rest which in that space befel,

“There came two springals of full tender yeers.”

Wily beguiled. 1606.

“Pray, ye maid, bid him welcome, and make much of him, for
“by my vay, he's a good proper springold.”

Morbo. Thus nice Grace was at first, and you remember.

Timpania. I would have ye know, housewife, I could have taken my coach, and fetch'd him one of the best pieces in Milan, and her husband should have look'd after me, that's neighbours might have noted, and cry'd farewell naunt, commend me to mine uncle.

Morbo. And yet from these perfum'd fortunes, Heaven defend you!

Abstemia. Perfum'd indeed.

Morbo. Perfum'd! I am a pander, a rogue, that hangs together like a beggar's rags by geometry, if there were not three ladies swore yesterday that my mistress perfum'd the coach! so they were fain to unbrace all the side-parts, to take in fresh air.

Timpania. He tells you true; I keep no common company, I warrant ye. We vent no breath'd ware here.

Abstemia. But have ye so many several women, to answer so many men that come?

Morbo. I'll answer that by demonstration. Have ye not observ'd the variation of a cloud? sometimes it will be like a lion, sometimes like a horse, sometimes a castle, and yet still a cloud.

Abstemia. True.

Morbo. Why, so can we make one wench one day look like a country-wench, another day like a citizen's wife, another day like a lady, and yet still be a punk.

Abstemia. What shall become of me? Oh the curse Of goodness, to leave one woe for a worse!

Enter PHILIPPO.

Philippo. Morrow, sweet madam.
Oh look how like the sun behind a cloud,
The beams do give intelligence it is there!

Timpania. You're reciprocal welcome, sir.

Philippo. What, have ye not brought this young wild haggard¹² to the lure yet?

¹² *Young wild haggard.*] A haggard goshawke is one that is wild and hard to reclaim. See *Latham's Book of Faulconry*, 4to. 1633. 80.

Massinger's Maid of Honour. A. 2. S. 2.

"A proud haggard,

"And not to be reclaim'd!"

Timpania. Faith, sir, she's a little irregular yet : but time, that turns citizens' caps into court-periwigs, will bring the wonder about.

Philippo. Bless you, sweet mistress!

Enter ANTONIO and SLAVE.

Morbo. 'Sfoot, here's the prince! I smell thunder.

Timpania. Your grace is most methodically welcome. You must pardon my variety of phrase: the courtiers e'en cloy us with good words.

Antonio. What's he?

Morbo. A gentleman of Ferrara, sir; one Pedro Sebastiano.

Antonio. And do ye set her out to sale? I charg'd ye reserve for me alone.

Timpania. Indeed, sir—

Antonio. Pox of your deeds.

[*Kicks her.*

Timpania. Oh my sciatica!

Antonio. Sirrah, you perfum'd rascal!

[*Kicks Philippo. They draw.*

Timpania. Nay, good my lord.

Morbo. Good sir, 'tis one of the duke's chamber.

Philippo. Let him be of the devil's chamber.

Antonio. Sirrah, leave the house, or I will send thee out with thunder.

Slave. Good sir, 'tis madness here to stand him.

Philippo. 'Sfoot, kickt! Pray that we meet no more again, sir: Still keep heaven about you.*

Abstemia. Whate'er thou art, a good man still go with thee.

Antonio. Will you bestow a cast of your professions?

Morbo. We are vanish'd, sir.

Timpania. This 'tis to dream of rotten glasses, Morbo.

Abstemia. O what shall become of me? In his eye Murder and lust contend.

Antonio. Nay, fly not, you sweet,
I am not angry with you; indeed, I am not.

* Philippo here makes his exit which is not marked in the old copy, and, under the circumstances, is not very creditable to him.
C.

Do you know me?

Abstemia. Yes, sir, report hath given intelligence
You are the prince, the duke's son.

Antonio. Both in one.

Abstemia. Report sure
Spoke but her native language: you are none of either.

Antonio. How?

Abstemia. Were you the prince, you would not sure
be slav'd

To your blood's passion. I do crave your pardon
For my rough language: truth hath a forehead free,
And in the tow'r of her integrity,
Sits an unvanquish'd virgin. Can you imagine
'Twill appear possible you are the prince?
Why when you set your foot first in this house,
You crush'd obedient duty unto death,
And even then fell from you your respect.
Honour is like a goodly old house, which
If we repair not still with virtue's hand,
Like a citadel being madly rais'd on sand,
It falls, is swallow'd, and not found.

Antonio. If you rail upon the place, pr'ythee
How cam'st thou hither?

Abstemia. By treacherous intelligence. Honest men
so

In the way ignorant, through thieves' purlieus go.
Are you son to such a noble father?
Send him to's grave then
Like a white almond-tree, full of glad days,
With joy that he begot so good a son.
Oh, sir, methinks I see sweet majesty
Sit with a mourning sad face full of sorrows,
To see you in this place. This is a cave
Of scorpions and of dragons. Oh turn back:
Toads here ingender; 'tis the steam of death:
The very air poisons a good man's breath.

Antonio. Within there!

Enter TIMPANIA and MORBO.

Morbo. Sir.

Antonio. Is my caroach at door?

Timpania. And your horses too, sir. Ye found her pliant.

Antonio. Y'are rotten hospitals hung with greasy satin!

Timpania. Ah!

Morbo. Came this nice piece from Naples, with a pox to her?

Timpania. And she has not Neapolitaniz'd him, I'll be flead for't. [*Exeunt Bawd and Pander.*]

Antonio. Let me borrow goodness from thy lip. Farewel.

Here's a new wonder: I have met heaven in hell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter VENICE, VERONA, LODOVICO, PANDULPHO, JASPRO.

Verona. Is this your chaste, religious lady?

Lodovico. Nay, good my lord, let it be carried with a silent reputation, for the credit of the conclusion. As all here are privy to the passage, I do desire not to be laugh'd at, till after the mask, and we are all ready. I have made bold with some of your grace's gentlemen that are good dancers.

Verona. 'Tis one of my greatest wonders, credit me, To think what way she will devise here openly To perform her so strict penance.

Venice. It busies me, believe me, too.

Jaspro. Ye may see now, sir, how possible it is for a cunning lady to make an ass of a lord too confident.

Lodovico. An ass! I will prove a contented cuckold the wisest man in's company.

Verona. How prove you that, sir?

Lodovico. Because he knows himself.

Verona. Very well brought in.

Is all our furniture fit, against the morning, To go for Milan?

Jaspro. Ready, and like your grace.

Verona. We are given to understand, the injur'd princess,

Whom Count Lorenzo and noble Philipppo
Are (unknown to one another) gone in search of,

Hath been seen there disguis'd. Strict inquisition
From the duke himself shall, ere many days,
Give our hopes satisfaction.

Enter DOROTHEA, LADIES, FRANCISCO, and CLOWN.

Jaspro. The ladies, sir. Francisco keeps before, sir,
And Pambo keeps all well behind.

Lodovico. Yes, there's devout lechery between hawk
and buzzard. But please ye set the ladies: the mask
attends your grace. *[Exit.*

Verona. Come, ladies, sit. Madonna Dorothea,
Your ingenious lord hath suddenly prepar'd us
For a conceited mask, and himself it seems
Plays the presenter.

Dorothea. Now, fie upon this vanity!
A profane mask? Chastity keep us, ladies.

Venice. What, from a mask? Whereon grounds
your wish?

Dorothea. Marry, my lord, upon experience.
I heard of one once brought his wife to a mask,
As chaste as a cold night; but, poor unfortunate fellow,
He lost her in the throng; and she, poor soul,
Came home so crush'd next morning!

Venice. 'Las, that was ill:
But women will be lost against their will.

Verona. Silence, the masker's enter.

*Enter LODOVICO, CLOWN, and MASKERS: a stag, a
ram, a bull, and a goat.*

Clown. Look to me, master.

Lodovico. Do not shake, they'll think th'art out.—A
mask.*

Clown. A mask, or no mask; no mask but a by-clap;
And yet a mask yelep'd a city night-cap.

Lodovico. And conve——

Clown. And conveniently for to keep off scorns,
Considerately the cap is hedg'd with horns.

Lodovico. We insinuate.

Clown. Speak a little louder.

* Lodovico stands by and prompts the Clown as he speaks the
prologues. C.

Lodovico. We insinuate.

Clown. We insinuate by this stag and ram so pretty,
With goat and bull, court, country, camp and city.

Lodovico. Cuckold.

Clown. Cuckold, my lord?

Lodovico. 'Tis the first word of your next line.

Clown. Oh——Cuckold begins with C. And is't
not sport?

The C begins with country, camp and court :

But here's the fine figary of our poet,

That one may wear this night-cap, and not know it.

Dorothea. Why, chicken, shall they make such an
ass of thee? good your grace, can a woman indure
to see her loving husband wear horns in's own
house?

Verona. Pray, lady, 'tis but in jest.

Dorothea. In jest? Nay for the jest sake, keep then
on, sweet bird.

Clown. Now to our mask's name: but first, be it
known-a,

When I name a city, I only mean Verona.

Those two lines are extempore, I protest sir; I brought
them in, because here are some of other cities in the
room that might snuff pepper else¹³.

Venice. You have fairly ta'en that fear off; pray
proceed.

Lodovico. Your kindest men.

Clown. Your kindest men most cuckolds are, oh pity!
And where have women most their will, oh city!
Sick for a night-cap, go to cuckolds luck;
Who thrives like him, who hath the daintiest duck,
To deck his stall? nay at the time of rapping,
When you may take the watch at corners napping;
Take it forsooth, it is a wondrous hap,
If you find master constable without his cap:

¹³ *Snuff pepper else.*] i. e. might take offence or be affronted. To
take pepper in the nose, was formerly a cant phrase for being affront-
ed or irritated; as in *Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatory*, 1630. p. 10.
“ Myles hearing him name the Baker, tooke straight pepper in the nose,
“ and starting up threw off his cardinals roabes.”

So a city night-cap, for whilst he doth roam
And fights abroad, his wife commits at home.

Venice. A Verona constable.

Clown. A constable of Verona; we will not meddle
with your city of Venice, sir.

Therefore 'tis fit the city, wise men say,
Should have a cap call'd Cornucopia.

Lodovico. To con——

Clown. To conclude our cap, and stretch it on the
tenter,

'Tis known a city is the whole land's center:

So that a city night-cap, ours we call,

By a conclusion philosophical.

Heavy bodies tend to th' center so (the more the pity)

The heaviest heads do butt upon the city:

And to our dance this title doth redound,

A city night-cap, alias cuckolds round.

Dorothea. Cuckolds round! and my sweet bird leads
the dance!

Verona. Be patient, madam, 'tis but honest mirth:
From good construction pleasure finds full birth.

[Dance.]

Verona. Jaspro, fill some wine.

Jaspro. 'Tis here, sir.

Verona. Count Lodovico!

Lodovico. Sir.

Verona. I'll instantly give you a fair occasion to
produce

The performance of her penance.

Lodovico. I'll catch occasion by the lock, sir.

Verona. Here, a health to all; it shall go round.

Lodovico. 'Tis a general health, and leads the rest
into the field.

Clown. Your honour breaks jests as serving-men do
glasses, by chance.

Verona. As I was drinking, I was thinking, trust me,
How fortunate our kind host was to meet with
So chaste a wife. Troth, tell me, good count Lodowick,
Admit Heaven had her.

Lodovico. Oh, good your grace, do not wound me.

Admit Heaven had her! 'las what should Heaven do with her?

Verona. Your love makes you thus passionate; but admit so:

Faith, what wife would you chuse?

Lodovico. Were I to chuse then, as I would I were, so this were at Japan,

I would wish, my lord, a wife so like my lady,

That once a week she should go to confession;

And to perform the penance she should run,

Nay, should do nought but dream on't till 'twere done.

Jaspro. A delicate memento to put her in mind of her penance.

Dorothea. Now you talk of dreams, sweet heart, I'll tell ye a very unhappy one: I was a-dream'd last night of Francis there.

Lodovico. Of Frank?

Dorothea. Nay, I have done with him.

Lodovico. Now your grace shall see the devil out-done.

Verona. Pray let us hear your dream.

Dorothea. Bless me! I am e'en asham'd to tell it: but 'tis no matter, chick,

A dream is a dream, and this it was.

Methought, sweet husband, Francis lay with me.

Lodovico. The best friend still at home, Francisco.

Could the devil, sir, perform a penance neater,

And save his credit better?—On, chick; a dream is but a dream.

Dorothea. Methought I prov'd with child, sweet-heart.

Lodovico. Ay, bird?

Francisco. Pox of these dreams.

Dorothea. Methought I was brought to bed; and one day sitting

I'th' gallery, where your masking suits and vizards hang,

Having the child methought upon my knee,

Who should come thither as to play at foils,

But thou, sweetheart, and Francis?

Lodovico. Frank and I! Does your grace mark that?

Verona. I do, and wonder at her neat conveyance on't.

Dorothea. Ye had not play'd three venies¹⁴, but methought

He hit thee such a blow upon the forehead,
It swell'd so, that thou couldst not see.

Lodovico. See, see!

Dorothea. At which the child cry'd, so that I could not still it;

Whereat, methought, I pray'd thee to put on
The hat thou wor'st but now before the duke, thinking thereby

To still the child: but being frighted with't,
He cry'd the more.

Lodovico. He! Frank, thou get'st boys,

Francisco. In dreams, it seems, sir.

Dorothea. Whereat I cry'd, methought, pointing to thee,

Away, thou naughty man, you are not this child's father.

Lodovico. Meaning the child Francisco got.

Dorothea. The same: and then I wak'd and kiss'd thee.

Omnes. A pretty merry dream!

¹⁴ *Ye had not play'd three venies.*] i. e. says Mr. Steevens (*Note to Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 1.) "three venues, French. "Three different set-to's, bouts, a technical term." Several instances are there produced to which may be added the following:

Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, A. 1. S. 5.

"*Mat.* But one venue, Sir.

"*Bob.* Venue! fie, a most gross denomination as ever I heard.

The Old Law, by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, A. 3. S. 2.

"To give your perfum'd worship three venues,

"A sound old man puts his thrust better home,

"Than a spic'd young man."

Green's Historie of Fryer Bacon and Fryer Bongay. Sign. G. 4. Edit. 1630.

"Why stand'st thou, Sirlsby, doubt'st thou of thy life?

"A Veny, man, faire Margret craves so much."

Fennor's Compter's Common-wealth, 1617. p. 21.

"Thus are my young novices stricke to the heart at the first
"venny, and dares come no more for feare of as sharpe a repulse."

Enter JASPRO.

Jaspro. Your servant tells me,
Count Lodowick, that one father Antony,
A holy man, stays without to speak with you.

Lodovico. With me, or my lady?

Jaspro. Nay, with you, and about earnest business.

Lodovico. I'll go send up, and he shall interpret my
lady's dream. Hist, Jaspro. [*Exeunt.*

Dorothea. Why, husband! my lord!

Francisco. Didst mark? He must interpret¹⁵.

Clown. I smell wormwood and vinegar.

Venice. She changes colour.

Dorothea. He will not sure reveal confession!

Verona. We'll rise and to our lodgings: I think
your highness
Keeps better hours in Venice?

Venice. As all do, sir:

We many times make modest mirth a necessity
To produce ladies' dreams.

Francisco. How they shoot at us! Would I were in
Milan!

These passages fry me.

*Enter JASPRO and LODOVICO.**

Jaspro. Here's strange juggling come to light.

Verona. Ha, juggling!

Jaspro. This friar hath confess'd unto count Lodo-
wick,
That this lady here, being absolv'd, confess'd
This morning to him here, in her own house,
Her man Francisco here, had lain with her.
At which her lord runs up and down the garden
Like one distracted, crying, Ware horns, ho!

Dorothea. Art mad? Deny it yet; I am undone else.

Clown. Father Tony!

Lodovico. I confess it, I deny it, ay any thing; I do
every thing, I do nothing.

¹⁵ *He must interpret.*] Former editions read, *I must interpret.*
Francisco seems to allude to Lodovico's last words. S. P.

* Lodovico is disguised like a friar, as is evident from the rest
of the scene. C.

Verona. The friar's fallen frantic; and being mad,
Depraves a lady of so chaste a breast,
And bad thought never bred there.

Dorothea. 'Tis my misfortune still to suffer, sir.

Lodovico. Did you not see one slip out of a cloak-
bag i'th' fashion of a flitch of bacon, and run under
the table amongst the hogs?

Venice. He's mad, he's mad.

Clown. Aye, aye, a tythe-pig: 'twas overlaid last
night, and he speaks nonsense all the day after——

Dorothea. Shall I, sir, suffer this, in mine own house
too?

Clown. I'd scratch out his eyes first.

Verona. Since, lady, you and your man Francisco
Are the two injur'd persons, here disrobe
This irregular son of his religious mother,
Expose him to apparent blush of shame,
And tear those holy weeds off.

Francisco. Now you, my frantic brother,
Had you not been better spar'd your breath?

Dorothea. And ye keep counsel, sir, no better,
We'll ease you of your orders.

Clown. Nay, let me have a hand in't: I'll tear the
coat with more zeal than a puritan would tear a sur-
plice.

Francisco. See what 'tis to accuse when you're mad.

Dorothea. I confess again to you now, sir, this man
did lie with me.

Clown. And I brought him to her chamber too: but
come, turn out here.

Duke. Who's this?

Omnes. 'Tis count Lodowick.

Lodovico. How dreams, sweet wife, do fall out true!

Clown. I was a-dream'd, now I remember, I was
whipp'd through Verona.

Lodovico. I was your confessor:
Did not I enjoin your chaste nice ladyship
A dainty penance?

Jaspro. And she perform'd it
As daintily, sir, we'll be sworn for that.

Dorothea. Oh, good sir, I crave your pardon!

Lodovico. And what say you, Francis?

Francisco. You have run best, sir: vain 'tis to defend;

Craft sets forth swift, but still fails in the end.

Lodovico. You brought him to her chamber, Pambo.

Clown. Good, my lord, I was merely inveigled to't.

Lodovico. I have nothing to do with ye, I take no notice of ye; I have play'd my part off to th' life, and your grace promis'd to perform yours.

Verona. And publicly we will still raise their fame: Who e'er knew private sin 'scape public shame?

You, sir, that do appear a gentleman,
Yet are within slave to dishonest passions,

You shall through Verona ride upon an ass

With your face towards his back-part, and in

Your hand his tail 'stead of a bridle.

Clown. 'Snails, upon an ass! an 't'ad been upon an horse, it had been worthy, gramercy.

Verona. Peace, sirrah:

After that, you shall be branded in the forehead,

And after banish'd. Away with him!

Francisco. Lust is still

Like a midnight-meal: after our violent drinkings,

'Tis swallow'd greedily; but the course being kept,

We are sicker when we wake than ere we slept. [*Exit.*

Clown. He must be branded! if the whoremaster be burnt, what shall become of the procurer?

Verona. You, madam, in that you have cozen'd sanctity,

To promise her the vows you never paid,

You shall unto the monastery of matrons,

And spend your days reclusive: for we conceive it

Her greatest plague, who her days in lust hath past

And soil'd, against her will to be kept chaste.

Dorothea. Your doom is just: no sentence can be given.

Too hard for her plays fast and loose* with Heaven.

* ——— *plays fast and loose.*] "Fast and loose," says Sir John Hawkins (note to Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4. S. 10.) "is a term

Lodovico. I will buss thee, and bid fair weather after thee. But for you, sirrah——

Clown. Nay, sir, 'tis but *crede quod habes, et habes*, at most; believe I have a halter, and I have one.

Verona. You, sirrah, we are possess'd, were their pander.

Clown. I brought but flesh to flesh, sir, and your grace does as much when you bring your meat to your mouth.

Verona. You, sirrah, at a cart's tail shall be whip'd Through the city.

Clown. There's my dream out already! but since there is no remedy but that whipping-cheer must close up my stomach, I would request a note from your grace to the carman, to intreat him to drive apace; I shall never endure it else.

Verona. I hope, count Lodowick, we have satisfied ye.

Lodovico. To th' full; and I think the cuckold catch'd the cuckold-makers.

Verona. 'Twas a neat penance; but oh! the art of woman in the performance!

Lodovico. Pshew, sir, 'tis nothing: had she been in her granam's place,
Had not the devil first began the sin,
And cheated her, she would have cheated him.

Verona. Let all to rest: and, noble sir, i'th' morning,
With a small private train, we are for Milan.

“ to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. The trick is now known to the common people by the name of pricking at the belt or girdle.” The Gipsies, so early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, were great adepts in these kind of practices. See *Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584. p. 336; where in the 29th chapter is described the manner of playing at *fast and loose* with handkerchiefs, &c.

Vice for a time may shine, and virtue sigh ;
But truth, like heaven's sun, plainly doth reveal,
And scourge or crown what darkness did conceal.

ACT V.

Enter ANTONIO and a SLAVE, one in the other's habit.

Slave. But, faith, sir, what's your device in this ?
This change insinuates some project.

Antonio. Shall I tell thee ?
Thou art my slave ; I took thee (then a Turk)
In the fight thou know'st we made before Palermo :
Thou art not in stricter bondage unto me
Than I am unto Cupid.

Slave. Oh then you are going, sir,
To your old rendezvous ; there are brave rogues there :
But the duke observes you narrowly, and sets spies
To watch if you step that way.

Antonio. Why therefore, man,
Thus many times I have chang'd habits with thee,
To cheat suspicion : and prejudicate nature
(Mistress of inclinations) sure intended
To knit thee up so like me, for this purpose ;
For th'ast been taken in my habit for me.

Slave. Yes, and have had many a French cringe
As I have walk'd i'th' park ; and, for fear of discovery,
I have crown'd it only with a nod.

Enter a LORD.

Antonio. Th'art a mad villain.
But, sirrah, I am wond'rously taken
With a sweet face I saw yonder ; thou know'st where.

Slave. At Venus-college, the court bawdy-house.

Antonio. But this maid, howsoever she came there,
Is acquainted so with Heaven, that when I thought
To have quench'd my frantic blood, and to have
pluck'd

The fruit a king would leap at ; even then
She beat me with such brave thunder off, as if
Heaven had lent her the artillery of angels.

Slave. She was coy then?

Antonio. Coy, man! she was honest; left coyness to court-ladies:

She spake the language of the saints, methought.
Holy spectators sate on silver clouds,
And clapp'd their white wings at her well-plac'd words.
She piece-meal pull'd the frame of my intentions,
And so join'd it again, that all the tempest
Of blood can never move it.

Slave. Some rare phoenix! what's her name?

Antonio. 'Tis Millicenta, and wond'rous aptly,
For she is mistress of a hundred thousand holy heavenly thoughts.

Chastly I love her now, and she must know it:
Such wond'rous wealth is virtue, it makes the woman
Wears it about her, worthy of a king;
Since kings can be but virtuous, farewell.
A crown is but the care of deceiv'd life;
He's king of men, is crown'd with such a wife.

[Exit Antonio, and the Lord after him.]

Slave. ¹⁶ Are your thoughts levell'd at that white then?

This shall to th' duke your dad, sir. He can never talk with me ¹⁷,

¹⁶ *Are your thoughts levell'd at that white then?* To levell at or to hit the white, were phrases taken from archery, and often used by our ancient writers. The white was the mark, at which archers practised when they learned to shoot.

Massinger's Emperor of the East, A. 4. S. 3.

"—— the immortality of my fame is the white I shoot at."

Beaumont and Fletcher's Four moral Representations in one, p. 539. vol. 10. edit. 1778.

"And let your thoughts flee higher; aim them right,

"Sir, you may hit; you have the fairest white."

Euphues and his England, 1582.

"—— vertue is the white we shoot at, not vanitie." p. 11.

"—— he glaunced from the marke Euphues shot at, and hit at last the white which Philautus set up." P. 18.

"An archer saye you is to be knowen by his aime, not by his arrowe: but your aime is so ill, that if you knewe howe farre wide from the white your shaft sticketh, you would hereafter rather breake your bowe then bend it." *Ibid.* 57.

¹⁷ *This shall, &c.*] In this speech are to be found the outlines of

But he twits me still with, I took thee at that fight
We made before Palermo; I did command
Men as he did there, Turks and valiant men:
And though to wind myself up for his ruin,
That I may fall and crush him, I appear
To renounce Mahomet, and seem a Christian,
'Tis but conveniently to stab this Christian,
Or any way confound him, and 'scape cleanly.
And one expects the deed: to hasten it,
This letter came even now, which likewise certifies
He waits me three leagues off, with a horse for flight
Of a Turkish captain, commander of a galley.
He keeps me as his slave, because indeed
I play'd the devil at sea with him; but having
Thus wrought myself into him, I intend
To give him but this day to take his leave
Of the whole world. He will come back by twilight:
I'll wait him with a pistol. Oh sweet revenge!
Laugh, our great prophet, he shall understand,
When we think death farthest off, he's nearest hand.

Enter PHILIPPO.

Philippo. You and I must meet no more, sir: there's
your kick again. [*Kicks him.*

Slave. Hold, hold! what mean you sir?

Philippo. I have brought your kick back, sir——

[*Shoots him.*

Slave. Hold, man, I am not——

[*Falls.*

Philippo. Thou hast spoken true, thou art not——

What art thou?

But I am for Verona.

[*Exit.*

Slave. Mine own words catch me: 'tis, I now un-
derstand,

When we think death farthest off, he's nearest hand.

[*Dies.*

the character of *Zanga*, so admirably drawn by Dr. Young. The plot of the *Revenge* is however said to have been taken from Mrs. Behn's play of *Abdelazar*, which was borrowed from Marlow's *Lust's Dominion; or, the Lascivious Queen*.

The play of *Lust's Dominion* is not Marlow's. See the reasons assigned in a note on p. 311. vol. II. C.

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. She lives not sure in Milan: report but
wore
Her usual habit, when she told in Verona,
She met Abstemia here. Oh Abstemia,
How lovely thou look'st now! now thou appearest
Chaster than is the morning's modesty,
That rises with a blush, over whose bosom
The western wind creeps softly. Now I remember
How, when she sat at table, her obedient eye
Would dwell on mine, as if it were not well,
Unless it look'd where I look'd. Oh how proud
She was, when she could cross herself to please me!
But where now is this fair soul? like a silver cloud
She had wept herself, I fear, into th' dead sea,
And will be found no more: this makes me mad,
To rave and call on death; but the slave shrinks,¹⁸
And is as far to find as she. Abstemia,
If thou not answer or appear to knowledge,
That here with shame I sought thee in this wood,
I'll leave the blushing witness of my blood. [*Exit.*

*Enter the DUKE of MILAN, SEBASTIANO, SANCHIO,
and the LORD.*

Milan. Followed you him thus far?

Lord. Just to this place, sir:

The slave he loves left him; here they parted.

Milan. Certain he has some private haunt this way.

Sebastiano. Ha!—private indeed, sir: Oh behold
and see

Where he lies full of wounds!

Lords. My lord.

Milan. My son Antonio! who hath done this deed?

Sanchio. My lord Antonio!

¹⁸ *To rave and call on death, &c.] So in Cymbeline, A. 5. S. 3.*

“—— I, in mine own woe charm'd,

“ Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;

“ Nor feel him, where he struck: being an ugly monster,

“ 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

“ Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we

“ That draw his knives i'th' war.”

Milan. He's gone, he's gone! warm yet, bleeds
fresh; and whilst
We here hold passion play, we but advantage
The flying murderer. Bear his body gently
Unto the lodge. Oh, what hand hath so hid
That sunlike face behind a crimson cloud!
Use all means possible for life: but I fear
Charity will arrive too late. To horse!
Disperse through the wood, run, ride, make way,
The sun in Milan is eclips'd this day!

Omnes. To horse, and raise more pursuit. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LORENZO with his sword drawn.

Lorenzo. Abstemia! Oh take her name, you winds,
upon your wings,
And through the wanton region of the air
Softly convey it to her. There's no sweet sufferance,
Which bravely she pass'd through, but is a thorn
Now to my sides: my will the center stood
To all her chaste endeavours: all her actions,
With a perfection perpendicular,
Pointed upon it. She is lost! oh, she,
The well-built fort of virtue's victory!
For still she conquer'd: since she is lost, then,
My friendly sword, find thou my heart.

Within. Follow, follow.

Enter DUKE of MILAN, SANCHIO, and SEBASTIANO.

Milan. This way, what's he? lay hands on him.

Sebastiano. The murd'rer, on my life, my lord, here
in the wood

Was close beset, he would have slain himself.

Milan. Speak, villain, art thou the bloody murderer?

Lorenzo. Of whom?

Sanchio. His dissembled ignorance speaks him the
man.

Sebastiano. Of the duke's son, the prince Antonio, sir:
'Twas your hand that kill'd him.

Lorenzo. Your lordship lies, it was my sword.

Milan. Out, slave!

Ravens shall feed upon thee: speak, what cause
Hadst thou with one unhappy wound to cloud

That star of Milan?

Lorenzo. Because he was an erring star,
Not fix'd nor regular. I will resolve nothing:
I did it, do not repent it; and were it
To do again, I'd do't.

Omnes. Blood-thirsty villain!

Milan. Leave* him to swift destruction, tortures,
and death.

Oh my Antonio! how did thy youth stray,
To meet wild winter in the midst of May?

Lorenzo. Oh, my Abstemia! who cast thy fate so
bad,
To clip¹⁹ affliction, like a husband clad? [Exeunt.

Enter ANTONIO and ABSTEMIA.

Abstemia. Good sir, the prince makes known his
wisdom,
To make you speaker in his cause.

Antonio. Me? know, mistress,
I have felt love's passions equal with himself,
And can discourse of love's cause: had you seen him
When he sent me to ye, how truly he did look;
And when your name slip'd through his trembling lips,
A lover's lovely paleness straight possess'd him.

Abstemia. Fie, fie.

Antonio. Go, says he, to that something more than
woman,
(And he look'd as if by something he meant saint)
Tell her I saw heaven's army in her eyes,
And that from her chaste heart such excellent goodness
Came like full rivers flowing, that there wants nothing
But her soft yielding will, to make her wife
Unto the prince Antonio. Oh, will you fly
A fortune which great ladies would pursue
Upon their knees with prayers?

Abstemia. No, Lorenzo,
Had law to this new love made no denial:
A chaste wife's truth shines through the greatest trial.

* Query, ought we not to read "Lead him to swift destruction,"
&c. Leave in this place is not sense. C.

¹⁹ To clip] To embrace.

Enter MORBO.

Morbo. How now, what makes you i'th' wood here?
Where's my old lady?

Abstemia. I know not.

Morbo. All the country's in an uproar yonder: the
prince Antonio's slain.

Ambo. How!

Morbo. Nay, no man can tell how; but the murd'rer
with's sword in's hand is taken.

Antonio. Is he of Milan?

Morbo. No, of Verona: I heard his name, and I
have forgot it.

Antonio. I am all wonder; 'tis the slave sure!

Morbo. Lor—Lor—Lorenzo.

Abstemia. Ha, Lorenzo! What, I pray?

Morbo. Lorenzo Me—Medico has run him in the
eye, some thirty-three inches, two barley-corns: they
could scarce know him for the blood, but by his apparel.
I must find out my lady; he us'd our house, intelli-
gence has been given of his pilgrimage thither. I am
afraid I shall be sing'd to death with torches, and my
lady stew'd between two dishes.

Antonio. Why hath this thus amaz'd you, mistress?

Abstemia. Oh leave me, leave me, I am all distraction,
Struck to the soul with sorrow.

Enter MILAN, LORDS, and LORENZO guarded.

Antonio. See where they come!

My father full of tears too. I'll stand by:
Strange changes must have strange discovery.

Abstemia. 'Tis he: heart, how thou leap'st! Oh ye
deluded,
And full of false rash judgment! why do ye lead
Innocence like a sacrifice to slaughter?
Get garlands rather, let palm and laurel round
Those temples where such wedlock-truth is found.

Lorenzo. Ha!

Omnes. Wedlock!

Abstemia. Oh Lorenzo! thou hast suffer'd bravely,
And wond'rous far: look on me, here I come
Hurried by conscience to confess the deed.

Thy innocent blood will be too great a burthen
Upon the judge's soul.

Lorenzo. Abstemia!

Abstemia. Look, look,
How he will blind ye! by and by he'll tell ye
We saw not one another many a day;
In love's cause we dare make our lives away.
He would redeem mine: 'tis my husband, sir;
Dearly we love together; but I being often
By the dead prince your son solicited
To wrong my husband's bed, and still resisting,
Where you found him dead, he met me, and the place
Presenting opportunity, he would there
Have forc'd me to his will; but prizing honesty
Far above proffer'd honour, with my knife,
In my resistance, most unfortunately
I struck him in the eye. He fell, was found,
The pursuit rais'd, and ere I could get home
My husband met me, I confess'd all to him.
He excellent in love as the sea-inhabitant,
Of whom 'tis writ, that when the flatt'ring hook
Has struck his female, he will help her off,
Although he desperately put on himself,
But if he fail, and see her leave his eye,
He swims to land, will languish, and there die:
Such is his love to me; for pursu'd closely,
He bid me save myself, and he would stay
With his drawn sword, there about the place, on pur-
pose

To requite my loyalty, though with his death.
Fear forc'd my acceptance then, but conscience
Hath brought me back to preserve innocence.

Sebastiano. The circumstances produce probability.

Lorenzo. By truth herself, she slanders truth: she
and I

Have not met these many months. Oh my Abstemia!
Thou wouldst be now too excellent.

Antonio. These are strange turns.

Milan. Let not love strangle justice. Speak, on thy
soul,

Was it her hand that slew the prince?

Lorenzo. Not, on my life;

'Tis I have deserv'd death.

Abstemia. Love makes him desperate,
Conscience is my accuser. Oh Lorenzo!

[*The Duke and Lords whisper.*]

Live thou, and feed on my remembrance:

When thou shalt think how ardently I love thee,

Drop but a pair of tears, from those fair eyes,

Thou offer'st truth a wealthy sacrifice.

Lorenzo. Did ye hear, sir?

Milan. No, what said she?

Lorenzo. She ask'd me why I would cast myself
away thus,

When she in love devis'd this trick to save me.

Sanchio. There may be juggling, sir, in this: it may
be

They have both hands i'th' deed, and one in love
Would suffer for't.

Enter a LORD.

Milan. What news?

Lord. The dukes of Venice and Verona,
With some small train of gentlemen, are privately
This hour come to th' court.

Milan. Bear them to prison,
Until we have given such entertainment, sorrow

Will give us leave to shew: until that time

The satisfaction of my lost son's life

Must hover 'twixt a husband and a wife:

[*Exeunt. Manet Antonio.*]

Antonio. How strangely chance to-day runs! the
slave kill'd

In my apparel, and this fellow taken for't,

Whom to my knowledge I never saw. She loves him

Past all expression dearly. I have a trick,

In that so infinitely dear she loves him,

Has seal'd her mine already; and I'll put

This wond'rous love of woman to such a nonplus,

Time hath produc'd none stranger. I will set

Honour and Love to fight for life and death.

Beauty (as castles built of cards) with a breath
Is levell'd and laid flat.

*Enter PHILIPPO, putting on a disguise, lays down a
pistol.*

Philippo. Misery of ignorance !
It was the prince Antonio I have slain.

Antonio. Ha ! the clew of all this error is unravell'd.
This is the valiant gentleman so threaten'd me :
He met the slave doubtless in my habit,
And seal'd upon him his mistaken spleen.
If it be so, there hangs some strange intent
In those accuse themselves for't.

Philippo. It seems some other had laid the plot to
kill him.

This paper I found with him, speaks as much,
And sent to the intended murderer,
Happen'd it seems, to his hands. It concurs ;
For they say, there is one taken for the fact,
And will do me the courtesy to be hang'd for me.
There's comfort yet in that. So, so, I am fitted,
And will set forward.

[Antonio takes up the pistol.]

Antonio. Goose, there's a fox in your way.

Philippo. Betray'd !

Antonio. Come I have another business afoot : I have
no time to discover 'em now, sir. See, I can enforce
you ; but by this hand, go but with me, and keep your
own counsel. Garden-houses* are not truer bawds to
cuckold-making, than I will be to thee and thy stratagem.

Philippo. Th'art a mad knave : art serious ?

Antonio. As a usurer when he's telling interest money.

Philippo. Whate'er thou art, thy bluntness begets
belief. Go on, I trust thee.

Antonio. But I have more wit than to trust you be-
hind me, sir ; pray, get you before. I have a friend
shall keep you in custody till I have pass'd a project ;
and if you can keep your own counsel, I will not injure
you. And this for your comfort, the prince lives.

* See note 36, to the *Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, vol. V.

Philippo. Living! Thou mak'st my blood dance.
But pr'ythee, let's be honest one to another.

Antonio. Oh, sir, as the justice's clerk and the constable, when they share the crowns that drunkards pay to the poor. Pray keep fair distance, and take no great strides. [Exeunt.

Enter LORENZO and ABSTEMIA, as in prison.

Lorenzo. Can then Abstemia forgive Lorenzo?

Abstemia. Yes, if Lorenzo can but love Abstemia,
She can thus hang upon his neck, and call
This prison true love's palace.

Lorenzo. Oh let kings
Forget their crowns, that know what 'tis to enjoy
The wond'rous wealth of one so good. Now
Thou art lovely as a young spring, and comely
As is the well-spread cedar; the fair fruit,
Kiss'd by the sun so daily, that it wears
The lovely blush of maids, seems but to mock
Thy soul's integrity. Here let me fall,
And with pleading sighs beg pardon.

Enter ANTONIO.

Abstemia. Sir, it meets you,
Like a glad pilgrim, whose desiring eye
Longs for the long-wish'd altar of his vow.
But you are far too prodigal in praise,
And crown me with the garlands of your merit.
As we meet barks on rivers, the strong gale,
(Being best friends to us) our own swift motion
Makes us believe that t'other nimbler rows:
Swift virtue thinks small goodness fastest goes.

Lorenzo. Sorrow hath bravely sweeten'd thee! What
are you?

Antonio. A displeasing black cloud: though I appear
dismal,
I am wond'rous fruitful. What cause soever
Mov'd you to take this murder on yourself,
Or you to strike yourself into the hazard
For his redemption, 'tis to me a stranger:
But I conceive you are both innocent.

Lorenzo. As new-born virtue. I did accuse

My innocence, to rid me of a life
Look'd uglier than death, upon an injury
I had done this virtuous wife.

Abstemia. And I accus'd
My innocence, to save the belov'd life
Of my most noble husband.

Antonio. Why then now 'twould grieve you,
Death should unkindly part ye.

Lorenzo. Oh but that, sir,
We have no sorrow. Now to part from her,
(Since Heaven hath new-married and new-made us)
I had rather leap into a den of lions,
Snatch from a hungry bear her bleeding prey:
I would attempt desperate impossibilities
With hope, rather than now to leave her.

Antonio. This makes for me.

Abstemia. And rather than leave you, sir, I would eat
Hot coals with Portia, or attempt a terror
Nature would, snail-like, shrink her head in at,
And tremble but to think on.

Antonio. Better and better.
If you so love him, what can you conceive
The greatest kindness can express that love?

Abstemia. To save his life, since there is no hope,
Seeing he so strongly has confess'd the murder,
We shall meet the happiness to die together.

Antonio. Fire casts the bravest heat in coldest weather:
I'll try how ardently you burn; for know,
Upon my faith, and as I am a gentleman,
I have (in the next room, and in the custody
Of a true friend) the man that did the deed
You stand accus'd for.

Abstemia. Hark there, Lorenzo.

Lorenzo. Will you not let him go, sir?

Antonio. That's in suspense. But, mistress, you did
say,
You durst eat coals with Portia, to redeem
The infinitely lov'd life of your husband.

Abstemia. And still strongly protest it.

Lorenzo. Oh my Abstemia!

Antonio. You shall redeem him at an easier rate :
I have the murderer, you see, in hold.

Lorenzo. And we are bless'd in your discovery of him.

Antonio. If you will give consent that I shall taste
That sense-bereaving pleasure so familiar
Unto your happy husband——

Abstemia. How?

Antonio. Pray hear me :
Then I will give this fellow up to the law.
If you deny, horses stand ready for us,
A bark for transportation; where we will live,
Till law by death hath sever'd ye.

Lorenzo. But we will call for present witness.

Antonio. Look ye—— [Shews the pistol.
Experienc'd navigators still are fitted
For every weather. 'Tis almost past call
To reach the nimblest ear: yet but offer it,
I part ye presently for ever. Consider it:
The enjoying him thou so entirely lov'st
All thy life after; that when mirth-spent time
Hath crown'd your heads with honour, you may sit
And tell delightful stories of your loves;
And when ye come to that poor minute's 'scape
Crowns my desire, ye may let that slip by,
Like water that ne'er meets the miller's eye.
Compare but this to th' soon-forgotten pleasure
Of a pair of wealthy minutes. The ¹⁹ thriftiest lapidary
Knows the most curious jewel takes no harm
For one day's wearing. Could you, sir, (did your eye
Nor see it worn) your wife having lent your cloak,
(If secretly return'd and folded up)
Could you conceive, when you next look'd upon't,
It had neatly furnish'd out a poor friend's want?
Be charitable, and think on't.

Lorenzo. Do'st hear, Abstemia?
Oh shall we part for ever, when a price
So poor might be our freedom?

¹⁹ *Thriftiest.*] First edition reads *thirstiest.*

Abstemia. Now, Goodness guard ye!
Where learnt you, sir, this language?

Lorenzo. Of true love.
You did but now profess, that you would die
To save my life; and now, like a forward chapman,
Catch'd at thy word, thou givest back, asham'd
To stand this easy proffer.

Abstemia. Could you live,
And know yourself a cuckold?

Antonio. What a question's that!
Many men cannot live without the knowledge.
How can ye tell
Whether she seems thus to respect your honour,
But to stay till the law has choak'd you?
It may be then she will do't with less intreaty.

Lorenzo. Ay, there, there 'tis.

Abstemia. 'Tis your old fit of jealousy so judges.
A foul devil talks within him.

Lorenzo. Oh the art,
The wond'rous art of woman! ye would do it daintily;
You would juggle me to death; you would persuade me
I should die nobly to preserve your honour;
That dead, ignobly you might prove dishonourable,
Forget me in a day, and wed another.

Abstemia. Why then would I have died for you?

Antonio. That was but a proffer,
That dying you might idolize her love:
'Twould have put her off the better.

Lorenzo. Oh you have builded
A golden palace, strew'd with palm and roses,
To let me bleed to death in! How sweetly
You would have lost me. *Abstemia,* you have learn'd
The cunning fowler's art, who pleasantly
Whistles the bird into the snare. Good Heaven!
How you had strew'd the enticing top o' th' cup
With Arabian spices! But you had laid i' th' bottom
Ephesian aconite. You are love's hypocrite;
A rotten stick, in the night's darkness born,
And a fair poppy in a field of corn.

Abstemia. Oh sir! hear me——

[Kneels.]

Lorenzo. Away! I will no more
Look pearl in mud. Oh sly hypocrisy! Durst ye
But now die for me? Good Heaven! die for me!
The greatest act of pain, and dare not buy me
With a poor minute's pleasure?

Abstemia. No, sir, I dare not: there is little pain in
death;

But a great death in every little pleasure.
I had rather, trust me, bear your death with honour,
Than buy your life with baseness. As I am expos'd
To th' greatest battery beauty ever fought,
Oh blame me not if I be covetous
To come off with greatest honour. If I do this
To let you live, I kill your name, and give
My soul a wound; I crush her from sweet grace,
And change her angel's to a fury's face.
Try me no more then; but, if you must bleed, boast,
To preserve honour, life is nobly lost.

Lorenzo. Thou wealth worth more than kingdoms!

I am now

Confirm'd past all suspicion, thou art far
Sweeter in thy sincere truth, than a sacrifice
Deck'd up for death with garlands. The Indian winds²⁰,
That blow off from the coast, and cheer the sailor
With the sweet savour of their spices, want
The delight flows in thee. Look here, look here,
Oh man of wild desires! We will die the martyrs
Of marriage; and, 'stead of the loose ditties
With which they stab sweet modesty, and ingender
Desires in the hot-room, thy noble story
Shall, laurel-like, crown honest ears with glory.

²⁰ ——— the Indian winds, &c.] So Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, B. 4.
L. 159.

“ ——— As when to them who sail

“ Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past

“ Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow

“ Sabeian odors from the spicy shore

“ Of Araby the blest: with such delay

“ Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league

“ Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.”

Antonio. Murder, murder, murder!

Enter the three DUKES, with LORDS.

Milan. Ha! who cries murder?

Philippo. As y'are a gentleman, now be true to me.

Abstemia. Sir!

Venice. Sister!

Verona. My shame! art thou there?

Venice. Oh sister, can it be

A prince's blood should stain that white hand?

Ambo. Hear us.

Antonio. No, no, no, hear me: 'twas I cry'd murder;
Because I have found them both stain'd with the deed
They would have throttled me.

Lorenzo. Hear us: by all——

Milan. Upon your lives be silent. Speak on, sir:
Had they both hands in our son's blood?

Antonio. Two hands apiece, sir.
I have sifted it: they both have kill'd the prince;
But this is the chief murderer. Please you give me
audience;

Ye shall wonder at the manner how they kill'd him.

Milan. Silence!

Antonio. He came first to this woman, and (truth's
truth)
He would have lain with her.

Milan. Her own confession.

Antonio. Nay, good your grace.

Milan. We are silent.

Antonio. Coming to seize upon her, with the first blow
She struck his base intent so brave a buffet,
That there it bled to death. She said, his horse
Would teach him better manners: there he died once.

Verona. What does this fellow talk?

Abstemia. I understand him.

Antonio. He met her next i' th' wood, where he was
found dead:

Then he came noblier up to her, and told her,
Marriage was his intent; but she as nobly
(Belike to let him know she was married)
Told him, in an intelligible denial,

A chaste wife's truth shin'd through the greatest trial :
There the prince died again.

Lodovico. There's twice ; beware the third time.

Antonio. The third time, he came here to them both
in prison,

Brought a pistol with him, would have forc'd her again ;
But had ye seen how fairly then she slew him,
You would have shot applauses from your eyes :
Oh she came up so bravely to that prince,
Hot potent Lust, (for she slew no prince else)
With such a valiant discipline she destroy'd
That debosh'd²¹ prince, Bad Desire ; and then, by him
So bravely too fetch'd off, that (to conclude)
Betwixt them they this wonder did contrive,
They kill'd the prince, but kept your son alive.

[*Discovers himself.*

Milan. Antonio !

Omnes. The prince !

Venice. Come home, my sister, to my heart.

Verona. And now Lorenzo is again my belov'd kins-
man.

Antonio. Oh, sir, here dwells virtue epitomiz'd,
Even to an abstract, and yet that so large
'Twill swell a book in folio.

Lodovico. She swells beyond my wife then :
A pocket-book, bound in *decimo sexto*,
Will hold her virtues, and as much spare paper left
As will furnish five tobacco-shops.

Milan. But here's the wonder ; who is it was slain
In your apparel ?

Philippo. I will give them all the slip. [*Offers to go.*

Antonio. Here's a gentleman of Ferrara——

Philippo. As you are noble ——

Antonio. That saw them fight : it was the slave was
slain, sir,
I took before Palermo : he that kill'd him,
Took him but for a gentleman his equal ;

²¹ *Debosh'd.*] See Mr. Steevens's note on *Tempest*, A. 3. S. 2.

And, as this eye-witness says, he in my apparel
Did kick the t'other first.

Philippo. Nay, upon my life, sir,
He in your apparel gave the first kick : I saw them fight,
And I dare swear the t'other honest gentleman
Little thought he had slain any thing like the prince ;
For I heard him swear, but half an hour before,
He never saw your grace.

Milan. Then he kill'd him fairly ?

Philippo. Upon my life, my lord.

Venice. T'other had but his merit then : who dies,
And seeks his death, seldom wets others' eyes.

Antonio. Let this persuade you I believe you noble ;
I have kept my word with you.

Philippo. You have out-done me, sir,
In this brave exercise of honour : but let me,
In mine own person, thank you.

Omnes. Philipppo !

Philippo. Unwittingly I did an ill (as 't happen'd)
To a good end : that slave I for you kill'd
Wanted but time to kill you : read that paper,
Which I found with him, I thinking by accident
You had intercepted it. We all have happily
Been well deceiv'd ; you are noble, just, and true ;
My hate was at your cloaths, my heart at you.

Verona. An accident more strange hath seldom hap-
pen'd.

Lorenzo. Philipppo, my best friend, 'twixt shame and
love,
Here let me lay thee now for ever.

Abstemia. Heaven
Hath now plain'd all our rough woes smooth and even.

Milan. At court, large relation in apt form
Shall tender past proceedings ; but to distinguish
(Excellent lady !) your unparallel'd praises
From those but seem, let this serve : bad women
Are nature's clouds, eclipsing her fair shine ;
The good, all-gracious, saint-like, and divine.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EDITION.

The City Night-Cap: or, *Crede quod habes, et habes.*
a Tragi-comedy. By Robert Davenport. As it was
acted with great applause, by Her Majesties Servants,
at the Phoenix in Drury-lane. London: Printed by
Ja. Cottrel, for Samuel Speed, at the signe of the
Printing-Press, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1661. 4to.

PARSON'S WEDDING

THE

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PARSON'S WEDDING.

THOMAS KILLEGREW, one of the sons of Sir Robert Killegrew, chamberlain to the Queen, was born at Hanworth, in the county of Middlesex, in the month of February, 1611*. Although his writings are not wanting in those requisites which confer reputation on an author, yet he has been indebted for his fame more to the jests for which he was as much admired by his sovereign as he was feared by the courtiers, than to any of his several publications. He seems to have been early intended for the court; and to qualify him for rising there, every circumstance of his education appears to have been adapted. In the year 1635, while upon his travels, he chanced to be at Loudon, and an eye-witness of the celebrated imposture of exorcising the devil out of several nuns belonging to a convent in that town. Of this transaction he wrote a very minute and accurate account¹, still in MSS. in the Pepysian library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. He was appointed page of honour to King Charles the First, and faithfully adhered to his cause, until the death of his master; after which, he attended his son in his exile; to whom he was highly acceptable, on account of his social and convivial qualifications.—He married Mrs. Cicilia Crofts, one of the maids of honour to Queen Henrietta. With this lady he had a dispute on the subject of jealousy, at which Thomas Carew was present, and wrote a poem, introduced into the Masque of *Cælum Britannicum*, and afterwards a copy of verses on their nuptials, printed in his works².

In the year 1651, he was sent to Venice as resident at that state, although, says Lord Clarendon³, “ the King was much dissuaded from it, but afterwards his Majesty was prevailed upon, only to gratify him (Killegrew) that in that capacity he might borrow money of English merchants for his own subsistence; which he did, and nothing to the honour of his master; but was at last compelled to leave the republic for his

* Sidney Papers, VI. 373. O. G.

¹ No. 8383.

² Carew's Poems, 1772, p. 129.

³ Life of Lord Clarendon, p. 116.

“ vicious behaviour ; of which the Venetian ambassa-
 “ dor complained to the king, when he came afterwards
 “ to Paris.” On his return from Venice, Sir John
 Denham wrote a copy of verses, printed in his works ⁴,
 bantering the foibles of his friend Killegrew ; who, from
 his account, was as little sensible to the inconveniences
 of exile as his royal master. His attachment to the in-
 terests of Charles the Second continued unabated until
 the Restoration, when he was appointed groom of the
 bed-chamber, and became so great a favourite with his
 Majesty, that he was admitted into his company on
 terms of the most unrestrained familiarity, and at times
 when audience was refused to the first ministers, and
 even on the most important occasions.—It does not ap-
 pear that he availed himself of his interest with the
 King, either to amass a fortune, or to advance himself
 in the state ; we do not find that he obtained any other
 preferment than the post of master of the revels, which
 he held with that of groom of the bed-chamber. Oldys
 says, he was king’s jester at the same time ; but although
 he might, and certainly did entertain his Majesty in
 that capacity, it can scarce be imagined to have been
 in consequence of any appointment of that kind. He
 died at Whitehall on the 19th of March, 1682 *, hav-
 ing in his life-time published the following plays :

1. The Prisoners : a Tragi-Comedy. Written at
 London, and acted at the Phœnix in Drury Lane.

2. Claracilla : a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Rome,
 and acted at the Phœnix in Drury Lane.

[Both these plays were printed in 12mo. 1641,
 with verses prefixed by H. Benet, afterwards
 the celebrated Earl of Arlington, Robert War-
 ing, and William Cartwright.]

⁴ P. 41. Edition, 1719. The stanza which relates particularly
 to his authorship is the following :

“ But who says he was not
 A man of much plot
 May repent that false accusation ;
 Having plotted and penn’d
 Six plays, to attend
 The *Farce* of his negociation.” C.

* Qy. Lysons says 1684. O. G.

3. *The Princess; or Love at first Sight*: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Naples.

4. *The Parson's Wedding*: a Comedy. Written at Basil, in Switzerland.

5. *The Pilgrim*: a Tragedy. Written in Paris.

6. *The First Part of Cicilia and Clorinda; or Love in Arms*: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Turin.

7. *The Second Part of Cicilia and Clorinda; or Love in Arms*: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Florence.

8. *Thomaso; or the Wanderer*: a Comedy. Written in Madrid.

9. *The Second Part of Thomaso; or the Wanderer*. Written in Madrid.

10. *The First Part of Bellamira, her Dream; or the Love of Shadows*: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Venice.

11. *The Second Part of Bellamira, her Dream; or the Love of Shadows*: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Venice.

[All the above plays were printed together in one volume, folio, 1664.]

Thomas Killegrew had two brothers, both dramatic writers, viz. Sir William Killegrew*, author of *Ormasdes*, *Pandora*, *Selindra*, and *The Siege of Urbin*;† and Dr. Henry Killegrew, a clergyman, author of a play called *The Conspiracy*, printed in 4to. 1638, and afterwards altered, and printed in folio, 1653, under the title of *Pallantus and Eudona*.

Dr. Henry Killegrew was father to Mrs. Anne Killegrew, a young lady celebrated for her wit, beauty, and virtue, and who was the writer of several poems, very highly esteemed by Mr. Dryden.

* An account of Sir W. Killegrew will be found in *Restituta* II. 130. The three first of his plays here mentioned were published together in 8vo. in 1664 or 1665, for the title pages bear both these dates. *Pandora* was "not approved upon the stage as a Tragedy," and therefore the author turned it into a Comedy, and Waller wrote some lines upon the change. C.

† A play called *The Imperial Tragedy*, has also been assigned to him upon no adequate authority. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. CARELESS, a gentleman, and a wit.

Mr. WILD, a gentleman, nephew to the Widow.

Mr. JOLLY, an humorous gentleman, and a courtier.

CAPTAIN, a leading wit full of designs.

*PARSON, a wit also, but over-reached by the Captain,
and his wanton.*

*Mr. CONSTANT, } two dull suitors to the lady Widow,
Mr. SAD, } and Mrs. Pleasant.*

CROP, the Brownist, a Scrivener.

Lady WILD, a rich (and somewhat youthful) widow.

*Mrs. PLEASANT, a handsome young gentlewoman, of a
good fortune.*

Mrs. SECRET, her (indifferent honest) woman.

Lady LOVEALL, an old stallion-hunting widow.

FAITHFUL, her (errant honest) woman.

*Mrs. WANTON, the Captain's livery punk, married to
the Parson by confederacy.*

Bawds, Servants, Drawers, Fiddlers.

THE

PARSON'S WEDDING.⁵

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the CAPTAIN in choler, and WANTON.

Captain. No more; I'll sooner be reconcil'd to want or sickness, than that rascal: a thing, that my charity made sociable; one, that when I smil'd would fawn upon me, and wag his stern, like starv'd dogs; so nasty, the company cried foh upon him; he stunk so of poverty, ale, and bawdry. So poor and despicable, when I reliev'd him, he could not avow his calling for want of a cassock, but stood at corners of streets and whisper'd gentlemen in the ear, as they pass'd, and so deliver'd his wants like a message; which being done, the rogue vanished, and would dive at Westminster like a dabchick, and rise again at Temple-gate. The ingenuity of the rascal, his wit being snuft by want, burnt clear then, and furnish'd him with a bawdy jest or two, to take the company; but now the rogue shall find he has lost a patron.

Wanton. As I live, if I had thought you would have been in such a fury, you should never have known it.

Captain. Treacherous rogue! he has always rail'd

⁵ This play was originally represented wholly by women. See *Dialogue on plays and players*, Vol. I. See Granger's Hist. Engl. iv. On this occasion a Prologue and Epilogue were spoken by Mrs. Marshall (of whom see *Memoires de Grammont*, p. 202. Edit. 4to. Strawberry Hill) which are printed in *Covent Garden Drollery*, p. 3. 8vo. 1672. O. G.

against thee to me, as a danger his friendship ought to give me warning of, and nightly cried, Yet look back, and hunt not, with good-nature and the beauties of thy youth, that false woman; but hear thy friend, that speaks from sad experience.

Wanton. Did he say this?

Captain. Yes, and swears ye are as unsatiate as the sea, as covetous, and as ungrateful; that you have your tempests too, and calms, more dangerous than it.

Wanton. Was the slave so eloquent in his malice?

Captain. Yes, faith, and urg'd, you (for your part) were never particular, and seldom sound.

Wanton. Not sound! why, he offer'd to marry me, and swore he thought I was chaste, I was so particular; and prov'd it, that consent was full marriage, by the first institution, and those that love, and lie together, and tell, have fulfilled all ceremonies now.

Captain. Did he offer to marry thee?

Wanton. Yes, yes.

Captain. If ever then I deserv'd from thee, or if thou be'st dear to thyself, as thou hast any thing thou hop'st shall be safe or sound about thee, I conjure thee, take my counsel; marry him, to afflict him.

Wanton. Marry him?

Captain. If I have any power I shall prevail. Thou know'st he has a fat benefice, and leave me to plague him, till he give it me to be rid of thee.

Wanton. Will you not keep me then?

Captain. I keep thee! pr'ythee, wilt thou keep me? I know not why men are such fools to pay: we bring as much to the sport as women. Keep thee! I'd marry thee as soon; why, *that's wedding sin*: no, no keeping I: that you are not your own, is all that prefers you before wives.

Wanton. I hope this is not real.

Captain. Art thou such a stranger to my humour? why, I tell thee, I should hate thee if I could call thee mine, for I loath all women within my knowledge; and 'tis six to four, if I knew thy sign, I'd come there no more; a strange mistress makes every night a-new,

and these are your pleasing sins. I had as lieve be good, as sin by course.

Wanton. Then I am miserable.

Captain. Not so, if you'll be instructed, and let me pass like a stranger when you meet me.

Wanton. But have you these humours?

Captain. Yes, faith; yet if you will observe them, though you marry him, I may perchance be your friend: but you must be sure to be coy, for to me the hunting is more pleasant than the quarry⁶.

Wanton. But, if I observe this, will you be my friend hereafter?

Captain. Firm as the day. Hark, I hear him; [*The Parson calls within*] I knew he would follow me, I gave him a small touch that waken'd his guilt. Resolve to indear yourself to him, which you may easily do, by taking his part when I have vex'd him. No dispute; resolve it, or as I live here I disclaim thee for ever.

Wanton. 'Tis well; something I'll do.

[*Exit. Wanton.*]

Captain. Open the door, I say, and let me in: your favourite and his tithes shall come no more here.

Enter PARSON.

Parson. Yes, but he shall; 'tis not you, nor your brac'd drum, shall fright me hence, who can command the souls of men. I have read divine Seneca; thou know'st nothing but the earthly part, and canst cry to that, *Faces about*⁷.

Captain. Thou read Seneca! thou steal'st his cover,

⁶ *Quarry.*] i. e. The Game. *Quarry* is a term both of Hunting and Falconry. The allusion here is to the former. *Quarrie* (as referring to the latter) according to Latham's explanation, "is taken for the fowle which is flowne at, and slaine at any time, especially when young hawks are flowne thereunto."

⁷ *Faces about.*] So in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 3. S. 1.

"Good captain, *faces about.*"

Scornful Lady, A. 5.

"Cutting Morecraft *faces about.*"

And in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Ralph, exercising his men, says,

"Double your files: as you were; *faces about.*"

to clothe thee, naked and wicked, that for money wouldst sell the share of the twelve, and art allowed by all that know thee, fitter to have been Judas, than Judas was, for treachery.

Parson. Rail, do rail, my illiterate captain, that can only abuse by memory; and should I live till thou couldst read my sentence, I should never die.

Captain. No, ingrateful, live till I destroy thee; and, thankless wretch, did all my care of thee deserve nothing but thy malice, and treacherous speaking darkly still? with thy fine, no, not he, when any malicious discourse was made of me; and by thy false faint, no, faith; confess, in thy denials, whilst thy smiling excuses stood a greater and more dangerous evidence against me, than my enemies affidavits could have done.

Parson. I'll lie for never a lean soldier of you all.

Captain. I have for thee, slave, when I have been wondered at for keeping company with such a face; but they were such as knew thee not; all which thy looks deceiv'd, as they did me: they are so simple they'd cozen a jury, and a judge that had wit would swear thou liedst, should thou confess what I know to be true, and award Bedlam for thee; 'tis so strange and so new a thing, to find so much rogue lodge at the sign of the fool.

Parson. Leave this injurious language, or I'll lay off my cassock; for nothing shall privilege your bragger's tongue to abuse me, a gentleman, and a soldier ancienter than thyself.

Captain. Yes, thou wer't so: and now, I think on't, I'll recount the cause, which, it may be, thou hast forgot, through thy variety of sins. It was a hue and cry, that follow'd thee a scholar, and found thee a soldier.

Parson. Thou liest; thou, and Scandal have but one tongue; her's dwells with thy coward's teeth.

Captain. Oh! do you rage? nay, I'll put the cause in print too: I am but a scurvy poet, yet I'll make a ballad shall tell how like a faithful disciple you follow'd your poor whore, till her martyrdom in the suburbs.

Parson. I'll be reveng'd for this scandal.

Captain. Then shall succeed, thy flight from the university, disguis'd into captain, only the outside was worse buff, and the inside more atheist than they; furnish'd with an insolent faith, uncharitable heart, envious as old women, cruel and bloody as cowards: thus arm'd at all points, thou went'st out, threatening God, and trembling at men.

Parson. I'll be reveng'd, thou poor man of war, I'll be reveng'd.

Enter WANTON.

Wanton. And why so bitter? Whose house is this? Who dares tell this story?

Captain. Why, sweet, hath he not treacherously broke into our cabinet, and would have stol'n thee thence? by these hilts, I'll hang him; and then I can conclude my ballad with *take warning all Christian people by the same*: I will, you lean slave; I'll prosecute thee, till thou art fain to hide in a servitor's gown again, and live upon crumbs with the robin red-breasts that haunt the hall, your old mess-mates. Do you snarl? I'll do't, I will, and put thee to fight with the dogs for the bones that but smell of meat; those that your hungry students have polish'd with their teeth.

Wanton. If you do this, good captain, lieutenant, and company (for all your command, I think, is within your reach) I say, if you dare do this, I shall sing a song of one that bade stand,* and made a carrier pay a dear rent for a little ground upon his majesty's highway.

Captain. How now, mistress Wanton! what's this? what's this?

Parson. This! 'tis matter for a jury; I'll swear, and positively. I'll hang thee, I'll do't, by this hand: let me alone to swear the jury out of doubt.

* The exclamation of a highwayman on stopping a passenger, as many examples would prove. It is only noticed now for the sake of mentioning an ingenious turn given to it in Middleton's *Phœnix*, 1607, where one of the characters justifies robbery by observing, "As long as drunkenness is a vice, stand is a virtue." C.

Captain. But you are in jest, mistress Wanton, and will confess (I hope) this is no truth.

Wanton. Yes, sir, as great a truth, as that you are in your unpay'd-for scarlet. Fool! didst think, I'd quit such a friend, and his stay'd fortune, to rely upon thy dead pay, and hopes of a second covenant?

Captain. His fortune! what is't? th' advowson of Tyburn deanery?

Parson. No, nor rents brought in by long staff-speeches, that ask alms with frowns, till thy looks and speech have laid violent hands upon men's charity.

Wanton. Let him alone; I'll warrant, he'll never be indicted for drawing any thing but his tongue, against a man.

Captain. Very good.

Parson. Dear mistress Wanton, you have won my heart, and I shall live to doat upon you for abusing this impetuous captain. Will you listen to my old suit? will you marry me, and vex him? say, dare you do't without more dispute?

Captain. 'Twas a good question; she that dares marry thee, dares do any thing: she may as safely lie with the great bell upon her, and his clapper is less dangerous than thine.

Wanton. Why, I pray?

Captain. What a miserable condition wilt thou come to? his wife cannot be an honest woman; and if thou should'st turn honest, would it not vex thee to be chaste and pox'd—a saint without a nose? what kalendar will admit thee, by an incurable slave that's made of rogues flesh? consider that.

Wanton. Why, that's something yet; thou hast nothing but a few scars, and a little old fame to trust to, and that scarce thatches your head.

Captain. Nay then I see thou'rt base, and this plot not accident. And now I do not grudge him thee; go together, 'tis pity to part you, whore and parson, as consonant——

Wanton. As whore and captain.

Captain. Take her, I'll warrant her a breeder. I'll

prophecy she shall lie with thy whole congregation, and bring an heir to thy parish; one that thou may'st enclose the common by his title, and recover it by common law.

Parson. That's more than thy dear dam could do for thee, thou son of a thousand fathers, all poor soldiers; rogues, that ought mischiefs, no midwives for their birth. But I cry thee mercy, my patron has an estate of old iron by his side, with the farm of old ladies he scrapes a dirty living from.

Wanton. He earn from an old lady! hang him, he's only wicked in his desires; and for adultery he cannot be condemn'd, though he should have the vanity to betray himself. God forgive me for belying him so often as I have done; the weak-chined slave hir'd me once to say, I was with child by him.

Captain. This is pretty, farewell; and may the next pig thou farrow'st have a promising face, without the dad's fool or gallows in't, that all may swear, at first sight, that's a bastard; and it shall go hard but I'll have it call'd mine. I have the way, 'tis but praising thee, and swearing thou art honest before I am ask'd: you taught me the trick.

Parson. Next levee I'll preach against thee, and tell them what a piece you are: your drum and borrowed scarf shall not prevail, nor shall you win with charms half ell long (hight ferret ribband) the youth of our parish, as you have done.

Captain. No, lose no time: pr'ythee study and learn to preach, and leave railing against the surplice, now thou hast preach'd thyself into linen. Adieu, Abigail, adieu, heir apparent to sir Oliver Mar-text; to church, go: I'll send a beadle shall sing your Epithalamium.

Parson. Adieu, my captain of a tame band. I'll tell your old lady, how you abused her breath, and swore you earn'd your money harder than those that dig in the mines for't. [*Exit Captain.*] A fart fill thy sail, captain of a gally foist⁸.—He's gone: come, sweet,

⁸ *Gally foist.*] A *gally foist* was the name of a pleasure boat, or one used on particular days for pomp and state. The Lord Mayor's

let's to church immediately, that I may go and take my revenge: I'll make him wear thin breeches.

Wanton. But if you should be such a man as he says you are, what would my friends say, when they hear I have cast myself away?

Parson. He says! hang him, lean, mercenary, provant rogue*: I knew his beginning, when he made the stocks lousy, and swarm'd so with vermin, we were afraid he would have brought that curse upon the country. He says! but what matters what he says? a rogue, by sire and dam! his father was a broad fat peddler, a what-do-you-lack, sir, that haunted good houses, and stole more than he bought: his dam was a gipsy, a pilfering canting Sibyl in her youth, and she suffered in her old age for a witch. Poor Stromwell, the rogue was a perpetual burthen to her, she carried him longer at her back than in her belly; he dwelt there, till she lost him one night in the great frost upon our common, and there he was found in the morning candy'd in ice: a pox of their charity that thaw'd him. You might smell a rogue then in the bud: he is now run away from his wife.

Wanton. His wife?

Parson. Yes, his wife; why, do you not know he's married according to the rogues liturgy? a left-handed bridegroom. I saw him take the ring from a tinker's dowager.

Wanton. Is this possible?

Parson. Yes, most possible, and you shall see how I'll be reveng'd on him: I will immediately go seek the ordinance against reformadoes.

and Company's Barges were sometimes formerly called *The City Galley foists*. See *Wood's South East View of the City and part of Southwark, as it appeared about the year 1599*.

* *Provant* rogue.] This epithet of contempt is not of very frequent occurrence: *provant* as all the commentators on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 1. agree means *provision*. In Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, A. 1. S. 1. we meet with it applied to a sword, and Mr. Gifford explains it to mean there *plain, unornamented*, such a sword as the troops were provided with. In this place *provant* is rather to be understood as *unprovided* or *needy*, and "a *provant* rogue" as one who is in want of *provision*. C.

Wanton. What ordinance?

Parson. Why, they do so swarm about the town, and are so destructive to trade and all civil government, that the state has declared, no person shall keep above two colonels and four captains (of what trade soever) in his family; for now the war is done, broken-breech, wood-monger, rag-man, butcher, and link-boy, (comrades that made up the ragged regiment in this holy war) think to return and be admitted to serve out their times again.

Wanton. Your ordinance will not touch the captain, for he is a known soldier.

Parson. He a captain! an apocryphal modern one, that went convoy once to Brentford with those troops that conducted the contribution-puddings in the late holy war, when the city ran mad after their russet Levites, apron-rogues with horn hands. Hang him, he's but the sign of a soldier; and I hope to see him hang'd for that commission, when the king comes to his place again.

Wanton. You abuse him, now he's gone; but——

Parson. Why, dost thou think I fear him? no wench, I know him too well for a cowardly slave, that dares as soon eat his fox⁹, as draw it in earnest: the slave's noted to make a conscience of nothing but fighting.

Wanton. Well, if you be not a good man, and a kind husband——

Parson. Thou know'st the proverb, as happy as the parson's wife during her husband's life. [Exeunt.

⁹ *As soon eat his fox.*] A fox was formerly a cant word for a sword.

So in *Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair*, A. 2. S. 6.

“What would you have, sister, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket hilt and an *old fox* in't?”

Philaster, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 4.

“I made my father's *old fox* fly about his ears.”

Henry Vth by Shakspeare, A. 4. S. 4.

“—— Thou diest on point of *fox*.”

See Mr. Steevens's note on the latter passage, where many passages of our ancient writers are produced to prove the explanation.

SCENE II.

Enter Mistress PLEASANT, WIDOW WILD her aunt, and SECRET her woman, above in the music room, as dressing her: a glass, a table, and she in her night-clothes.

Pleasant. Secret give me the glass, and see who knocks.

Widow. Niece, what, shut the door? as I live, this music was meant to you, I know my nephew's voice.

Pleasant. Yes, but you think his friend's has more music in't.

Widow. No, faith, I can laugh with him, or so, but he comes no nearer than my lace.

Pleasant. You do well to keep your smock betwixt.

Widow. Faith, wench, so wilt thou and thou beest wise, from him and all of them; and be rul'd by me, we'll abuse all the sex, till they put a true value upon us.

Pleasant. But dare you forbid the travel'd gentlemen, and abuse them and your servant, and swear, with me, not to marry in a twelve-month, though a lord bait the hook, and hang out the sign of a court Cupid, whipt by a country widow? then I believe we may have mirth cheaper than at the price of ourselves, and some sport with the wits that went to loose themselves in France.

Widow. Come, no dissembling, lest I tell your servant, when he returns, how much you're taken with the last new fashion.

Secret. Madam, 'tis almost noon, will you not dress yourself to-day?

Widow. She speaks as if we were boarders: pr'ythee, wench, is not the dinner our own? sure my cook shall lay by my own roast till my stomach be up.

Pleasant. But there may be company, and they will say, we take too long time to trim. Secret, give me the flowers my servant sent me: he sware 'twas the first the wench made of the kind.

Widow. But when he shall hear you had music sent you to-day, 'twill make him appear in his old clothes.

Pleasant. Marry, I would he would take exception, he should not want ill usage to rid me of his trouble. As I live, custom has made me so acquainted with him, that I now begin to think him not so displeasing as at first; and if he fall not out with me, I must with him, to secure myself. Sure (aunt) he must find sense and reason absent; for when a question knocks at his head, the answer tells that there is nobody at home. I ask'd him th'other day, if he did not find a blemish in his understanding, and he sware a great oath, not he. I told him 'twas very strange, for fool was so visible an eye-sore, that neither birth nor fortune could reconcile to me.

Widow. Faith, methinks his humour is good, and his purse will buy good company, and I can laugh and be merry with him sometimes.

Pleasant. Why, pray (aunt) take him to yourself, and see how merry we will be. I can laugh at any body's fool, but mine own.

Widow. By my troth, but that I have married one fool already, you should not have him. Consider, he asks no portion, and yet will make a great jointure: a fool with these conveniences, a kind loving fool, and one that you may govern, makes no ill husband, niece. There are other arguments too, to bid a fool welcome which you will find without teaching: think of it, niece: you may lay out your affection to purchase some dear wit, or judgment of the city, and repent at leisure a good bargain, in this fool.

Pleasant. Faith, aunt, fools are cheap in the butchery, and dear in the kitchen: they are such unsavoury insipid things, that there goes more charge to the sauce than the fool is worth, ere a woman can confidently serve him, either to her bed or board. Then if he be a loving fool, he troubles all the world a-days, and me all night.

Secret. Friendship-love, madam, has a remedy for that.

Pleasant. See, if the air of this place has not inclin'd Secret to be a bawd already. No, Secret, you get no gowns that way, upon my word. If I marry, it shall be a gentleman that has wit and honour, though he has nothing but a sword by his side: such a one naked is better than a fool with all his trappings, bells, and baubles.

Widow. Why, as I live, he's a handsome fellow, and merry: mine is such a sad soul, and tells me stories of lovers that died in despair, and of the lamentable end of their mistresses (according to the ballad) and thinks to win me by example.

Pleasant. Faith, mine talks of nothing but how long he has lov'd me; and those that know me not, think I am old, and still finds new causes (as he calls them) for his love. I asked him the other day if I chang'd so fast or no.

Widow. But what think'st thou, Secret? my nephew dances well, and has a handsome house in the Piazza.

Pleasant. Your nephew! not I, as I live; he looks as if he would be woo'd: I'll warrant you, he'll never begin with a woman till he has lost the opinion of himself; but since you are so courteous, I'll speak to his friend, and let him know how you suffer for him.

Widow. Him! marry, God bless all good women from him. Why, he talks as if the dairy-maid and all her cows could not serve his turn: then they wear such bawdy breeches, 'twould startle an honest woman to come in their company, for fear they should break, and put her to count from the fall of them; for I'll warrant the year of the Lord would sooner out of her head than such a sight.

Pleasant. I am not such an enemy now to his humour as to your nephew's. He rails against our sex, and thinks, by beating down the price of a woman, to make us despair of merchants: but, if I had his heart-strings tied on a true lover's knot, I would so firk him, till he found physic in a rope.

Secret. He's a scurvy-tongu'd fellow, I'm sure of that; and if I could have got a staff, I had mark'd him.

Widow. What did he do to thee, Secret?

Pleasant. Why, he swore, he had a better opinion of her than to think she had her maidenhead; but if she were that fool, and had preserv'd the toy, he swore he would not take the pains of fetching it, to have it. I confess, I would fain be reveng'd on them, because they are so blown up with opinion of their wit.

Widow. As I live, my nephew travels still: the sober honest Ned Wild will not be at home this month.

Pleasant. What say you? will you abuse them and all the rest, and stand to my first proposition?

Widow. Yes, faith, if it be but to bury my servant, Sad; for he cannot last above another fall: and how, think you, will your servant take it?

Pleasant. Mine! Oh, God help me, mine's a healthy fool. I would he were subject to pine, and take things unkindly, there were some hope to be rid of him; for I'll undertake to use him as ill as any body.

Widow. As I live, I am easily resolv'd; for if I would marry, I know neither who nor what humour to chuse.

Secret. By my troth, madam, you are hard to please, else the courtier might have serv'd turn.

Widow. Serve turn! Pr'ythee what haste, Secret, that I should put myself to bed with one I might make a shift with? When I marry, thou shalt cry, Aye marry, madam, this is a husband! without blushing, wench, and none of your so-so husbands. Yet, he might half overcome my aversion, I confess.

Pleasant. Overcome! I think so: he might have won a city his way; for when he saw you were resolv'd he should not eat with you, he would set himself down as if he meant to besiege us, and had vow'd never to rise till he had taken us in; and because our sex forbade force, he meant to do it by famine. Yet you may stay, and miss a better market; for, hang me, I am of Secret's opinion, he had but two faults—a handsome fellow, and too soon deny'd.

Widow. 'Tis true, he was a handsome fellow, and a civil, that I shall report him; for as soon as it was

given him to understand, I desir'd he would come no more, I never saw him since, but by chance.

Pleasant. Why did you forbid him?

Widow. There were divers exceptions; but that which anger'd me then was, he came with the king's letters patents, as if he had been to take up a wife for his majesty's use.

Pleasant. Alas! was that all? Why, 'tis their way at court, a common course among them: and was it not one the king had a great care of? When my mother was alive, I had such a packet from the court directed unto me: I bid them pay the post, and make the fellow drink; which he took as ill as I could wish, and has been ever since such a friendly enemy——

Widow. Nay, as I live, she was for the captain too: his scarf and feather won her heart.

Secret. Truly, madam, never flatter yourself; for the gentleman did not like you so well, as to put you to the trouble of saying no.

Pleasant. Lord, how I hated and dreaded that scarf and buff-coat!

Secret. Why, mistress Pleasant, a captain is an honourable charge.

Widow. Pr'ythee, Secret, name them no more. Colonel and captain, commissioner, free-quarters, ordnance and contribution. When Buff utters these words, I tremble and dread the sound: it frights me still when I do but think on them. Cuds body, they're twigs of the old rod, wench, that whipt us so lately.

Pleasant. Aye, aye, and they were happy days, wench, when the captain was a lean poor humble thing, and the soldier tame, and durst not come within the city, for fear of a constable and a whipping-post. They know the penal statutes give no quarter. Then Buff was out of countenance, and skulk'd from alehouse to alehouse, and the city had no militia but the sheriff's men. In those merry days, a bailiff trod the streets with terror, when all the chains in the city were rusty but Mr. Sheriff's; when the people knew no evil but the constable and his watch. Now, every committee has as

much power, and as little manners, and examines with as much ignorance, impertinence, and authority, as a constable in the king's key. [*People talking without.*

Widow. See, who's that so loud?

Secret. The men you talk'd of, newly come to town.—
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter JACK CONSTANT, WILL SAD, JOLLY, and a FOOTMAN: they comb their heads, and talk.*¹⁰

Jolly. Remember our covenants, get them that can, all friends; and be sure to dispatch the plot, to carry

¹⁰ ———*they comb their heads, and talk.*] This custom, strange as it would now appear, was the constant practice of gentlemen in the last century. When on visits, either of ceremony or business, or even in company of ladies, and at public places, their constant amusement was to comb their hair or wigs: and the fashion continued until the reign of Queen Anne.—Dryden alludes to it, in the Prologue to *Almanzor and Almahide*:

“But, as when vizard masque appears in pit
Straight every man, who thinks himself a wit,
Perks up; and managing *his comb* with grace,
With his white wig sets off his nut-brown face.”

And Mincing, in *The Way of the World*, says,

“The gentlemen stay but to *comb*, madam, and will wait on you.”

These instances I am indebted for to Mr. Steevens.

To the above instances may be added the following, which will shew that the fashion mentioned in the text kept its ground a considerable length of time.

Epilogue to *The Wrangling Lovers*, 1677.

“How we rejoic'd to see 'em in our pit!
What difference, methought, there was
Betwixt a country gallant and a wit.
When you did *order perriwig with comb*,
They only us'd four fingers and a thumb.”

The Fortune Hunters, A. I. Sc. 2. 1689.

“He looked indeed and sighed and set his cravat-string, and sighed again, and *combed his perriwig*: sighed a third time, and then took snuff, I guess to shew the whiteness of his hand.”

Prologue to *The Relapse*, 1697.

“How have I shook and trembling stood with awe,
When here, behind the scenes, I've seen 'em draw
—— *A comb*; that dead-doing weapon to the heart,
And turn each powder'd hair into a dart.”

them into the country, lest the brace of newcome monsieurs get them.

Constant. Those flesh-flies! I'll warrant thee from them: yet 'twas foolishly done of me to put on this gravity. I shall break out, and return to myself, if you put me to a winter's wooing.

Sad. A little patience does it, and I am content to suffer any thing till they're out of town. Secret says, they think my pale face proceeds from my love.

Jolly. Does she? That shall be one hint to advance your designs and my revenge: for so she be cozen'd, I care not who does it, for scorning me, who (by this hand) lov'd her parlously.

Footman. Sir, what shall I do with the horses?

Sad. Carry them to Brumsted's.

Footman. What shall I do with your worship's?

Jolly. Mine? Take him, hamstring him, kill him, any thing to make him away; lest, having such a conveniency, I be betray'd to another journey into the country. Gentlemen, you are all welcome to my country-house. Charing-cross, I am glad to see thee, with all my heart.

Constant. What! not reconcil'd to the country yet?

Sad. He was not long enough there, to see the pleasure of it.

Jolly. Pleasure! what is't call'd? walking, or hawking, or shooting at butts?

Constant. You found other pleasures, or else the story of the meadow is no gospel.

Jolly. Yes, a pox upon the necessity! Here I could as soon have taken the cow, as such a milk-maid.

Sad. The wine and meat's good, and the company.

Jolly. When, at a Tuesday meeting, the country comes into a match at two shillings rubbers, where they conclude at dinner what shall be done this parliament, railing against the court and pope, after the old Elizabeth-way of preaching, till they are drunk with zeal; and then the old knight of the shire from the board's-end, in his coronation-breeches, vies clinches with a silenc'd minister; a rogue that rail'd against

the reformation, merely to be eas'd of the trouble of preaching.

Constant. Nay, as I live, now you are to blame, and wrong him. The man's a very able man.

Jolly. You'll be able to say so one day, upon your wife's report. I would he were gelt, and all that hold his opinion: by this good day, they get more souls than they save.

Sad. And what think you of the knight's son? I hope, he's a fine gentleman, when his green suit and his blue stockings are on; and the welcomest thing to Mrs. Abigail, but Tib and Tom in the stock¹¹.

Jolly. Who, Mr. Jeoffry? Hobinol the second. By this life, 'tis a very veal, and he licks his nose like one of them. By his discourse, you'd guess he had eaten nothing but hay. I wonder he doth not go on all four too, and hold up his leg when he stales. He talks of nothing but the stable. The cobbler's black-bird at the corner has more discourse. He has not so much as the family-jest, which these Coridons use to inherit! I pos'd him in Booker's prophecies,¹² till he confess'd he had not master'd his almanack yet.

¹¹ *Tib and Tom in the stock.*] Terms at the game of Gleek; which she is supposed to love immoderately. S. P.

¹² *Booker's prophecies.*] William Lilly gives the following account of *John Booker*, the person here mentioned:—he “was born in
“Manchester, in the year 1601; was in his youth well instructed
“in the Latin tongue, which he understood very well. He seemed,
“from his infancy, to be designed for astrology; for, from the time
“he had any understanding, he would be always poring on, and
“studying almanacks. He came to London at fitting years, and
“served an apprenticeship to an haberdasher in Lawrence Lane,
“London: but either wanting stock to set up, or disliking the call-
“ing, he left his trade, and taught to write, at Hadley, in Middle-
“sex, several scholars in that school. He wrote singularly well,
“both secretary and Roman. In process of time, he served Sir
“Christopher Clethero, Knight, alderman of London, as his clerk,
“being a city justice of peace. He also was clerk to Sir Hugh
“Hammersley, alderman of London: both which he served with
“great credit and estimation, and, by that means, became not only
“well known, but as well respected, of the most eminent citizens
“of London, even to his dying-day.

“He was an excellent proficient in astrology; whose excellent

Constant. But what was that you whisper'd to him in the hall?

Jolly. Why, the butler and I, by the intercession of Marchbeer, had newly reconciled him to his dad's old cod-piece corslet in the hall, which, when his zeal was up, he would needs throw down, because it hung upon a cross.

Constant. But what think you of my neighbour? I hope, her charity takes you.

Jolly. Yes, and her old waiting-woman's devotion: she sigh'd in the pew behind me. A Dutch skipper belches not so loud, or so sour. My lady's miserable sinner, with the white eyes, she does so squeeze out her prayers, and so wring out, *Have mercy upon us.* I warrant her, she has a waiting-woman's sting in her conscience. She looks like a dirty-soul'd bawd.

Constant. Who is this, my lady Freedom's woman, that he describes?

Jolly. The same: the independent lady. I have promis'd to send her a cripple or two by the next carrier. Her subject-husband would needs shew me his house one morning. I never visited such an hospital: it stunk like Bedlam; and all the servants were carrying poultices, julaps, and glisters, and several remedies for all diseases but his. The man sigh'd to see his estate crumbling away: I counsell'd him either to give or take an ounce of ratsbane, to cure his mind.

Constant. She is my cousin; but he made such a complaint to me, I thought he had married the company of Surgeons-hall: for his directions to me for

“ verses upon the twelve months, framed according to the confi-
“ gurations of each month, being blessed with success according
“ to his predictions, procured him much reputation all over Eng-
“ land. He was a very honest man; abhorred any deceit in the
“ art he studied; had a curious fancy in judging of thefts, and as
“ successful in resolving love-questions. He was no mean pro-
“ ficient in astronomy; he understood much in physic; was
“ a great admirer of the antimonial cup; not unlearned in chy-
“ mistry, which he loved well, but did not practise. He died in
“ 1667.”

several things for his wife's use, were fitter for an apothecary's shop than a lady's closet.

Jolly. I advis'd him to settle no jointure but her old stills, and a box of instruments, upon her. She hates a man with all his limbs: a wooden leg, a crutch, and *fistula in ano*, wins her heart. Her gentleman-usher broke his leg last dog-days, merely to have the honour to have her set it: a foul rank rogue! and so full of salt humours, that he pos'd a whole college of old women with a gangrene, which spoil'd the jest, and his ambling before my lady, by applying a hand-saw, to his gart'ring-place; and now the rogue wears booted bed-staves, and destroys all the young ashes to make him legs.

Sad. I never saw such a nasty affection: she would ha' done well in the incurable; a hand-maid to have waited on the cripples.

Jolly. She converses with naked men, and handles all their members, though never so ill affected, and calls the fornication charity. All her discourse to me was flat bawdry; which I could not chide, but spoke as flat as she, till she rebuk'd me, calling mine beastliness, and hers natural philosophy. By this day, if I were to marry, I would as soon have chosen a drawn whore out of mine own hospital, and cure the sins of her youth; as marry a she chirurgeon; one that for her sins in her first husband's days, cures all the crimes of her sex in my time. I would have him call her Chiron, the Centaur's, own daughter; a chirurgeon by sire and dam, Apollo's own colt. She's red-hair'd too, like that bonny beast with the golden mane and flaming tail.

Sad. You had a long discourse with her, Jolly: what was't about?

Jolly. I was advising her to be divorc'd, and marry the man in the almanack: 'twould be fine pastime for her to lick him whole.

Sad. By this day, I never saw such a mule as her husband is, to bear with her madness. The house is a good house, and well furnish'd.

Jolly. Yes; but 'tis such a sight to see great French beds full of found children, sons of batchelors, priests'

heirs, Bridewell orphans: there they lie by dozens in a bed, like sucking rabbits in a dish, or a row of pins; and then they keep a whole dairy of milch-whores to suckle them.

Sad. She is successful, and that spoils her, and makes her deaf to counsel. I bade him poison two or three, to disgrace her; for the vanity and pride of their remedies make those women more diligent than their charity.

Jolly. I ask'd him why he married her; and he confess'd, if he had been sound, he had never had her.

Constant. He confess'd she cur'd him of three claps before he married her.

Jolly. Yes; and I believe some other member (though then ill-affected) pleaded more than his tongue; and the rogue is like to find her business still, for he flies at all. My God, I owe thee thanks for many things; but 'tis not the least I am not her husband, nor a country-gentleman, whither, I believe, you cannot easily seduce me again unless you can persuade London to stand in the country. To Hyde Park, or so, I may venture upon your lady-fair days, when the filly foals of fifteen come kicking in, with their manes and tails tied up in ribbands, to see their eyes roll and neigh when the spring makes their blood prick them: so far I am with you, by the way of a country-gentleman and a beer-drinker.

Sad. For all this dislike, Mr. Jolly, your greatest acquaintance lies amongst country-gentlemen.

Jolly. Aye, at London: there your country-gentlemen are good company; where to be seen with them is a kind of credit. I come to a mercer's shop in your coach: Boy, call your master: he comes bare; I whisper him, Do you know the Constants and the Sads of Norfolk? Yes, yes, he replies, and strokes his beard. They are good men, cry I: Yes, yes, No more; cut me off three suits of satin. He does it, and, in the delivery, whispers, Will these be bound? Pish! drive on, coachman: speak with me to-morrow.

Constant. And what then?

Jolly. What then! why, come again next day.

Sad. And what if the country-gentleman will not be bound?

Jolly. Then he must fight.

Sad. I would I had known that before I had sign'd your bond: I would have set my sword sooner than my seal to it.

Jolly. Why, if thou repent, there's no harm done: fight rather than pay it.

Sad. Why, do you think I dare not fight?

Jolly. Yes, but I think thou hast more wit than to fight with me; for if I kill thee, 'tis a fortune to me, and others will sign in fear: and if thou should'st kill me, any body that knows us would swear 'twere very strange, and cry, There's God's just judgment now upon that lewd youth, and thou procur'st his hangman's place at the rate of thy estate.

Constant. By this hand, he is in the right; and, for mine, I meant to pay when I sign'd. Hang it, never put good fellows to say, Pr'ythee give me a hundred pounds.

Sad. 'Tis true, 'tis a good janty* way of begging; yet, for being kill'd, if I refuse it—would there were no more danger in the widow's unkindness than in your fighting, I would not mistrust my design.

Jolly. Why, aye, there's a point now in nicety of honour, I should kill you for her, for you know I pretended first; and it may be if I had writ sad lines to her, and hid myself in my cloak, and haunted her coach, it may be in time she would have sought me. Not I, by this hand, I'll not trouble myself for a wench; and married widows are but customary authoriz'd wenches.

Constant. Being of that opinion, how can'st thou think of marrying one?

Jolly. Why, faith, I know not; I thought to rest me, for I was run out of breath with pleasure, and grew so

* *Janty.*] The etymology of this word is doubted; but as it was not used in English until about the time of the restoration, it is mos probably from the French *gentil* and not from the Teutonic.

acquainted with sin, I would have been good, for variety: in these thoughts 'twas my fortune to meet with this widow, handsome, and of a clear fame.

Constant. Did'st love her?

Jolly. Yes, faith: I had love, but not to the disease that makes men sick; and I could have lov'd her still, but that I was angry to have her refuse me, for a fault I told her of myself; so I went no more.

Sad. Did she forbid you but once?

Jolly. Faith, I think, I slipt a fair opportunity; a handsome wench, and three thousand pounds *per annum* in certainty, besides the possibility of being saved.

Constant. Which now you think desperate?

WIDOW and PLEASANT looking out at a window.

Pleasant. That is you: cross or pile, will you have him yet or no?

Widow. Peace! observe them.

Jolly. Faith, no, I do not despair; but I cannot resolve.

Enter WILD, CARELESS, and the CAPTAIN, going in haste; he comes in at the middle door.

Widow. Who are those?

Careless. Captain, whither in such haste? what, defeated? Call you this a retreat, or a flight from your friends?

Pleasant. Your nephew, and his governor, and his friend! Here will be a scene! sit close, and we may know the secret of their hearts.

Widow. They have not met since they return'd: I shall love this bay-window.¹³

Captain. Pr'ythee let me go: there's mischief a

¹³ *I shall love this bay window.] A bay window is what we now distinguish by the name of a bow window. The term frequently occurs in ancient writers.*

So Second part of Antonio and Mellida, by Marston, A. 1. S. 3.

“ — Three times I gaspt at shades :

“ And thrice, deluded by erroneous sense,

“ I forc't my thoughts make stand ; when loe I op't

“ A large bay window, through which the night

“ Struck terror to my soul.”

boiling; and if thou shak'st me once more, thou wilt jumble a lie together I have been hammering this hour.

Careless. A pox upon you! a studying lies?

Captain. Why, then they are no lies, but something in the praise of an old lady's beauty: what do you call that?

Jolly. Who are those? [They spy each other.

Sad. Is't not the captain and my friend?

[JOLLY salutes them; then he goes to the captain to embrace him: the captain stands in a French posture,¹⁴ and slides from his old way of embracing.

Jolly. Ned Wild! Tom Careless! what ail'st thou? do'st thou scorn my embraces?

Captain. I see you have never been abroad, else you would know how to put a value upon those, whose careful observation brought home the most exquisite garb and courtship that Paris could sell us.

Jolly. A pox on this fooling, and leave off ceremony.

Captain. Why then agreed: off with our masks, and let's embrace like the old knot. [They embrace.

Jolly. Faith, say where have you spent these three years' time? in our neighbour France? or have you ventur'd o'er the Alps, to see the seat of the Cæsars?

Sad. And can tell us, (ignorant, doom'd to walk upon our own land) how large a seat the goddess fix'd her flying Trojans in.

Constant. Yes, yes, and have seen, and drank (perhaps) of Tyber's famous stream.

Cynthia's Revels, A. 4. S. 3.

"In which time (retiring myself into a bay window) the beauteous lady Annabel, &c."

"A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side, by Middleton, 1630. p. 62.

"In troth a match, wench:

"We are simply stock't with cloath of tissue, cussions,

"To furnish out bay windows."

¹⁴ The captain stands in a French posture, &c.] So in the Epilogue to *Evening Love, or the Mock Astrologer*, by Dryden:

"Up starts a Mounsieur, new come o'er; and warm

"In the French stoop; and the pull back o' th' arm;

"Morbleu, dit il," &c.

Jolly. And have been where Æneas buried his trumpeter and his nurse. Tom looks as if he had suck'd the one, and had a battle sounded by the other, for joy to see our nation, ambitious not to be understood or known when they come home.

Captain. So, now I'm welcome home: this is freedom, and these are friends, and with these I can be merry; for, gentlemen, you must give me leave to be free too.

Jolly. So you will spare us miserable men, condemn'd to London, and the company of a Michaelmas term, and never travell'd those countries that set mountains on fire a purpose to light us to our lodging.

Wild. Why this is better than to stay at home, and lie by hear-say, wearing out yourselves and fortunes like your clothes, to see her that hates you for being so fine; then appearing at a play, dress'd like some part of it, while the company admire the mercer's and the tailor's work, and swear they have done their parts to make you fine gentlemen.

Careless. Then leap out of your coach, and throw your cloak over your shoulder, the casting-nets to catch a widow, while we have seen the world, and learned her customs.

Captain. Yes, sir, and return'd perfect monsieurs.

Sad. Yes, even to their diseases. I confess my ignorance, I cannot amble, nor ride like St. George at Waltham¹⁵.

Jolly. Yet, upon my conscience, he may be as welcome with a trot as the other with his pace. And faith, Jack, (to be a little free) tell me, do'st thou not think thou hadst been as well to pass here, with that English nose thou carry'dst hence, as with the French tongue thou hast brought home?

[*The captain has a patch over his nose.*]

Captain. It is an accident, and to a soldier 'tis but a scar: 'tis true, such a sign upon Mr. Jolly's face had

¹⁵ *Saint George at Waltham.*] The sign of an inn there. See *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, vol. V.

been as ill as a *red cross*, and *Lord have mercy upon us*,* at his lodging-door, to have kept women out of court.

Jolly. For aught you know of the court.

Captain. I know the court, and thee, and thy use, and how you serve but as the handsomest moveables; a kind of implement above stairs, and look much like one of the old court-servants in the hangings.

Wild. But that they move, and look fresher, and your apparel more modern.

Careless. Yet, faith, their office is the same, to adorn the room, and be gaz'd on. Alas, he's sad! courage, man, these riding-clothes will serve thee at the latter day.

Captain. Which is one of their grievances; for nothing troubles them more than to think they must appear in a foul winding-sheet, and come undress'd.

Jolly. Gentlemen, I am glad to find you know the court: we know a traveller too, especially when he is thus chang'd and exchang'd, as your worships, both in purse and person, and have brought home foreign visages and inscriptions.

Constant. Why that's their perfection, their ambition to have it said, there go those that have profitably observ'd the vices of other countries, and made them their own, and the faults of several nations, at their return, are their parts.

Jolly. Why there's Jack Careless, he carried out as good staple-manners as any was in Suffolk, and now he is return'd with a shrug, and a trick to stand crooked, like a scurvy bow unbent; and looks as if he would maintain oil and sallads against a chine of beef. I knew a great beast of this kind, it haunted the court much, and would scarcely allow us fully reduc'd to civility for serving up mutton in whole joints.

Constant. What, silent?

Sad. Faith, the captain is in a study.

Jolly. Do, do, con the rivers and towns perfectly,

* The manner in which houses were marked in which the plague was raging. C.

captain: thou may'st become intelligencer to the people, and lie thy two sheets a week in Corranto's too:

Constant. And could you not make friends at court to get their pictures cut ugly, in the corner of a map, like the old navigators?

Jolly. We'll see, we'll see.

Enter WIDOW and PLEASANT above.

Widow. I'll interrupt them. Servant, you're welcome to town. How now, nephew? what, dumb? where are all our travell'd tongues?

Jolly. Servant¹⁶! who doth she mean? by this hand, I disclaim the title.

Pleasant. Captain, Secret has taken notes, and desires you would instruct her in what concerns a waiting-woman, and an old lady.

Captain. Very good! yet this shall not save your dinner.

Widow. Nay, while you are in this humour I'll not sell your companies; and though Mr. Jolly be incens'd, I hope he will do me the favour to dine with me.

Jolly. Faith, lady, you mistake me if you think I am afraid of a widow; for I would have the world know I dare meet her any where, but at bed.

[*Exit Jolly.*

Wild. No more, aunt; we'll come: and if you will give us good meat, we'll bring good-humours and good stomachs.

[*Widow shuts the curtain.*

¹⁶ *Servant!*] The usual manner in which ladies formerly address their lovers. See *Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour*. A. 4. S. 2. *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 3. S. 9. *Massinger's Fatal Dowry*, A. 2. S. 2. *Bashful Lover*, A. 4. S. 1. *A very Woman*, A. 1. S. 1. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A. 2. S. 1. and in most of the dramatic productions of the times.

This title, which was a mark of favouritism tolerated by married women towards unmarried gentlemen in the reigns of James and Charles, is found in almost every old play. The plot of Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive* turns upon the not very unnatural jealousy of a husband towards this equivocal service in a friend. See *Ancient Drama*, vol. iii. p. 354. O. G.

Careless. By this day, I'll not dine there: they take a pleasure to raise a spirit that they will not lay. I'll to Banks's.

Captain. A pox forbid it! you shall not break company, now you know what we are to do after dinner.

Careless. I will consent, upon condition you forbid the spiritual nonsense the age calls Platonic love.

Captain. I must away too; but I'll be there at dinner—You will join in a plot after dinner?

Wild. Any thing, good, bad, or indifferent, for a friend and mirth. *[Exeunt all but the Captain.]*

Captain. I must go, and prevent the rogue's mischief with the old lady. *[Exit Captain.]*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter JOLLY and the old lady LOVEALL.

Loveall. Away, unworthy, false, ingrateful! with what brow dar'st thou come again into my sight, knowing how unworthy you have been, and how false to love?

Jolly. No, 'tis you are unworthy, and deserve not those truths of love I have paid here; else you would not believe every report that envy brings, and condemn, without hearing me, whom you have so often tried and found faithful.

Loveall. Yes, till I, too credulous, had pity on your tears; till I had mercy, you durst not be false.

Jolly. Nor am not yet.

Loveall. What dost thou call false? is there a treachery beyond what thou hast done? When I had given my fame, my fortune, myself, and my husband's honour, all in one obligation, a sacrifice to that passion which thou seem'st to labour with despair of, to tell and brag of a conquest o'er a woman, fool'd by her passion, and lost in her love to thee? unworthy!——

[She turns away her head.]

Jolly. By this day, 'tis as false as he that said it. Hang him, son of a bachelor! a slave! that envying

my fortune, in such a happiness as your love and chaste embraces, took this way to ruin it. Come, dry your eyes, and let the guilty weep: if I were guilty, I durst as soon approach a constable drunk, as come here. You know I am your slave.

Loveall. You swore so, and honour made me leave to triumph over your miseries.

Jolly. Do you repent that I am happy? if you do, command my death.

Loveall. Nay, never weep, nor sit sadly: I am friends, so you will only talk and discourse; for 'tis your company I only covet.

Jolly. No, you cannot forgive, because you have injur'd me: 'tis right woman's justice, accuse first; and harder to reconcile when they are guilty than when they are innocent, or else you would not turn from me thus.

Loveall. You know your youth hath a strong power over me: turn those bewitching eyes away; I cannot see them with safety of mine honour.

Jolly. Come, you shall not hide your face: there's a charm in it against those that come burnt with unchaste fires; for let but your eyes or nose drop upon his heart, it would burn it up, or quench it strait.

Loveall. No cogging, you have injur'd me; and now though my love plead, I must be deaf: my honour bids me; for you will not fear again to prove unworthy, when you find I am so easy to forgive——Why, you will not be uncivil?

[Jolly kisses her, and she shoves him away with her mouth.]

Jolly. So, the storm is laid! I must have those pearls—She shov'd me away with her mouth! I'll to her again.

Loveall. Where are you? what do you take me for? why you will not be uncivil?

[Still as he offers to touch her, she starts as if he pluck'd up her coats.]

Jolly. Uncivil! by thy chaste self I cannot, chick: thou hast such a terror, such a guard in those eyes, I dare not approach thee, nor can I gaze upon so much

fire. Pr'ythee, sirrah, let me hide me from their power here.

Loveall. You presume upon the weakness of our sex. What shall I say or do, tyrant love?

Jolly. There's a charm in those pearls! pull them off: if they have a frost in them, let me wear them, and then we are both safe.

Loveall. I would you had taken them sooner! I had then been innocent, and might with whiteness have worn my love, which I shall ne'er out-live.

Jolly. Dear, do not too fast pour in my joys, lest I too soon reach my heaven.

Loveall. Be gone, then, lest we prove (having gain'd that height) this sad truth in love, *the first minute after noon is night.*

Jolly. Part now? the gods forbid! take from me first this load of joys you have thrown upon me, for 'tis a burthen harder to bear than sadness. I was not born till now; this my first night in which I reap true bliss.

Loveall. No, no, I would it had been your first night, then your falsehood had not given argument for these tears: and I hate myself to think I should be such a foolish fly, thus again to approach your dangerous flame.

Jolly. Come, divert these thoughts. I'll go see your closet.

Loveall. No, no, I swear you shall not.

Jolly. You know I am going out of town for two days.

Loveall. When you return I'll shew it you; you will forget me else when you are gone, and at court.

Jolly. Can your love endure delays? or shall business thee from thence remove? These were your own arguments. Come, you shall shew it me.

Loveall. Nay, then I perceive what unworthy way your love would find. Ye gods, are all men false?

Jolly. As I live you shall. Stay: come you ought to make me amends for slandering of me. Hang me if ever I told; and he that reports it is the damn'dst rogue in a country. Come, I say——

He pulls her bodkin, that is tied in a piece of black bobbin.

Loveall. Ah! as I live, I will not, I have sworn. Do not pull me: I will not be damn'd, I have sworn.—

[He pulls her, and says this.]

Jolly. As I live, I'll break your bodkin then. A weeping tyrant! Come, by this good day, you shall be merciful.

Loveall. Why, you will not be uncivil? You will not force me, will you? As I live, I will not.

Jolly. Nay, an' you be wilful, I can be stubborn too.

[He pulls still.]

Loveall. Hang me, I'll call aloud. Why, Nan! Nay, you may force me; but, as I live, I'll do nothing.

[Exeunt ambo.]

SCENE II.

Enter CAPTAIN.

Captain. A pox upon you, are you earth'd? The rogue has got her necklace of pearl; but I hope he will leave the rope to hang me in. How the pox came they so great? I must have some trick to break his neck, else the young rogue will work me out. 'Tis an excellent old lady, but I dare not call her so: yet would she were young enough to bear, we might do some good for our heirs, by leaving such a charitable brood behind. She's a woman after the first kind; 'tis but going in to her, and you may know her. Then she'll oblige so readily, and gives with greater thanks than others receive; takes it so kindly to be courted. I am now to oblige her (as she calls it) by professing young Wild's love, and desiring an assurance she's sensible of his sufferings; which though it be false, and beyond my commission, yet the hopes of such a new young thing, that has the vogue of the town for handsomest, 'twill so tickle her age, and so blow up her vanity, to have it said he is in love with her, and so endear her to me for being the means, that the parson's malice will be able to take no root. She comes: I must not be seen.

Enter LOVEALL and JOLLY.

Loveall. Give me that letter; I'll swear you shall not read it.

Jolly. Take it; I'll away. What time shall I call you in the evening? There's a play at court to-night.

Loveall. I would willingly be there, but your ladies are so censorious and malicious to us young ladies in the town, especially to me, because the wits are pleas'd to afford me a visit or so: I could be content else to be seen at court. Pray what humour is the queen of? The captain of her guard I know.

Jolly. The queen!—Who's that knocks at the back door?

[The Captain knocks.]

Loveall. Smooth my band; I know not: go down that way, and look you be not false; if you should be false, I'll swear I should spoil myself with weeping.

Jolly. Farewell! In the evening I'll call you.

[Exit Jolly.]

Loveall. Who's there? Captain, where have you been all this while? I might sit alone, I see, for you, if I could not find conversation in books.

[She takes a book in her hand and sits down.]

Captain. Faith, madam, friends newly come to town engag'd me; and my stay was civility rather than desire. What book's that?

Loveall. I'll swear he was a witch that writ it; for he speaks my thoughts as if he had been within me: the original, they say, was French.

Captain. Oh, I know it; 'tis the Accomplish'd Woman: yourself, he means by this, while you are yourself.

Loveall. Indeed, I confess, I am a great friend to conversation, if we could have it without suspicion; but the world's so apt to judge, that 'tis a prejudice to our honour now to salute a man.

Captain. Innocence, madam, is above opinion, and your fame's too great to be shook with whispers.

Loveall. You are ever civil, and therefore welcome. Pray what news is there now in town? for I am reclus'd here: unless it be yours, I receive no visits; and I'll

swear, I charg'd the wench to-day not to let you in: I wonder she let you come.

Captain. Faith, madam, if it had been my own business, I should not have ventur'd so boldly; but the necessity that forces me to come concerns my friend, against whom if your mercy be now bounded with those strict ties of honour, and cold thoughts, which I have ever found guard your heart, my friend, a young and handsome man, is lost, is lost in his prime, and falls like early blossoms. But methinks you should not prove the envious frost to destroy this young man, this delicate young man, that has whole bundles of boys in his breeches: yet if you be cruel, he and they die, as useless as open-arses gather'd green.

[She must be earnest in her looks all the time he speaks, desirous to know who he speaks of.]

Loveall. Good captain, out with the particular. What way can my charity assist him? You know by experience I cannot be cruel: remember how I fetch'd you out of a swoon, and laid you in my own bed.

Captain. That act preserv'd a life that has always been labour'd in your service, and I dare say, your charity here will find as fruitful a gratitude.

Loveall. But I hope he will not be so uncivil as you were: I'll swear I could have hang'd you for that rape, if I would have follow'd the law; but I forgave you upon condition you would do so again. But what's this young man you speak of?

Captain. Such is my love to you and him, that I cannot prefer mine own particular before your content, else I'd have poison'd him ere I'd have brought him to your house.

Loveall. Why, I pray?

Captain. Because he's young, handsome, and of sound parts: that I am sure will ruin me here.

Loveall. His love may make all these beauties; else I have an honour will defend me against him, were he as handsome as young Wild.

Captain. Why ay, there it is: that one word has remov'd all my fears and jealousies with a despair; for

that's the man whose love, life, and fortune, lies at your feet: and if you were single, by lawful means he would hope to reach what now he despairs of.

Loveall. Let him not despair, love is a powerful pleader, and youth and beauty will assist him; and if his love be noble, I can meet it, for there's none that sacrifices more to friendship-love than I.

Captain. My friend's interest makes me rejoice at this. Dare you trust me to say this to him, though it be not usual? Pray speak: nay, you are so long still a resolving to be kind! Remember, charity is as great a virtue as chastity, and greater, if we will hear nature plead; for the one may make many maids, the other can but preserve one. But I know you will be persuaded; let it be my importunity that prevail'd. Shall I bring him hither one evening?

Loveall. Why do you plead thus? Pray be silent, and when you see him, tell him he has a seat here, and I——

[*She turns away.*]

Captain. Out with it; what is't? Shall he call you mistress, and his platonick?

Loveall. Away, away!—me?

Captain. No niceness: is't a match?

Loveall. Lord, would I were as worthy as willing (pray tell him so): he shall find me one of the humblest mistresses that ever he was pleased to honour with his affections.

Captain. Dare you write this to him, and honour me with bearing it? I confess I am such a friend to friendship-love too, that I would even bring him on my back to a midnight's meeting.

Loveall. If you will stay here, I'll go in and write it.

[*She's going out, he calls her.*]

Captain. Madam, I forgot to ask your ladyship one question.

Loveall. What was't?

Captain. There happen'd a business last night betwixt Mr. Wild, and one Jolly, a courtier, that brags extremely of your favour. I swear, if it had not been

for friends that interposed themselves, there had been mischief, for Mr. Wild was extreme zealous in your cause.

Loveall. Such a rascal I know. Villain, to bring my name upon the stage, for a subject of his quarrels! I'll have him cudgel'd.

Captain. And I'll answer he deserv'd it; for the quarrel ended in a bet of a buck-hunting-nag, that some time to-day he would bring a necklace and chain of pearl of yours (not stol'n, but freely given) to witness his power.

Loveall. Did the vain rascal promise that?

Captain. Yes; but we laugh at it.

Loveall. So you might; and as I live, if the necklace were come from stringing, I'd send them both to Mr. Wild, to wear as a favour, to assure him I am his, and to put the vain slave out of countenance.

Captain. Ay, marry, such a timely favour were worth a dozen letters, to assure him of your love, and remove all the doubts the other's discourse may put into his head: and faith I'd send him the chain now, and in my letter promise him the necklace; he'll deserve such a favour.

Loveall. I'll go in and fetch it immediately: will you favour me to deliver it.

Captain. I'll wait upon your ladyship.

Loveall. I'll swear you shall not go in: you know I forswore being alone with you.

[She goes and he follows her, she turns and bids him stay.]

Captain. Hang me, I'll go in. Does my message deserve to wait an answer at the door?

Loveall. Ay, but you'll be naught.

Captain. O, ne'er trust me if I break.

Loveall. If you break, some such forfeit you'll lose. Well, come in for once.

Captain. You are so suspicious.

Loveall. I'll swear I have reason for't: you are such another man. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Enter WANTON and BAWD.

Wanton. Is he gone?

Bawd. Yes, he's gone to the old lady's, high with mischief.

Wanton. Fare him well, easy fool: how the trout strove to be tickl'd! And how does this ring become me? ha! They are fine kind of things, these wedding-rings.

[She plays with the wedding-ring upon her finger.]

Bawd. Besides the good custom of putting so much gold in 'em*, they bring such conveniences along.

Wanton. Why, ay; now I have but one to please, and if I please him, who dares offend me? and that wife's a fool that cannot make her husband one.

Bawd. Nay, I am absolutely of opinion, it was fit for you to marry. But whether he be a good husband or no?

Wanton. A pox of a good husband! give me a wise one; they only make the secure cuckolds, the cuckold in grain: for dye a husband that has wit but with an opinion thou art honest, and see who dares wash the colour out. Now your fool changes with every drop, doats with confidence in the morning, and at night jealous even to murder, and his love (Lord help us!) fades like my gredaline petticoat¹⁷.

Bawd. This is a new doctrine.

Wanton. 'Tis a truth, wench, I have gain'd from my

* *So much gold in 'em*] The weight of a wedding-ring, in Middleton's time (a little earlier than that of Killigrew), may be seen by the following part of a dialogue, from his *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, 1630, p. 7.

"*Touchwood, jun.* I would have a wedding-ring made for a gentlewoman, with all speed that may be.

"*Yellowhammer.* Of what weight, sir?

"*Touchwood, jun.* Of some half ounce." C.

¹⁷ *Gredaline petticoat.*] A *gredaline petticoat* is probably a petticoat puckered, or crumpled, from the French word *Grediller*. See *Cotgrave*. In *Boyer's Dictionary* it is explained, *Gris de lin, sorte de coulour*.

own observations, and the paradox will be maintain'd. Take wise men for cuckolds, and fools to make them: for your wise man draws eyes and suspicion with his visit, and begets jealous thoughts in the husband, that his wife may be overcome with his parts; when the fool is welcome to both, pleaseth both, laughs with the one and lies with the other, and all without suspicion. I tell thee, a fool that has money is the man. The wits and the we's, which is a distinct parreal of wit bound by itself, and to be sold at Wit-hall, or at the sign of the King's-head in the butchery: these wise things will make twenty jealous, ere one man a cuckold, when the family of fools will head a parish ere they are suspected.

Bawd. Well, I see one may live and learn: and if he be but as good at it now you are his own, as he was when he was your friend's friend (as they call it), you have got one of the best hidors of such a business in the town. Lord, how he would sister you at a play!

Wanton. Faith, 'tis as he is used at first; if he gets the bridle in's teeth he'll ride to the devil; but if thou be'st true, we'll make him amble ere we have done. The plot is here, and if it thrive I'll alter the proverb, *the parson gets the children, to, the parson fathers them.*

Bawd. Any thing that may get rule: I love to wear the breeches.

Wanton. So do we all wench. Empire! 'tis all our aim; and I'll put my ranting Roger in a cage but I'll tame him. He loves already, which is an excellent ring in a fool's nose, and thou shalt hear him sing——

Happy only is that family that shews
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows.

Bawd. Do this, I'll serve you for nothing: the impetuous slave had wont to taunt me for beating of my husband, and would sing that song in mockery of me.

Wanton. In revenge of which, thou (if thou wilt be faithful) shalt make him sing,

Happy is that family that shews
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter PARSON, LOVEALL, and FAITHFUL.

Loveall. Go, you are a naughty man. Do you come hither to rail against an honest gentleman? I have heard how you fell out: you may be asham'd on't, a man of your coat.

Parson. What! to speak truth, and perform my duty? The world cries out you are a scabb'd sheep, and I am come to tar you; that is, give you notice how your fame suffers i'th' opinion of the world.

Loveall. My fame, sirrah! 'Tis purer than thy doctrine. Get thee out of my house.

Faithful. You uncivil fellow, you come hither to tell my lady of her faults, as if her own Levite could not discern 'em?

Loveall. My own Levite! I hope he's better bred than to tell me of my faults.

Faithful. He finds work enough to correct his dearly-belov'd sinners.

Parson. And the right worshipful my lady, and yourself, they mend at leisure.

Loveall. You are a saucy fellow, sirrah, to call me sinner in my own house. Get you gone with your—Madam, I hear, and (madam) I could advise, but I am loath to speak: take heed; the world talks;—and thus with dark sentences put my innocence into a fright, with you know what you know, good mistress Faithful: so do I, and the world shall know too thou hast married a whore.

Parson. Madam, a whore?

Faithful. No, sir, 'tis not so well as a madam-whore; 'tis a poor whore, a captain's cast whore.

Loveall. Now bless me, marry a whore! I wonder any man can endure those things. What kind of creatures are they?

Parson. They're like ladies, but that they are hand-

somer; and though you take a privilege to injure me, yet I would advise your woman to tie up her tongue, and not abuse my wife.

Loveall. Fie, art thou not asham'd to call a whore wife? Lord bless us, what will not these men do when God leaves them! but for a man of your coat to cast himself away upon a whore—Come, wench, let's go and leave him! I'll swear¹⁸ 'tis strange, the state doth not provide to have all whores hang'd or drown'd.

Faithful. Aye, and 'tis time they look into it; for they begin to spread so, that a man can scarce find an honest woman in a country. They say, they're voted down now; 'twas moved by that charitable member that got an order to have it but five miles to Croydon, for ease of the market-women.

Loveall. Aye, aye, 'tis a blessed parliament.

[*Exeunt Loveall and Faithful.*]

Parson. That I have play'd the fool is visible. This comes of rashness. Something I must do to set this right, or else she'll hate, and he'll laugh at me. I must not lose him and my revenge too. Something that's mischief I am resolv'd to do. [*Exit Parson.*]

SCENE V.

Enter WILD and CARELESS.

Wild. Now is the Parson's wife so contemptible?

Careless. No, but I'm so full of that resolution to dislike the sex, that I will allow none honest, none handsome. I tell thee, we must beat down the price with ourselves; court none of them, but let their maidenheads and their faces lie upon their hands, till they're weary of the commodity: then they'll haunt us to find proper chapmen to deal for their ware.

Wild. I like this, but 'twill be long a doing, and it may be ere they be forc'd to sell, our bank will be exhausted, and we shall not be able to purchase.

¹⁸ *I'll swear, &c.*] Paulo Purganti's wife has the same sentiment. She

“—— thought the nation ne'er wou'd thrive,

“'Till all the whores were burnt alive.”

PRIOR.

Careless. Ay, but we'll keep a credit, and at three six months, thou and the captain shall be my factors.

Wild. You had best have a partner, else such an undertaking would break a better back than yours.

Careless. No partners in such commodities: your factor that takes up maidenheads, 'tis upon his own account still.

Wild. But what course will you take to purchase this trade with women?

Careless. I am resolv'd to put on their own silence and modesty, answer Forsooth, swear nothing but God's nigs, and hold arguments of their own cold tenets, as if I believ'd there were no true love below the line; then sigh when 'tis proper, and with forc'd studies betray the enemy, who seeing my eye fix'd on her, her vanity thinks I am lost in admiration, calls and shakes me ere I wake out of my design, and being collected, answer out of purpose, love, divinest? yes, who is it that is mortal and does not? or which amongst all the senate of the gods, can gaze upon those eyes, and carry thence the power he brought? this will start her.

Wild. Yes, and make her think thee mad.

Careless. Why that's my design; for then I start too, and rub my eyes as if I wak'd: then sigh and strangle a yawn, till I have wrung it into tears, with which I rise as if o'ercome with grief; then kiss her hands, and let fall those witnesses of faith and love, brib'd for my design. This takes; for wno would suspect such a devil as craft and youth to live together?

Wild. But what kind of women do you think this will take?

Careless. All kind of women. Those that think themselves handsome, it being probable, conclude it real; and those that are handsome in their opinion, that small number will believe it, because it agrees with their wishes.

Wild. And when you are gone, it may be they sigh, and their love breaks out into paper, and what then?

Careless. What then? why then I'll laugh, and shew

thee their letters, and teach the world how easy 'tis to win any woman.

Wild. This is the way; and be sure to dislike all but her you design for: be scarce civil to any of the sex besides.

Careless. That's my meaning; but to her that I mean my prey, all her slave: she shall be my deity, and her opinion my religion.

Wild. And while you sad it once to one, I'll talk freer than a privileg'd fool, and swear as unreasonably as losing gamesters, and abuse thee for thinking to reclaim a woman by thy love: call them all bowls thrown that will run where they will run, and lovers like fools run after them, crying, rub, and fly, for me. I believe none fair, none handsome, none honest, but the kind.

Careless. We must make the captain of our plot, lest he betray us. This will gain us some revenge upon the lovers to whom I grudge the wenches, not that I believe they're worth half the cost they pay for them: and we may talk, but 'tis not our opinion can make them happier or more miserable.

Enter JOLLY.

Wild. Jolly! Will, where hast thou been? We had such sport with the parson of our town: he's marry'd this morning to Wanton.

Jolly. Who? the captain's wench? he's in a good humour then. As you love mirth, let's find him: I have news to blow his rage with, and 'twill be mirth to us, to see him divided betwixt the several causes of his anger, and lose himself in his rage while he disputes which is the greater. Your opinion, gentlemen, is this, or his wench, the greater loss?

Careless. What hast thou there? pearl! they're false, I hope.

[*Here he pulls out the pearl.*]

Jolly. Why do you hope so?

Careless. Because I am thy friend, and would be loath to have thee hang'd for stealing.

Jolly. I will not swear they are honestly come by; but I'll be sworn, there's neither force nor theft in't.

Wild. Pr'ythee, speak out of riddles: here's none but your friends,

Jolly. Faith, take it. You have heard the captain brag of an old lady, which he thinks he keeps close in a box; but I know where hangs a key can let a friend in, or so. From her, my brace of worthies, whose wits are dull'd with plenty this morning, with three good words and four good deeds, I earn'd this toy.

Careless. The mirth yet we will all share. I am in pain till we find him, that we may vex his wit, that he presumes so much on.

Wild. Let's go, let's go. I will desire him to let me see his wench: I will not understand him, if he says she's gone.

Careless. I'll beg of him, for old acquaintance sake, to let me see his old lady.

Jolly. Hark! I hear his voice.—

Captain. Which way?

Careless. The game plays itself. Begin with him, Ned, while we talk as if we were busy: we'll take our cue.

Wild. When I put off my hat.

Enter CAPTAIN.

Captain. 'Sblood, I thought you had been sunk: I have been hunting you these four hours. Death, you might ha' left word where you went, and not put me to hunt like Tom Fool. 'Tis well you are at London, where you know the way home.

Wild. Why in choler? We have been all this while searching you. Come, this is put on to divert me from claiming your promise. I must see the wench.

Captain. You cannot, adad: adad, you cannot.

Wild. I did not think you would have refus'd such a kindness.

Careless. What's that?

Wild. Nothing; a toy. He refuses to shew me his wench!

Careless. The devil he does! What! have we been thus long comrades, and had all things in common, and must we now come to have common wenches parti-

cular? I say, thou shalt see her, and lie with her too, if thou wilt.

Jolly. What! in thy dumps, brother? Call to thy aid two-edg'd wit. The captain sad! 'tis prophetic: I'd as live* have dreamt of pearl, or the loss of my teeth: yet, if he be musty, I'll warrant thee, Ned, I'll help thee to a bout. I know his cloak, his long cloak that hides her: I am acquainted with the parson; he shall befriend thee.

Captain. 'Tis very well, gentlemen; but none of you have seen her yet?

Wild. Yes, but we have, by thyself, by thy anger, which is now bigger than thou. By chance we cross'd her coming from church, leading in her hand the parson, to whom she swore she was this day married.

Jolly. And our friendships were now guiding us to find thee out, to comfort thee after the treachery of thy Levite.

Careless. Come, bear it, like a man; there are more wenches. What hast thou 'spy'd?—

[*He gives no answer, but peeps under Jolly's hat.*]

Wild. His pearl, I believe.

Captain. Gentlemen, I see you are merry, I'll leave you. I must go a little way to enquire about a business.

Wild. H'as got a sore eye, I think.

Captain. I will only ask one question, and return.

Careless. No, faith, stay and be satisfied.

Jolly. Do, good brother; for I believe there is no question that you now would ask, but here's an oracle can resolve you.

Captain. Are those pearl true?

Jolly. Yes.

Captain. And did not you steal them?

Jolly. No.

Careless. Nor he did not buy them with ready money, but took them upon mortgage of himself to an old lady.

* i. e. lief. See note 67, to *Eastward Ho*, Vol. IV.

Jolly. Dwelling at the sign of the Buck in Broadstreet. Are you satisfy'd, or must I play the oracle still?

Captain. No, no; I am satisfy'd.

Jolly. Like jealous men that take their wives at it, are you not?

Captain. Well, very well: 'tis visible I am abus'd on all hands. But, gentlemen, why all against me?

Careless. To let you see your wit's mortal, and not proof against all.

Wild. The parson hath shot it through with a jest.

Captain. Gentlemen, which of you, faith, had a hand in that?

Jolly. Faith, none; only a general joy to find the captain over-reach'd.

Captain. But, do you go sharers in the profit, as well as in the jest?

Jolly. No, faith, the toy's mine own.

Captain. They are very fine, and you may afford a good pennyworth. Will you sell them?

Jolly. Sell them! aye; where's a chapman?

Captain. Here; I'll purchase them.

Jolly. Thou! no, no, I have barr'd thee, by and main; for I am resolv'd not to fight for them: that excludes thy purchase by the sword; and thy wench has prov'd such a loss, in thy last adventure of wit, that I'm afraid it will spoil thy credit that way too.

Captain. Gentlemen, as a friend, let me have the refusal: set your price.

Wild. He's serious.

Careless. Leave fooling.

Jolly. Why, if thou could'st buy them, what would'st thou do with them?

Captain. They're very fair ones; let me see them: methinks they should match very well with these.

Jolly. These! which?

Omnes. Which?

Careless. They are true.

Captain. Yes, but not earn'd with a pair of stol'n verses, of, *I was not born till now, This my first night, And so forsooth*; nor given as a charm against lust.

Careless. What means all this?

Jolly. What! why, 'tis truth, and it means to shame the devil. By this good day, he repeats the same words with which I gather'd these pearls.

Wild. Why then, we have two to laugh at.

Careless. And all friends hereafter. Let's fool all together.

Captain. Gentlemen with the fine wits, and my very good friends, do you, or you, or he, think I'll keep you company to make you laugh, but that I draw my honey from you too?

Careless. Come, come, the captain's in the right.

Captain. Yes, yes, the captain knows it and dares tell you, your wit, your fortune, and his face, are but my ploughs; and I would have my fine monsieur know, who, in spite of my counsel will be finer than his mistress, and appears before her so curiously built, she dares not play with him, for fear of spoiling him: and to let him know the truth I speak, to his fair hands I present this letter, but withal, give him to understand, the contents belong to me. [*He reads the letter.*]

Wild. The pearl are sent to me.

Captain. I deny that, unless you prove you sent me; for the letter begins, "Sir, this noble gentleman, the bearer, whom you are pleased to make the messenger of your love," and so forth. And now you should do well to enquire for that noble gentleman, and take an account of him how he has laid out your love; and it may be, he'll return you pearl for it. And now, gentlemen, I dare propose a peace, at least a cessation of wit (but what is defensive) till such time as the plot which is now in my head be effected, in which you have all your shares.

Wild. So she knows I have not the pearl, I am content.

Captain. She'll quickly find that, when she sees you come not to-night according to my appointment, and hears I have sold the pearl.

Jolly. Here then ceaseth our offensive war.

Captain. I'll give you counsel worth two ropes of pearl.

Careless. But the wench, how came the parson to get her?

Captain. Faith, 'tis hard to say which labour'd most, he, or I, to make that match; but the knave did well. There it is (if you assist) I mean to lay the scene of your mirth to-night, for I am not yet fully reveng'd upon the rogne: for that I know him miserable is nothing, till he believe so too. Wanton and I have laid the plot.

Jolly. Do you hold correspondence?

Captain. Correspondence! I tell thee, the plots we laid to draw him on, would make a comedy.

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant. Sir, the ladies stay dinner.

Jolly. And as we go I'll tell you all the story, and after dinner be free from all engagements, as we promised thee; and follow but your directions, I'll warrant you mirth and a pretty wench.

Omnes. Agreed, any thing that breeds mirth is welcome.

Jolly. Not a word at the widow's: let them go on quietly, and steal their wedding too.

Captain. I heard a bird sing, as if it were concluded amongst the couples.

Wild. They have been long about: my cuz is a girl deserves more haste to her bed; he has arriv'd there by carriers journies.

Careless. But that I hate wooing, by this good day, I like your aunt so well, and her humour, she should scarce be thrown away upon pale-face, that has sigh'd her into a wedding-ring, and will but double her jointure.

Captain. Why, aye, thus it should be. Pray let us make them the seat of the war all dinner, and continue united and true among ourselves, then we may defy all foreign danger.

Jolly. And with full bowls let us crown this peace,
and sing,

Wit without war, no mirth doth bring.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Enter PARSON and WANTON.

Wanton. Was she deaf to your report?

Parson. Yes, yes.

[The Parson walks troubled up and down.]

Wanton. And Ugly, her Abigail, she had her say too?

Parson. Yes, yes.

Wanton. And do you walk here biting your nails? do you think I'll be satisfied with such a way of righting me?

Parson. What would'st have me do?

Wanton. Have you no gall? be abus'd and laugh'd at by a dull captain, that a strict muster would turn fool! you had wit, and could rail, when I offended you; and none so sudden, none so terrible, none so sure in his revenge, when I displease you.

Parson. Something I'll do.

Wanton. Do it then, or I shall curse that e'er I saw you. Death! let the sign of my lady, an out-of-fashion whore, that has paid for sin, ever since yellow starch¹⁹ and wheel fardingales were cried down, let her abuse me, and say nothing! if this passes——

Parson. As Christ bless me, but I did (sweet heart :) and if it were not church livings are mortal, and they are always hitting me in the teeth with a man of your coat, she should find I am no church-man within, nor Mr. Parson, but in my coat. Come to dinner, and after dinner I'll do something.

Wanton. I shall do something will vex somebody.

Enter BAWD.

Bawd. Will you please to come to dinner? the company stays.

Parson. Come, let's go in.

Wanton. No, I must walk a little to digest this breakfast; the guests else will wonder to see I am troubled.

¹⁹ Yellow starch] See note 25, to *Albumazar*, Vol. VII.

Parson. Come let this day pass in mirth, spite of mischief, for luck's sake. *[Exit Parson.]*

Wanton. I'll follow you, and do what I can to be merry.

Bawd. Why, he stands already.

Wanton. Peace, let me alone: I'll make him jostle like the miller's mare, and stand like the dun cow, till thou may'st milk him.

Bawd. Pray break him of his miserableness; it is one of the chief exceptions I have against him. He reared a puppy once, till it was ten days old, with three hap'worth of milk, and then with his own dagger slew it, and made me dress it: blest myself to see him eat it, and he bid me beg the litter, and swore it was sweeter and wholsomer than sucking rabbits, or London pigs, which he call'd Belmen's issue.

[Parson calls within. Why, sweet heart!]

Wanton. Hark! he calls me. We must humour him a little, he'll rebel else.

SCENE VII.

Enter (at the windows) the WIDOW and Master CARELESS, Mistress PLEASANT and Master WILD, CAPTAIN, Master SAD, CONSTANT, JOLLY, SECRET: a table and knives ready for oysters.

Widow. You're welcome all, but especially Master Jolly. No reply, with I thank your ladyship.

Pleasant. I beseech you, sir, let us never be better acquainted? *[She speaks to Mr. Jolly.]*

Jolly. I shall endeavour, lady, and fail in nothing that is in my power to disoblige you; for there is none more ambitious of your ill opinion than I.

Pleasant. I rejoice at it; for the less love, the better welcome still.

Widow. And as ever you had an ounce of love for the widow, be not friends among yourselves.

Wild. Aunt, though we were at strife when we were alone, yet now we unite like a politic state against the common enemy.

Pleasant. The common enemy! what is that?

Wild. Women, and lovers in general.

Widow. Nay, then we have a party, niece: claim quickly, now is the time, according to the proverb, keep a thing seven years, and then if thou hast no use on't, throw't away.

Pleasant. Agreed, let's challenge our servants: by the love they have profess'd, they cannot in honour refuse to join with us; and see where they come!——

Enter SAD and CONSTANT, and meet SECRET; she whispers this to SAD.

Secret. Sir, 'tis done.

Sad. Be secret and grave, I'll warrant our design will take as we can wish.

Constant. Sweet Mistress Pleasant!

Widow. Servant Sad.

Sad. Madam.

Widow. We are threatened to have a war wag'd against us: will you not second us?

Sad. With these youths we'll do enough, madam.

Widow. I'll swear my servant gave hit for hit this morning, as if he had been a master in the noble science of wit.

Pleasant. Mine laid about him with spik and span* new arguments, not like the same man, his old sayings and precedents laid by.

Widow. Thus arm'd, then, we'll stand and defy them.

Wild. Where's your points? sure, aunt, this should be your wedding-day, for you have taken the man for better for worse.

Widow. No, nephew, this will not prove the day that we shall either give or take a ring.

Careless. Hang me, if I know you can go back again with your honour.

Wild. Or in justice refuse him liberty, that has serv'd out his time: either marry him or provide for him, for he is maim'd in your service.

* See this phrase explained in Note 80, to *Albumazar*, Vol. III. C.

Widow. Why, servant Sad, you'll arm? my nephew has thrown the first dart at you.

Captain. Hast hit, hast hit?

Wild. No, captain; 'twas too wide.

Captain. Too wide! marry, he's an ill marksman that shoots wider than a widow.

Jolly. We are both in one hole, captain; but I was loth to venture my opinion, lest her ladyship should think I was angry, for I have a good mind to fall upon the widow.

Pleasant. You're a constant man, Master Jolly; you have been in that mind this twelvemonth's day.

Constant. You are in the right, madam; she has it to shew under his hand, but she will not come in the list with him again: she threw him the last year.

Widow. Come, shall we eat oysters? Who's there? Call for some wine. Master Jolly; you are not warm yet. Pray be free, you are at home.

Jolly. Your ladyship is merry.

Widow. You do not take it ill, to have me assure you, you are at home here?

Wild. Such another invitation (though in jest) will take away Master Sad's stomach.

[*Oysters not brought in yet.*]

Sad. No, faith, Ned, though she should take him, it will not take away my stomach: my love is so fix'd, I may wish my wishes, but she shall never want them to wait upon hers.

Pleasant. A traitor, bind him, has pull'd down a side. Profess your love thus public?

Jolly. Aye, by my faith, continue Master Sad, give it out, you love, and call it a new love, a love never seen before; we'll all come to it as your friends.

Sad. Gentlemen, still I love: and if she to whom I thus sacrifice will not reward it, yet the worst malice can say, is, I was unfortunate; and misfortune, not falsehood, made me so.

Jolly. In what chapter shall we find this written, and what verse? you should preach with a method, Master Sad.

Widow. Gentlemen, if ever he spoke so much dangerous sense before (either of love or reason) hang me.

Sad. Madam, my love is no news where you are: know, your scorn has made it public; and though it could gain no return from you, yet others have esteemed me for the faith and constancy I have paid here.

Pleasant. Did not I fortel you of his love? I foresaw this danger. Shall I never live to see wit and love dwell together?

Captain. I am but a poor soldier, and yet never reach'd to the honour of being a lover; yet from my own observations, Master Sad, take a truth: 'Tis a folly to believe any woman loves a man for being constant to another; they dissemble their hearts only, and hate a man in love worse than a wencher.

Jolly. And they have reason; for if they have the grace to be kind, he that loves the sex may be theirs.

Careless. When your constant lover, if a woman have a mind to him, and be blest with so much grace to discover it, he, out of the noble mistake of honour, hates her for it, and tells it perchance, and preaches reason to her passion, and cries, miserable beauty, to be so unfortunate as to inhabit in so much frailty!

Captain. This counsel makes her hate him more than she lov'd before. These are troubles those that love are subject to; while we look on and laugh, to see both thus slav'd while we are free.

Careless. My prayers still shall be, Lord deliver me from love.

Captain. 'Tis plague, pestilence, famine, sword, and sometimes sudden death.

Sad. Yet I love, I must love, I will love, and I do love.

Captain. In the present tense.

Widow. No more of this argument, for love's sake.

Captain. By any means, madam, give him leave to love: and you are resolv'd to walk tied up in your own arms, with your love as visible in your face, as your mistress's colours in your hat; that any porter at Charing-cross may take you like a letter at the carrier's,

and having read the superscription, deliver Master Sad to the fair hands of mistress or my lady such a one, lying at the sign of the hard heart.

Pleasant. And she, if she has wit (as I believe she hath) will scarce pay the post for the packet.

Widow. Treason! how now, niece, join with the enemy?
[*They give the Captain wine.*]

Captain. A health, Ned: what shall I call it?

Careless. To Master Sad; he needs it that avows himself a lover.

Sad. Gentlemen, you have the advantage, the time, the place, the company; but we may meet when your wits shall not have such advantage as my love.

Pleasant. No more of love, I am so sick on't.

Constant. By your pardon, mistress, I must not leave love thus unguarded: I vow myself his follower.

Jolly. Much good may love do him. Give me a glass of wine here. Will, let them keep company with the blind boy, give us his mother, and let them preach again: Hear that will, he has good luck, persuades me 'tis an ugly sin to lie with a handsome woman.

Captain. A pox upon your nurse; she frightened me so when I was young, with stories of the devil, I was almost fourteen ere I could prevail with reasons to unbind my reason, it was so slav'd to faith and conscience. She made me believe wine was an evil spirit, and fornication like the whore of Babylon, a fine face, but a dragon under her petticoats; and that made me have a mind to peep under all I met since.

Widow. Fie, fie, for shame, do not talk so: are you not asham'd to glory in sin, as if variety of women were none?

Jolly. Madam, we do not glory in fornication; and yet I thank God, I cannot live without a woman.

Captain. Why does your ladyship think it a sin to lie with variety of handsome women? if it be, would I were the wicked'st man in the company.

Pleasant. You have been mark'd for an indifferent sinner that way, captain.

Captain. Who I? no faith, I was a fool; but and I

were to begin again, I would not do as I have done. I kept one, but if ever I keep another, hang me; nor would I advise any friend of mine to do it.

Jolly. Why, I am sure 'tis a provident and safe way: a man may always be provided and sound.

Pleasant. Fie upon this discourse.

Captain. Those considerations betray'd me: a pox, it is a dull sin to travel, like a carrier's horse, always one road.

Widow. Fie, captain, repent for shame, and marry.

Captain. Your ladyship would have said, marry, and repent: no, though it be not the greatest pleasure, yet it is better than marrying; for when I am weary of her, my inconstancy is termed virtue, and I shall be said to turn to grace. Beware of women for better for worse; for our wicked nature, when her sport is lawful, cloy's straight: therefore, rather than marry, keep a wench.

Jolly. Faith, he is in the right; for 'tis the same thing in number and kind, and then the sport is quickened, and made poignant with sin.

Captain. Yet 'tis a fault, faith, and I'll persuade all my friends from it; especially here where any innovation is dangerous. 'Twas the newness of the sin that made me suffer in the opinion of my friends, and I was condemn'd by all sorts of people; not that I sinn'd, but that I sinn'd no more.

Careless. Why aye, hadst thou been wicked in fashion, and privily lain with every body, their guilt would have made them protect thee: so that to be more wicked is to be innocent, at least safe. A wicked world, Lord help us!

Captain. But being particular to her, and not in love, nor subject to it; taking an antidote ev'ry morning, before I venture into those infectious places where love and beauty dwell; this enraged the maiden beauties of the time, who thought it a prejudice to their beauties to see me careless, and securely pass by their conquering eyes, my name being found amongst none of those that deck'd their triumphs. But from this, 'tis easy to be safe; for their pride will not let them love,

nor my leisure me. Then the old ladies that pay for their pleasures: they, upon the news, beheld me with their natural frowns, despairing when their money could not prevail; and hated me when they heard that I for my pleasure would pay as large as they.

Jolly. Gentlemen, take warning: a fee from every man, for by this day, there's strange counsel in this confession.

Wild. Captain, you forget to pledge Mr. Careless! Here, will you not drink a cup of wine? Who's there? Bring the oysters.

Captain. Yes, madam, if you please.

Wild. Proceed, captain.

Pleasant. Fie, Mr. Wild, are you not ashamed to encourage him to this filthy discourse?

Captain. A glass of wine then, and I'll drink to all the new-married wives that grieve to think at what rate their fathers purchase a little husband. These, when they lie thirsting for the thing they paid so dear for——

Enter a SERVANT with oysters.

Careless. These, methinks, shold be thy friends, and point thee out as a man for them.

Captain. Yes, till the faithful nurse cries; Alas, madam, he keeps such a one, he has enough at home. Then she swells with envy and rage against us both; calls my mistress ugly, common, unsafe, and me, a weak secure fool.

Jolly. These are strange truths, madam.

Widow. Ay, ay; but those oysters are a better jest.

Captain. But she's abus'd that will let such reason tame her desire, and a fool in love's-school; else she would not be ignorant that variety is such a friend to love, that he which rises a sunk coward from the lady's bed, would find new fires at her maid's: nor ever yet did the man want fire, if the woman would bring the fuel.

Pleasant. For God's sake, leave this discourse.

Widow. The captain has a mind we should eat no oysters.

Wild. Aunt, we came to be merry, and we will be merry, and you shall stay it out. Proceed, captain.

Widow. Fie, captain, I am asham'd to hear you talk thus: marry, and then you will have a better opinion of women.

Captain. Marry! yes, this knowledge will invite me: it is a good encouragement, is it not, think you? What is your opinion? Were not these marriages made in heaven! By this good day, all the world is mad, and makes haste to be fool'd, but we four: and I hope, there's none of us believes there has any marriages been made in heaven since Adam.

Jolly. By my faith, 'tis thought the devil gave the ring there too.

Widow. Nephew, I'll swear, I'll be gone.

Captain. Hold her, Ned, [*He points at Sad.*] she goes not yet; there's a fourth kind of women that concerns her more than all the rest, *ecce signum*—She is one of those, who cloth'd in purple, triumph over their dead husbands; these will be catch'd at first sight, and at first sight must be caught. 'Tis a bird that must be shot flying, for they never fit. If a man delay, they cool, and fall into considerations of jointure, and friends' opinion; in which time, if she hears thou keep'st a wench, thou hadst better be a beggar in her opinion; for then her pride, it may be, would betray her to the vanity of setting up a proper man (as they call it;) but for a wencher, no argument prevails with your widow: for she believes they have spent too much that way, to be able to pay her due benevolence.

Widow. As I live, I'll be gone, if you speak one word more of this uncivil subject.

Jolly. Captain, let me kiss thy cheek, for that widow. You understand this, widow? I say no more. Here, captain, here's to thee. As it goes down, a pox of care.

Widow. Jesus! Mr. Jolly, have you no observations of the court, that are so affected with this of the town.

Constant. Faith, they say, there's good sport there sometimes.

Pleasant. Mr. Jolly is afraid to let us partake of his knowledge.

Jolly. No, faith, madam.

Captain. By this drink, if he stay till I have eaten a few more, I'll describe it.

Jolly. What should I say? 'Tis certain the court is the bravest place in the kingdom for sport, if it were well look'd to, and the game preserv'd fair; but as 'tis, a man may sooner make a set in the Strand: and it will never be better whilst your divine lovers inhabit there.

Careless. Let the king make me master of the game.

Captain. And admit us laity-lovers.

Jolly. I would he would; for as 'tis, there's no hopes amongst the ladies: besides, 'tis such an example to see a king and queen good husband and wife, that to be kind will grow out of fashion.

Captain. Nay, that's not all? for the women grow malicious, because they are not courted; nay, they bred all the last mischiefs, and call'd the king's chastity a neglect of them.

Jolly. Thou art in the right. An Edward or a Harry, with seven queens in buckram, that haught* among the men, and strok'd the women, are the monarchs they wish to bow to: they love no tame princes, but lions in the forest!

Captain. Why, and those were properly call'd the fathers of their people, that were indeed akin to their nobility: now they wear out their youth and beauty,

* This word is seldom used as a verb: as an adjective it is not uncommon. See note 28 to *Cornelia*, Vol II. In this place, from the time it ought to be understood as "*was haught among the men.*" It was anciently printed *hault* and *halty*, to be nearer the etymology: thus in Wilson's *Rhetorique* 1553, fol. 9, in the eulogy upon the Duke of Suffolk and his brother, we are told that they were "*hault without hate, kynde without crafte:*" and in "*The Orator, handling a hundred several discoveries,*" by L. Piot Deel, 81, p. 327, "*for to say the truth, every haulty spirit are in that like unto women, who do for the most part covet after that which they are forbidden to touch.*" C.

without hope of a monumental ballad, or trophy of a libel that shall hereafter point at such a lord, and cry, that is the royal son of such a one.

Jolly. And these were the ways that made them powerful at home: for the city is a kind of tame beast; you may lead her by the horns any whither, if you but tickle them in the ear sometimes. Queen Bess, of famous memory, had the trick on't; and I have heard them say, in eighty-eight, ere I was born, as well as I can remember, she rode to Tilbury on that bonny beast, the mayor.

Captain. I would I might counsel him, I'd so reform the court.

Careless. Never too soon; for now, when a stranger comes in, and spies a covey of beauties would make a falconer unhood, before he can draw his leash he is warn'd that's a mark'd partridge; and that, and every he, has by their example a particular she.

Wild. By this light, the six fair maids stand like the working-days in the almanack; one with A scored upon her breast, that is as much as to say, I belong to such a lord; the next with B, for an elder brother; C, for such a knight; D possess'd with melancholy, and at her breast you may knock an hour ere you get an answer, and then she'll tell you, there's no lodging there; she has a constant fellow-courtier that has taken up all her heart to his own use: in short, all are dispos'd of but the good mother, and she comes in like the sabbath at the week's end; and I warrant her to make any one rest that comes at her.

Careless. Ay, marry, if she were like the Jews' Sabbath, it were somewhat; but this looks like a broken commandment, that has had more work done upon her, than all the week besides.

Captain. And what think you, is not this finely carried? you that are about the king, counsel him, if he will have his sport fair, he must let the game be free, as it has been in former ages: then a stranger that has wit, good means, and handsome clothes, no sooner en-

ters the privy chamber, and beats about with three graceful legs²⁰, but he springs a mistress that danc'd as well as he, sung better, as free as fair. Those at first sight could speak, for wit is always acquainted: these fools must be akin ere they can speak; and now friends make the bargain, and they go to bed ere they know why.

Jolly. Faith, he's in the right: you shall have a buzzard now hover and beat after a pretty wench, till she is so weary of him she's forc'd to take her bed for covert, and find less danger in being truss'd than in flying.

Captain. And what becomes of all this pudder? after he has made them sport for one night, to see him touze the quarry, he carries her into the country, and there they two fly at one another till they are weary.

Careless. And all this mischief comes of love and constancy. We shall never see better days till there be an act of parliament against it, enjoying husbands not to till their wives, but change and lay them fallow.

Jolly. A pox, the women will never consent to it: they'll be till'd to death first.

Wild. Gentlemen, you are very bold with the sex.

Captain. Faith, madam, it is our care of them. Why you see they are married at fourteen, yield a crop and half, and then die: 'tis merely their love that destroys 'em; for if they get a good husband, the poor things yield their very hearts.

Pleasant. And do you blame their loves, gentlemen?

Jolly. No, not their love, but their discretion; let them love, and do, a God's name, but let them do with discretion.

Wild. But how will you amend this?

²⁰ legs,] bows. Dekkar's *Wonderful Yeare* 1603. "Janus (that beares two faces under one hood) made a very mannerly lowe legge," &c.

Ibid.

"He calls forth one by one, to note their graces;
Whilst they make legs, he copies out their faces."

Jolly. Instead of two beds and a physician, I'd have the state prescribe two wives and a mistress.

Wild. Ho! it will never be granted: the state is made up of old men, and they find work enough with one.

Jolly. We will petition the lower house, there are young men, and (if it were but to be factious) would pass it, if they thought the upper house would cross it; besides, they ought to do it. Death! they provide against cutting down old trees, and preserving highways and post-horses, and let pretty wenches run to decay.

Careless. Why may it not come within the statute of depopulation. As I live, the state ought to take care of those pretty creatures. Be you judge, madam, is't not a sad sight to see a rich young beauty, with all her innocence and blossoms on, subject to some rough rude fellow, that ploughs her, and esteems and uses her as a chattel, till she is so lean, a man may find as good grass upon the common, where it may be she'll sit coughing with sunk eyes, so weak, that a boy (with a dog) that can but whistle, may keep a score of them?

Widow. You are strangely charitable to our sex on a sudden.

Captain. I know not what they are; but, for my part, I'll be a traitor ere I'll look on, and see beauty go thus to wreck. It is enough custom has made us suffer them to be inclos'd: I am sure they were created common, and for the use of man, and not intended to be subject to jealousy and choler, or to be bought or sold, or let for term of lives or years, as they are now, or else sold at out-crys²¹; oh yes! who'll give most, take her.

²¹ ——— or else sold at out-crys] Out-cry was the ancient term for an auction. As in *Massinger's City Madam*, A. 1. S. 3.

“ The goods of this poor man sold at an out-cry,
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forc'd
To beg their bread.”

Middleton's Chast Mayd in Cheape-side, p. 41

“ I'll sell all at an out-cry.”

Widow. Why, do not some of you excellent men marry, and mend all these errors by your good example.

Jolly. Because we want fortunes to buy rich wives, or keep poor ones, and be loth to get beggars, or whores, as well as I love 'em.

Pleasant. Why, are all their children so that have no fortune, think you?

Jolly. No, not all; I have heard of²² Whittington and his cat, and others, that have made fortunes by strange means, but I scarce believe my son would rise from hope, a halfpenny and a lamb's-skin; and the wenches, commonly having more wit and beauty than money, foreseeing small portions, grow sad, and read romances, till their wit spy some unfortunate merit like their own, without money too, and they two sigh after one another till they grow mysterious in colours, and become a proverb for their constancy; and when their love has worn out the cause, marry, in the end, a new couple; then, grown ashamed of the knowledge they so long hunted, at length part by consent, and vanish into Abigail and governor.

Ben Jonson's Catiline, A. 2. S. 3.

" Their houses, and fine gardens, given away,
And their goods, under the spear at out-cry."

Upon which last passage Mr. Whalley observes, that " the Roman way of selling things by auction, was setting up a spear; and hence the phrase *sub hasta vendere*."

²² *I have heard of Whittington and his cat.*] See Evans's Collection of Old Ballads, vol. i. p. 292.

The story of Whittington and his Cat, though under different names, is common to various languages. Messrs. Grim have pointed it out in German, and it is given in Italian as one of the celebrated Piovano Arlotto under the following title: *Il Piovano, a un prete che fece mercantia di palle, dice la novella delle gatte*. He relates it of a mercante Genovese avventurato il quale navigando fu portato dalla fortuna a una isola lontanissima. The story was probably borrowed in English and assigned to Whittington: it is noticed in *Eastward Hoe* (vol. iv.) as " the famous fable of Whittington and his puss." This play was written soon after 1603, and the ballad in Evans's collection is most likely not so old. The *Novella* was printed in Italy in 1520, (if not earlier) and Arlotto, to whom it is attributed, died in 1483.

Widow. Well, gentlemen, excuse me for this one time; and if ever I invite you to dinner again, punish me with such another discourse. In the mean time let's go in and dine, meat stays for us.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter all from dinner.

Captain. Faith, madam, we were resolv'd to be merry: we have not met these three years till to-day, and at the Bear we meant to have din'd; and since your ladyship would have our company, you must pardon our humour. Here, Mr. Sad, here's the widow's health to you.

Widow. Nephew, how do you dispose of yourself this afternoon?

Wild. We have a design we must pursue, which will rid you of all this troublesome company; and we'll make no excuse, because you peeped into our privacies to-day.

Careless. Your humble servant, ladies; gentlemen, we'll leave you to pursue your fortunes.

[*Exit Careless.*]

Jolly. Farewell, widow: may'st thou live unmarried till thou run'st away with thyself.

[*Exit Jolly.*]

Captain. No, no, when that day comes, command the humblest of your servants.

[*Exit Captain.*]

Wild. Farewell, aunt: sweet mistress Pleasant, I wish you good fortune.

[*Exit Wild.*]

Widow. Farewell, farewell, gentlemen. Niece, now if we could be rid of these troublesome lovers too, we would go see a play.

[*Aside.*]

Pleasant. Rid of them! why, they are but now in season. As I live, I would do as little to give mine content as any she in town, and yet I do not grudge him the happiness of carrying me to a play.

Widow. Ay, but the world will talk, because they pretend; and then we shall be sure to meet my nephew

there, and his wild company, and they will laugh to see us together.

Pleasant. Who will you have, Tim the butler, or Formal your gentleman-usher? I would take Philip, the foreman of the shop, as soon.

Widow. Let's mask ourselves, and take Secret, and go alone by water.

Pleasant. Yes, and follow her, like one of my aunts of the suburbs*; it is a good way to know what you may yield in a market; for I'll undertake, there are those that shall bid for you before the play will be done.

Secret. As I live, madam, Mrs. Pleasant is in the right; I had such a kindness offer'd me once, and I came to a price with him in knavery; and hang me if the rogue was not putting the earnest of his affection into my hand.

Widow. Let's go to the glass-house then.

Pleasant. I'll go to a play with my servant, and so shall you: hang opinion; and we'll go to the glass-house afterwards: it is too hot to sup early.

Secret. Pray, madam go: they say 'tis a fine play, and a knight writ it.

Pleasant. Pray let Secret prevail, I'll propose it to the lovers. In the mean time go you, and bid the coachman make ready the coach,

[*Secret whispers Sad, 'Twill take.*

Secret. Alas, madam! he's sick, poor fellow, and gone to bed; he could not wait at dinner.

Widow. Sick?

Pleasant. Why, see how all things work for the young men, either their coach or a-foot! Mr Constant, what think you of seeing a play this afternoon? Is it not too hot to venture, this infectious time?

Constant. Fie, madam, there's no danger: the bill decreas'd twenty last week†.

* An "aunt of the suburbs" was synonymous with *bawd*. See note 11 to *The Honest Whore*, P. I. Vol. III. C.

† i. e. The bill of the mortality by the plague. The theatres were sometimes closed, in consequence of the prevalence of the

Sad. I swear, they say, 'tis a very good play to-day.

Widow. Shall we go, niece?

Pleasant. Faith, 'tis hot, and there's nobody but we.

Sad. Does that hinder? Pray, madam, grudge us not the favour of venturing yourself in our company.

Widow. Come, leave this ceremony. I'll go in, and put on my mask. Secret shall bring yours.

Pleasant. No, I'll go, and put it on within.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

Enter WILD, CARELESS, CAPTAIN, and JOLLY.

Careless. By this day, you have nettled the widow.

Wild. The Captain neglected his dinner for his mirth, as if he had forgot to eat.

Jolly. When did he oversee his drinking so?

Captain. Gentlemen, still it is my fortune to make your worships merry.

Wild. As I live, Captain, I subscribe, and am content to hold my wit as a tenant to thee; and to-night I'll invite you to supper, where it shall not be lawful to speak till thou hast victual'd thy man of war.

Captain. Shall's be merry? What shall we have?

Wild. Half a score dishes of meat; choose them yourself.

Captain. Provide me then the chines fried, and the salmon calver'd, a carp and black sauce, red deer in the blood, and an assembly of woodcocks, and jack-snipes, so fat you would think they had their winding sheets on; and upon these, as their pages, let me have wait your Sussex wheatear, with a feather in his cap; over all which let our countryman, general Chine of beef, command. I hate your French pottage, that looks as the cook maid had more hand in it than the cook.

Wild. I'll promise you all this.

disease. Such was the case in the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth. See note 13 to Nash's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, Vol. IX. C.

Careless. And let me alone to cook the fish.

Captain. You cook it! no, no, I left an honest fellow in town, when I went into Italy, Signior Ricardo Ligones, one of the ancient house of the Armenian ambassadors; if he be alive, he shall be our cook.

Wild. Is he excellent at it?

Captain. Excellent! you shall try, you shall try. Why, I tell you, I saw him once dress a shoeing-horn, and a joiner's apron, that the company left pheasant for it.

Wild. A shoeing-horn!

Captain. Yes, a shoeing-horn. Marry, there was garlick in the sauce.

Wild. Is this all you would have?

Captain. This, and a bird of paradise, to entertain the rest of the night, and let me alone to cook her.

Wild. A bird of paradise! What's that?

Captain. A girl of fifteen, smooth as sattin, white as her Sunday apron, plump, and of the first down. I'll take her with her guts in her belly, and warm her with a country-dance or two, then pluck her, and lay her dry betwixt a couple of sheets; there pour into her so much oil of wit as will make her turn to a man, and stick into her heart three corns of whole love, to make her taste of what she is doing; then having strewed a man all over her, shut the door and leave us, we'll work ourselves into such a sauce as you can never surfeit on, so poignant, and yet no haut goût. Take heed of a haut goût, your onion and woman make the worst sauce. This shook together by an English cook (for your French seasoning spoils many a woman) and there's a dish for a king.

Wild. For the first part I'll undertake.

Captain. But this for supper? Captain, no more of this now; this afternoon, as you are true to the petticoat, observe your instructions, and meet at Ned's house in the evening.

Omnes. We will not fail.

Captain. I must write to Wanton, to know how

things stand at home, and to acquaint her how we have thrived with the old lady to-day.

Wild. Whither will you go to write?

Captain. To thy house, 'tis hard by; there's the Fleece.

Jolly. Do; and in the mean time I'll go home and dispatch a little business, and meet you.

Wild. Make haste then.

Jolly. Where shall I meet you?

Wild. Whither shall we go till it be time to attend the design?

Careless. Let's go to court for an hour.

Jolly. Do, I'll meet you at the queen's side.

Wild. No, pr'ythee, we are the Monsieurs new come over; and if we go fine they will laugh at us, and think we believe ourselves so: if not, then they will abuse our cloaths, and swear we went into France only to have our cloaks cut shorter.

Careless. Will you go see a play?

Captain. Do, and thither I'll come to you, if it be none of our gentlemen poets, that excuse their writings with a prologue that professes they are no scholars.

Jolly. On my word, this is held the best penn'd of the time, and he has writ a very good play: by this day, it was extremely applauded.

Captain. Does he write plays by the day? Indeed a man would ha' judged him a labouring poet.

Jolly. A labouring poet! By this hand, he's a knight. Upon my recommendation venture to see it; hang me if you be not extremely well satisfied.

Careless. A knight, and write plays! It may be, but 'tis strange to us; so they say there are other gentlemen poets without land or Latin: this was not ordinary; pr'ythee when was he knighted?

Jolly. In the North, the last great knighting, when 'twas God's great mercy we were not all knights.

Wild. I'll swear they say, there are poets that have more men in liveries, than books in their studies.

Captain. And what think you, gentlemen, are not

these things to start a man? I believe, 'tis the first time you have found them lie at the sign of the page, footmen, and gilded coaches. They were wont to lodge at the thin cloak; they and their muses made up the family; and thence sent scenes to their patrons, like boys in at windows, and one would return with a doublet, another with a pair of breeches, a third with a little ready money, which, together with their credit with a company, in three terms you rarely saw a poet repaired.

Jolly. This truth nobody denies.

Wild. Pr'ythee let us resolve what we shall do, lest we meet with some of them; for it seems they swarm, and I fear nothing like a dedication, though it be but of himself; for I must hear him say more than either I deserve, or he believes. I hate that in a poet, they must be dull, or all upon all subjects; so that they can oblige none but their muse.

Jolly. I perceive by this you will not see the play. What think you of going to Sim's, to bowls, till I come?

Careless. Yes, if you will go to see that comedy. But there is no reason we should pay for our coming in, and act too, like some whose interest in the timber robs them of their reason, and they run as if they had stolen a bias.

Wild. Resolve what you will do, I am contented:

Careless. Let's go walk in Spring-garden.

Wild. I'll do it for company; but I had as lieve be rid in the horse-market as walk in that fool's fair, where neither wit nor money is, nor sure to take up a wench. There's none but honest women.

Captain. A pox on't, what should we do there? Let's go and cross the field to Pike's: her kitchen is cool winter and summer.

Careless. I like that motion well; but we have no time, and I hate to do that business by half. After supper, if you will, we'll go and make a night on't.

Captain. Well, I must go write, therefore resolve of

somewhat. Shall I propose an indifferent place, where 'tis probable we shall all meet?

Omnes. Yes.

Captain. Go you before to the Devil*, and I'll make haste after.

Careless. Agreed. We shall be sure of good wine there, and in fresco, for he is never without patent snow.

Wild. Patent snow! What doth that project hold?

Jolly. Yes, faith; and now there's a commission appointed for toasts against the next winter.

Wild. Marry, they are wise, and foresaw the parliament, and were resolv'd their monopolies should be no grievance to the people.

Captain. Farewell! You will be sure to meet?

Omnes. Yes, yes. [Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE III.

Enter WANTON and her MAID, with her lap full of things.

Wanton. Bid them ply him close, and flatter him, and rail upon the old lady and the captain: and do you hear, give him some hints to begin the story of his life. Do it handsomely, and you shall see the sack will clip his tongue.

Maid. I warrant you, I'll fit him.

Wanton. When he is in his discourse, leave him, and come down into the parlour, and steal away his box with the false rings that stands by his bedside. I have all his little plate here already.

Maid. Make you haste. I'll warrant you, I'll dress him. [Exeunt.]

* *The Devil.*] This probably is the same tavern mentioned in *A Match at Midnight*, A. 1.—“My master means the sign of the Devil,” &c. C.

SCENE IV.

Enter the CAPTAIN, with a letter in his hand, and his BOY to him with a candle: is going to write the superscription.

Boy. Sir the lady Loveall passed by even now.

Captain. The lady Loveall! Which way went she?

Boy. To the rich lady the widow, where your worship dined.

Captain. 'Tis no matter. Here, carry this letter, and bring an answer to the Devil quickly; and tell her we'll stay there till the time be fit for the design.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter CARELESS, WILD, and a DRAWER, at the Devil.

Careless. Jack, how goes the world? Bring us some bottles of the best wine.

Drawer. You shall, sir. Your worship is welcome into England.

Careless. Why, look you; who says a drawer can say nothing but Anon, anon, sir; score a quart of sack in the half-moon?

Drawer. Your worship is merry; but I'll fetch you that, sir, shall speak Greek, and make your worship prophesy. You drank none such in your journey,

[Gives him an angel.]

Wild. Do it then, and make a hole in this angel thou may'st creep through—Who is't that peeps, a fiddler? Bring him by the ears.

Enter the TAILOR that peeps.

Tailor. A tailor, an't like your worship.

Careless. A tailor! Hast thou a stout faith?

Tailor. I have had, an't like your worship; but now I am in despair.

Careless. Why then, thou art damn'd. Go, go home, and throw thyself into thine own hell; it is the next way to the other.

Tailor. I hope your worship is not displeas'd.

Careless. What do'st do here? A tailor without faith! Do'st come to take measure of ours?

Tailor. No; I come to speak with one Master Jolly, a courtier; a very fine spoken gentleman, and a just counter, but one of the worst paymasters in the world.

Wild. As thou lov'st me, let's keep him here till he comes, and make him valiant with sack, that he may urge him till he beats him. We shall have the sport, and be reveng'd upon the rogue for dunning a gentleman in a tavern. *[Aside.*

Careless. I'll charge him. Here drink, poor fellow, and stay in the next room till he comes.

Tailor. I thank your worship, but I'm fasting; and if it please your worship to call for a dozen of manchets, that I may eat a crust first, then I'll be bold with a glass of your sack.

Wild. Here, here, drink. In the mean time, fetch him some bread.

Tailor. Will your worship have me drink all this vessel of sack?

Careless. Yes, yes, off with't: 'twill do you no harm.

[The Tailor drinks.]

Wild. Why do you not take some order with that Jolly, to make him pay thee?

Tailor. I have petition'd him often, but can do no good.

Careless. A pox upon him; petition him! his heart is hardened to ill. Threaten to arrest him: nothing but a serjeant can touch his conscience.

Tailor. Truly, gentlemen, I have reason to be angry, for he uses me ill when I ask him for my money.

[Jolly speaks within.]

Jolly. Where is Master Wild and Master Careless?

Tailor. I hear his voice.

Jolly. Let the coach stay. How now, who would he speak with?

Enter JOLLY.

Wild. Do not you know?

Jolly. Yes, and be you judge if the rogue does not

suffer deservedly. I have bid him any time this twelve-month but send his wife, I'll pay her, and the rogue replies, nobody shall lie with his wife but himself.

Careless. Nay, if you be such a one.

Tailor. No more they shall not. I am but a poor man.

Jolly. By this hand he's drunk.

Tailor. Nay then, I arrest you in mine own name, at his majesty's suit.

Wild. As I live thou shalt not beat him.

Jolly. Beat him! I'll kiss him. I'll pay him, and carry him about with me, and be at the charge of sack to keep him in the humour. [*He hugs the quart pot.*]

Tailor. Help, rescue! I'll have his body: no bail shall serve.

Enter DRAWER.

Drawer. Sir, yonder is a gentleman would speak with you. I do not like his followers.

Jolly. What are they? bailiffs?

Drawer. Little better.

Jolly. Send him up alone, and stand you ready at the stairs feet.

Careless. How can that be²³?

Jolly. It is the scrivener at the corner. Pick a quarrel with him for coming into our company. The drawers will be arm'd behind them, and we will so rout the rascals! Take your swords, and let him* sleep.

Careless. What scrivener?

Jolly. Crop, the Brownist: he that the ballad was made on.

Careless. What ballad?

Jolly. Have you not heard of the scrivener's wife that brought the blackmoor from the holy land, and made him a Brownist, and in pure charity lay with him, and was deliver'd of a magpie; a pied prophet; which when the elect saw, they prophesied, if it liv'd,

²³ *How can that be?*] i. e. *Who* can that be? In this manner the word *who* is pronounced in some parts of the kingdom, particularly in the county of Kent. S. P.

* i. e. The Tailor, who very suddenly got drunk, and as suddenly drowsy. C.

'twould prove a great enemy to their sect, for the midwife cried out, 'twas born a bishop, with tippet and white sleeves: at which the zealous mother cried, Down with the idol! So the midwife and she, in pure devotion, kill'd it.

Wild. Kill'd it! what became of them?

Jolly. Why, they were taken and condemn'd, and suffer'd under a Catholic sheriff, that afflicted them with the litany all the way from Newgate to the gallows; which in roguery he made to be set up altar-wise too, and hang'd them without a psalm.

Wild. But how took they that breach of privilege?

Jolly. I know not: Gregory turn'd them off, and so they descended, and became Brown-martyrs.

Wild. And is the husband at door now?

Jolly. Yes, yes; but he's married again to a rich widow at Wapping; a wench of another temper: one that you cannot please better than by abusing him. I always pick quarrels with him, that she may reconcile us. The peace is always worth a dinner at least. Hark! I hear him.—[*Enter CROP.*—Save you, Mr. Crop: you are come in the nick to pledge a health.

Crop. No, sir, I have other business. Shall I be paid my money or no? [*Jolly drinks.*

Jolly. Yes.

Crop. Sir?

Jolly. You asked whether you should be paid your money or no? and I said yes.

Crop. Pray, sir, be plain.

Careless. And be you so, sir? How durst you come into this room and company, without leave?

Crop. Sir, I have come into good lords' company ere now.

Careless. It may be so; but you shall either fall upon your knees, and pledge this health, or you come no more into lords' companies: no, by these hilts.

[*They tug him, and make him kneel.*

Crop. 'Tis idolatry! Do, martyr me, I will not kneel, nor join in sin with the wicked.

Jolly. Either kneel, or I'll tear thy cloak; which,

by the age and looks, may be that which was writ for in the time of the primitive church.

Crop. Pay me, and I'll wear a better. It would be honestlier done, than to abuse this, and profane the text; a text that shews, your bishops in those days wore no lawn-sleeves. And you may be asham'd to protect one that will not pay his debts: the cries of the widow will come against you for it.

Jolly. Remember, sirrah, the dinners and suppers, fat venison, and good words, I was fain to give you; christening your children still, by the way of brokage. Count that charge, and how often I have kept you from fining for sheriff, and thou art in my debt. Then, I am damn'd for speaking well of thee so often against my conscience, which you never consider.

Crop. I am an honest man, sir.

Jolly. Then ushering your wife, and Mrs. Ugly her daughter to plays and masques at court. You think these courtesies deserve nothing in the hundred. 'Tis true, they made room for themselves with their dagger elbows, and when Spider your daughter laid about her with her breath, the devil would not have sat near her.

Crop. You did not borrow my money with this language.

Jolly. No, sirrah: then I was fain to flatter you, and endure the familiarity of your family, and hear (nay fain sometimes to join in) the lying praises of the holy sister that expired at Tyburn.

Crop. Do, abuse her, and be curst. 'Tis well known she died a martyr, and her blood will be upon some of you. 'Tis her orphan's money I require, and this is the last time I'll ask it: I'll find a way to get it.

[*He offers to go, and Jolly stays him.*]

Jolly. Art serious? By that light, I'll consent, and take it for an infinite obligation if thou wilt teach the rest of my creditors that trick: 'twill save me a world of labour, for, hang me, if I know how to do't.

Crop. Well, sir, since I see your resolution, I shall make it my business.

Careless. Pr'ythee, let's be rid of this fool.

Crop. Fool! Let him pay the fool his money, and he'll be gone.

Jolly. No, sir, not a farthing. 'Twas my business to borrow it, and it shall be yours to get it in again. Nay, by this hand, I'll be feasted too, and have good words. Nay, thou shalt lend me more ere thou gett'st this again.

Crop. I'll lay my action upon you.

Jolly. Your action! You rogue, lay two.

[*They kick him, and thrust him out of the room.**]

Careless. Lay three for battery.—What have we here? A she-creditor too? Who would she speak with?

Enter FAITHFUL: *WILD and CARELESS return and meet her.*

Wild. She looks as if she had trusted in her time.

Careless. Would you speak with any here, old gentlewoman?

Faithful. My business is to Mr. Jolly.

Careless. From yourself, or are you but a messenger?

Faithful. My business, sir, is from a lady.

Careless. From a lady! From what lady, pray? Why so coy?

Faithful. From a lady in the town.

Careless. Hoh! hoh! from a lady in the town! Is it possible? I should have guessed you came from a lady in the suburbs, or some country-madam, by your riding face.

Enter JOLLY again.

Jolly. I think we have routed the rascals. Faithful! what makes thy gravity in a tavern?

Faithful. Sport, it seems for your saucy companions.

Jolly. Ho, ho, mull, ho. No fury, Faithful.

Faithful. 'Tis well, sir. My lady presents her service to you, and hath sent you a letter: there's my business.

Careless. Pr'ythee, who is her lady?

* Jolly makes his *exit* at the same time, and returns again where his entrance his marked. C.

Jolly. The lady Loveall.

Careless. Oh, oh, does she serve that old lady? God help her!

Faithful. God help her! Pray for yourself, sir: my lady scorns your prayers.

Jolly. Faithful, come hither. Pr'ythee, is thy lady drunk?

Faithful. Drunk, sir!

Jolly. Ay, drunk, or mad; she'd never writ this else. She requires me, here, to send back by you the pearl she gave me this morning! which, sure, she'd never do, if she were sober; for, you know, I earn'd them hard.

Faithful. I know! What do I know? You will not defame my lady, will you?

Careless. By no means. This is by way of counsel. Fie! give a thing, and take a thing? If he did not perform, he shall come at night, and pay his scores.

Faithful. 'Tis well, sir. Is this your return for my lady's favours? Shall I have the pearl, sir?

Jolly. No; and tell her, 'tis the opinion of us all, he that opens her stinking oyster, is worthy of the pearl.

Faithful. You are a foul-mouth'd fellow, sirrah, and I shall live to see you load a gallows, when my lady shall find the way to her own again.

Jolly. If she miss, there are divers can direct her, you know. Adieu, Faithful. Do you hear? Steal privately down by the back-door, lest some knavish boy spy thee, and call thine age, Bawd.

[Exit Faithful.]

Careless. Pr'ythee, who is this thing?

Jolly. 'Tis my lady's waiting-woman, her bawd, her she-confessor, herself at second-hand. Her beginning was simple and below stairs, till her lady finding her to be a likely promising bawd, secret as the key at her girdle, obedient as her thoughts, those virtues raised her from the flat petticoat and kercher, to the gorget and bumroll. And I remember 'twas good sport at first, to see the wench perplexed with her metamorphosis.

She since has been in love with all the family, and now sighs after the Levite; and if he forsake her too, I prophesy, a waiting-woman's curse will fall upon her—to die old, despised, poor, and out of fashion.

Enter CAPTAIN.

Captain. Why do you not hang out a painted cloth, and take two-pence apiece, and let in all the tame fools at door; those sons of wonder that now gape, and think you mad?

Careless. 'Tis no matter what they think: madness is proper here. Are not taverns Bacchus's temples, the place of madness? Does not the sign of madness hang out at the door?

Jolly. While we within possess our joys and cups, as full of pleasure as weeping Niobe's afflicted eyes were swell'd with grief and tears. Blessing on the cause that made our joys thus complete: for see Plutus in our pockets, Mars by our sides, Bacchus in our head, self-love in our hearts, and change of virgins in our arms; beauties whose eyes and hearts speak love and welcome; no rigid thinkers, no niggard beauties that maliciously rake up their fire in green sickness to preserve a spark that shall flame only in some dull day of marriage: let such swear and forswear, till (of the whole parish) they love each other least, whilst we wisely set out our cobwebs in the most perspicuous places to catch these foolish flies.

Careless. He's in the right. Do'st think we retreated hither to beat a bargain for a score of sheep, or dispute the legality of votes, and weigh the power of prerogative and parliament, and club for concluding sack, or read the Fathers here till we grow costive, like those that have worn their suffering elbows bare, to find a knowledge to perplex 'em? A pox on such brain-breaking thoughts! avoid them, and take me into thy hand a glass of eternal sack, and prophesy the restoration of senses, and the fall of a lover from grace; which our dear friend Mr. Jolly will prove, to whom the lady Loveall (by Faithful lately departed) sent for the pearl you wot of.

Captain. But, I hope, he had the grace to keep them.

Jolly. No, no; I'm a fool, I!

Captain. Was not my boy here?

Jolly. No; we saw him not.

Captain. A pox of the rogue, he's grown so lazy.

Wild. Your boy is come in just now, and called for the key of the back-door. There's women with him.

Captain. Oh, that's well! 'tis Wanton: I sent for her to laugh over the story of the old lady and her pearl. Where have you been all this while, sirrah?

Enter Boy.

Boy. I could overtake the coach, sir, no sooner.

Captain. The coach! what coach?

Boy. The lady Loveall's.

Captain. The lady Loveall's! Why, what had you to do with her coach?

Boy. I went to give her the letter your worship sent her.

Captain. The letter! What letter?

Boy. That your worship gave me.

Captain. That I writ at Ned's house to Wanton?

Boy. The letter you gave me, sir, was directed to the lady Loveall, and she storm'd like a mad woman at reading of it.

Careless. Why, thou wilt not beat the boy for thy own fault? What letter was it?

Captain. 'Twas enough; only a relation of the pearl, wherein she finds herself sufficiently abus'd to Wanton.

Jolly. Now, gentlemen, you have two to laugh at.

Captain. A pox of fooling, let's resolve what to do. There's no denying, for she has all the particulars under my hand.

Boy. You must resolve of something, for she's coming, and stay'd only till the back-door was open'd.

Captain. How did she know I was here?

Boy. Your worship bade me tell her, you would stay here for her.

Careless. How came this mistake?

Captain. Why, the devil owed us a shame it seems. You know I went home to give Wanton an account

how we advanc'd in our design; and when I was writing the superscription, I remember the boy came in and told me, the lady Loveall passed by.

Jolly. And so, it seems, you in pure mistake directed your letter to her.

Careless. Well, resolve what you'll do with her, when she comes.

Captain. Faith, bear it like men, 'tis only an old lady lost; let's resolve to defy her, we are sure of our pearl; but lest we prolong the war, take the first occasion you can all to avoid the room: when she's alone, I'll try whether she'll listen to a composition.

Jolly. Have you no friends in the close committee?

Captain. Yes, yes, I am an Essex man.

Careless. Then get some of them to move, it may be voted no letter.

Jolly. Ay, ay; and after 'tis voted no letter, then vote it false, scandalous, and illegal, and that is in it: they have a precedent for it in the Danish packet, which they took from a foolish fellow, who, presuming upon the law of nations, came upon an embassy to the king without an order, or pass from both houses!

Captain. Hark, I hear her coming.

Enter LOVEALL and FAITHFUL.

Loveall. Sir, I received a letter, but by what accident I know not; for I believe it was not intended me, though the contents concern me.

Captain. Madam, 'tis too late to deny it; is it peace or war you bring? without dispute, if war, I hang out my defiance: if peace, I yield my weapon into your hands.

Loveall. Are you all unworthy? your whole sex falsehood? is it not possible to oblige a man to be loyal? this is such a treachery no age can match! apply yourself with youth and wit to gain a lady's love and friendship only to betray it? was it not enough you commanded my fortune, but you must wreck my honour too, and instead of being grateful for that charity which still assisted your wants, strive to pay me with injuries, and attempt to make the world be-

1

lieve I pay to lose my fame; and then make me the scorn'd subject of your whore's mirth? Base and unworthy! Do you smile, false one? [*He smiles.*] I shall find a time for you too, and my vengeance shall find you all.

Faithful. Yea, sir; and you that had such ready wit to proclaim my lady whore, and me bawd, I hope to see you load a gallows for it.

Captain. Once again, is it peace or war?

Loveall. Peace! I'll have thy blood first, dog. Where's my pearl?—[*She speaks to Wild.*] You ought to right me, sir, in this particular; it was to you I sent them.

Wild. Madam, I sent not for them.

Captain. No more words: I have them, I earn'd them, and you paid them.

Faithful. You are a foul-mouth'd fellow, sirrah.

Loveall. Peace, wench, I scorn their slander, it cannot shake my honour; 'tis too weighty and too fix'd for their calumny.

Jolly. I'll be sworn for my part on't, I think it is a great honour: I am sure I had as much as I could carryaway in ten nights, and yet there was no miss on't.

Captain. You? I think so; there's no mark of my work, you see, and yet I came after thee, and brought away loads would have sunk a sedan-man.

Wild. By this relation she should be a woman of a great fame.

Careless. Let that consideration with her condition, and her age, move some reverence, at least to what she was. Madam, I am sorry I cannot serve you in this particular.

[*Exeunt Jolly and Careless.*]

Loveall. I see all your mean baseness: pursue your scorn. Come, let's go, wench, I shall find some to right my fame; and though I have lost my opinion, I have gain'd a knowledge how to distinguish of love hereafter; and I shall scorn you and all your sex, that have not soul enough to value a noble friendship.

Wild. Pray, madam, let me speak with you.

Captain. We'll have no whispering: I said it, and I'll maintain it with my sword.

Enter DRAWER.

Drawer. Sir, there's one without would speak with you.

Captain. With me?

Drawer. No, sir, with master Wild.

Wild. Madam, I'll wait upon you presently.

[Exit Wild.]

Captain. Madam, I know my company is displeasing to you, therefore I'll take my leave. Drawer, shew me another room.

[Exit Captain.]

[The Captain makes a turn or two, they look at each other, then he goes out.]

Loveall. Oh Faithful, Faithful! I am most miserably abus'd, and can find no way to my revenge.

Faithful. Madam, I'll give them rats-bane, and speedily too, ere they can tell; for that rascal the captain has a tongue else will proclaim you, and undo your fame for ever.

Loveall. Ay, ay, my fame, my fame, Faithful: and if it were not for mine honour, (which I have kept unstained to this minute) I would not care.

Faithful. This it is; you will set your affection upon every young thing: I could but tell you on't.

Loveall. Who could have suspected they would have been so false in their loves to me, that have been so faithful to them?—Honest friend, where is master Wild?

Enter DRAWER.

Drawer. The other gentlemen carried him away with them.

Loveall. Are they all gone then?

Drawer. Yes, by this hand—These gentlemen are quickly satisfied: what an ugly whore they have got! how she states it!

[Aside.]

Loveall. Come, let's go, wench. *[She offers to go.]*

Drawer. Mistress, who pays the reckoning?

Loveall. What says he?

Faithful. He asks me, who pays the reckoning?

Loveall. Who pays the reckoning! Why, what have we to do with the reckoning?

Drawer. Shut the door, Dick. We'll have the reckoning before you go.

Faithful. Why, Goodman Sauce-box, you will not make my lady pay for their reckoning, will you?

Drawer. My lady! a pox of her title, she'd need of something to make her pass.

Faithful. What do you say, sirrah?

Drawer. I say, the gentlemen paid well for their sport, and I know no reason why we should lose our reckoning.

Loveall. What do you take me for, my friend?

Drawer. In troth, I take you for nothing; but I would be loath to take you for that use I think they made shift with you for.

Faithful. Madam, this is that rascally captain's plot.

Loveall. Patience, patience! Oh for a bite at the slave's heart! Friend mistake me not, my name is Loveall, a lady: send one along with me, and you shall have your money.

Drawer. You must pardon me, madam, I am but a servant; if you be a lady, pray sit in an inner room, and send home your woman for the money: the sum is six pounds, and be pleased to remember the waiters.

Loveall. Go, Faithful, go fetch the money. Oh, revenge, revenge! shall I lose my honour, and have no revenge?

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter WANTON, CAPTAIN, CARELESS *and* WILD.

Wanton. By all that a longing bride hopes for, which I am not, I am better pleased with this revenge than mine own plot, which takes as I could wish. I have so anointed my high priest with sack, that he would have confuted Baal's priest; and now he does so slumber in his ale, and calls to bed already, swears the sun is set.

Captain. Faith, wench, her abusing of me made me leave her for the reckoning.

Careless. Yes, faith, they have treated her upsey whore, lain with her, told, and then pawn'd her.

Wanton. Yes, yes, you are fine things: I wonder women can endure you; for me, I expect you worse, and am arm'd for't.

Wild. Faith, let's send and release her, the jest is gone far enough; as I live, I pity her.

Wanton. Pity her! hang her, and rid the country of her. She is a thing wears out her limbs as fast as her clothes; one that never goes to bed at all, nor sleeps in a whole skin, but is taken to pieces like a motion, as if she were too long: she should be hang'd for offering to be a whore.

Captain. As I live, she's in the right. I peep'd once to see what she did before she went to bed: by this light, her maids were dissecting her; and when they had done, they brought some of her to bed, and the rest they either pin'd or hung up, and so she lay dismember'd till morning; in which time, her chamber was strew'd all over, like an anatomy-school.

Wanton. And when she travels any where, she is transported with as great a care and fear of spoiling, as a juggler's motion, when heremoves from fair to fair.

Careless. She is a right broken gamester, who, though she lacks wherewithal to play, yet loves to be looking on.

Enter WANTON'S Maid.

Bawd. He is awake, and calls for you impatiently: he would fain be in bed, the company is all gone.

Wanton. Are you instructed?

Bawd. Let me alone, I'll warrant you for my part.

Wanton. Farewell then; you are all ready. Who plays master constable?

Captain. I, I; and Ned Jolly the sumner.

Wanton. Farewell, farewell then.

[Exit *Wanton* and *Bawd*.]

Wild. It is a delicate wench.

Careless. She has excellent flesh, and a fine face.

By this light, we must depose the captain from his reign here. *[They whisper this.]*

Wild. I like her shrewdly: I hate a wench that is all whore and no company; this is a comedy all day, and a fair at night.

Careless. I hope to exalt the parson's horn here.

Captain. And what think you? is it not a sweet sin, this lying with another man's wife?

Wanton. Is Jolly come? *[Wanton above.]*

Captain. No, but he'll be here instantly.

Wild. Is he a-bed?

Wanton. Yes, yes, and he sleeps as if he had been put to bed by his sexton, with *dust to dust*, and *ashes to ashes*.

Captain. And we'll wake him with that shall be as terrible to him as the latter day.

Wanton. Let him sleep awhile that he may be fresh, else the jest is spoil'd; for it is his sense of his disgrace must work my ends.

Wild. I'll go home then, and get supper ready, and expect you.

Enter JOLLY.

Captain. Do; our scene lies here. Who's there, Jolly?

Jolly. Yes.

Captain. Are you fitted?

Jolly. Yes, I have got the Black-friars music. I was fain to stay till the last act. And who do you think I saw there?

Wild. I know not.

Jolly. Guess.

Wild. Pr'ythee! I cannot guess.

Jolly. Your aunt and Mrs. Pleasant, and trusty Secret.

Wild. What, man?

Jolly. The lovers only, so close in a box!

Captain. It will be a match, and there's an end. Pr'ythee, let them go to't; what is't to us? Let's mind our business now, and think on them hereafter.

Wanton. A pox upon them, for a couple of stauk-

hounds. Have they kill'd at last? Why, this is fool's fortune. It would be long enough ere one that has wit got such a wife!

Captain. No more of this now. Have you borrow'd the watchmen's coats?

Jolly. Yes, and bills, beards, and constable's staff and lantern; and let me alone to fit him for the summer. But when this is done, I expect my fee, a tithe-night at least. Wanton, I will lie with thee for thy roguery. What! are you dumb? You will not refuse me, I hope?

Wanton. Not if I thought thou desiredst it; but I hate to have it desired indifferently, and but so-so done neither when 'tis done.

Jolly. I hope you will not disgrace my work, will you?

Wanton. Faith, they say, thy pleasure lies in thy tongue, and therefore, though I do not give thee leave to lie with me, yet I will give thee as good a thing, that will please thee as well.

Jolly. Some roguery, I expected.

Wanton. No, faith, I am serious; and because I will please you both, master Wild shall lie here, and you shall have leave to say you do, which will please you as well.

Jolly. Faith, and my part is some pleasure; else, *I have lov'd, enjoy'd, and told,* is mistook

Wanton. Ay, but never to love, seldom enjoy, and always tell—foh! it stinks, and stains worse than Shoreditch dirt; and women hate and dread men for't. Why, I that am a whore profess'd, cannot see youth digest it, though it be my profit and interest; for to be a private whore in this town, starves in the nest like young birds, when the old one's kill'd.

Careless. Excellent girl! 'tis too true. Jolly, your tongue has kept many a woman honest.

Wanton. Faith, 'tis a truth. This I shall say, you may all better your pleasures by, if you will observe it: I dare say, the fear of telling keeps more women honest than Bridewell hemp, and were you wise men, and true

lovers of liberty, now were the time to bring wenching to that perfection, no age could ever have hop'd. Now, you may sow such seed of pleasure, you may be prayed for hereafter. Now, in this age of zeal and ignorance, would I have you four, in old clothes and demure looks, present a petition to both houses, and say, you are men touch'd in conscience for your share in that wickedness which is known to their worships by the pleasure of adultery; and desire it may be death²⁴, and that a law may be pass'd to that purpose. How the women will pray for you, and at their own charges rear statues in memory of their benefactors! The young and kind would then haunt your chambers, pray, and present you, and court the sanguine youth, for the sweet sin secur'd by such a law. None would lose an occasion, nor churlishly oppose kind nature, nor refuse to listen to her summons, when youth and passion calls for those forbidden sweets. When such security as your lives are at stake, who would fear to trust? With this law, all oaths and protestations are cancell'd. Letters and bawds would grow useless too: by instinct, the kind will find the kind; and, having one nature, become of one mind. Now we lose an age to observe and know a man's humour ere we dare trust him; but get this law, then 'tis, like and enjoy. And whereas now, with expense of time and

²⁴ ——— *desire it may be death, &c.*] Alluding to the acts of Oliver Cromwell's parliament, for punishing adultery, incest, and fornication; by which it was declared, that the two former should be punishable with death on the first offence, and the latter upon the second conviction.——“These acts,” an excellent writer (*Mr. Barrington on the Statutes*) observes, “could not have continued long unrepealed, even if Charles the Second had not succeeded to the throne.” It has been doubted, whether there were any instances of carrying them into execution, notwithstanding the rigidity of the times wherein they were enacted. A newspaper, however, of that period, furnishes an example, which, from the extraordinary circumstances attending it, may perhaps be considered as not unworthy of being preserved. In *Mercurius Politicus*, No. 168, from Thursday, Aug. 25, to Thursday, Sept. 1, 1653, p. 2700; printed by Tho. Newcomb, is the following passage: “At Monmouth Assize and old man of eighty-nine years, was put to death for adultery, committed with a woman above sixty.”

fortune, you may glean some one mistress amongst your neighbours' wives, you shall reap women whole armfuls, as in the common field. There is one small town, wise only in this law; and I have heard them say that know it well, there has been but one execution this hundred years; yet the same party search'd seven years, and could not find an honest woman in the town.

Careless. An excellent plot! Let's about it. Ink and paper, dear Wanton: we will draw the petition presently.

Wanton. Will master Jolly consent too? You must not then, as soon as a handsome woman is named, smile and stroke your beard; tell him that is next you, you have lain with her. Such a lie is as dangerous as a truth, and 'twere but justice to have thee hang'd for a sin thou never committedst, for having defam'd so many women.

Jolly. If all those liars were hang'd, I believe the scale would weigh down with the guilty.

Wanton. One rogue hang'd for example, would make a thousand kind girls. If it take, it shall be called my law, Wanton's law: then we may go in petticoats again; for women grew imperious, and wore the breeches only to fright the poor cuckolds, and make the fools digest their horns. Are you all ready? Shall I open the door?

Captain. Yes.

Wild. I'll expect you at my house.

[Exit Wild one way, and the rest of the company another.]

Omnes. We'll come, we'll come.

Captain. So, knock louder.

[They knock within, and the Parson discover'd in his bed, and the Bawd with him.]

Parson. Who's there? What would you have?

Captain. Here's his majesty's watch, and master constable's worship must come in. We have a warrant from the lords to search for a delinquent.

Parson. You come not here. I'll answer your warrant to-morrow,

Jolly. Break open the door.

Parson. I would you durst.

Bawd. Lord, dear! What shall we do?

Parson. Why, sweet, I'll warrant you. Art thou not my wife, my rib, bone of my bone? I'll suffer any thing ere one hair of thee shall be touch'd.

Bawd. Hark! They break open the door!

Parson. They dare not. Why dost thou tremble so? Alas, sweet innocence, how it shakes!

Captain. Break open the door.

Parson. I'll complain to the bishop of this insolence.

Bawd. They come, they come, lamb!

Parson. No matter, sweet, they dare not touch thee. What would you have, Mr. Constable? You are very rude.

[*He delivers the warrant.*]

Captain. Read our warrant, and our business will excuse us. Do you know any such person as you find there?

Parson. Yes, sir, but not by this name. Such a woman is my wife, and no Lindabrides²⁵. We were married to-day, and I'll justify her my wife the next court-day. You have your answer and may be gone.

Jolly. We must take no notice of such excuses now. If she be your wife, make it appear in court, and she will be deliver'd unto you.

Parson. If she be my wife! Sir, I have wedded her and bedded her, what other ceremonies would you have? Be not afraid, sweetheart.

Jolly. Sir, we can do no less than execute our warrant: we are but servants; and, master constable, I charge you in the king's name to do your duty. Behold the body of the delinquent.

Parson. Touch her that dares: I'll put my dagger in him.—[*He takes his dagger.*]—Fear nothing, sweetheart. Master constable, you'll repent this insolence offer'd to a man of my coat.

²⁵ *Lindabrides.*] Lindabrides is a character in the *Mirror of Knighthood*, once a famous romance: the name was afterwards applied to women of a certain class. She is mentioned in Act 2 of *A Match at Midnight*, Vol. VII.

Bawd. Help, my dearest, will you let me be hal'd thus? [*Here they strive to take her out.*]

Parson. Villains, what will you do? Murder! Rape!

Captain. Yes, yes, 'tis likely: I look like a ravisher!

Jolly. Hold him, and we'll do well enough with her.

[*As they go to pull her out of the bed, they discover the Bawd. When they let him go, he turns to her, and holds her in his arms.*]

Captain. What have we here, an old woman?

Parson. Let me go. Slaves and murderers!

Captain. Let him go.

Jolly. Do any of you know this woman? This is not she we look'd for.

Parson. No, rascal, that mistake shall not excuse you.

Jolly. It is old Goodman what d'ye call him, his wife.

Captain. Hold the candle, and let's see her face.

[*When they hold the candle, she lies in his bosom, and his arms about her. She must be as nastily dressed as they can dress her. When he sees her, he falls into amaze, and shoves her from him.*]

Jolly. What have we here, adultery? Take them both: here will be new matter.

Parson. Master constable, a little argument will persuade you to believe I am grossly abus'd. Sure, this does not look like a piece that a man would sin to enjoy: let that then move your pity and care of my reputation. Consider my calling, and do not bring me to a public shame, for what you're sure I am not guilty of, but by plot of some villains*.

* This incident is borrowed from the Italian, and it is employed by many of their novelists. It also forms the eighth story of *Les Comptes du Monde aventureux*, printed at Lyons in 1572. Casti founded his tale of *La Celia* upon it, with the variation of making the old woman a negress, but in this change he was not original. Richard Brome employed it in his *Novella*, acted at the Blackfriars Theatre thirty years before Killigrew's play was published. C.

Bawd. Dear, will you disclaim me now?

Parson. Oh, impudence!

Jolly. Master constable, do your duty. Take them both away, as you will answer it.

Captain. Give him his cassock to cover him.

[*They put on his cassock and her coat, and lead them away.*]

Parson. Why, gentlemen, whither will you carry me?

Captain. To the next justice, I think it is master Wild; he is newly come from travel. It will be a good way, neighbours, to express our respects to him.

Parson. No, faith, gentlemen, e'en go the next way to Tyburn, and dispatch the business without ceremony, for you'll utterly disgrace me. This is that damn'd captain: my wife is abroad too; I fear she is of the plot.

Jolly. Come, away with 'em.

Bawd. Whither will they lead us, dear?

Parson. Oh, oh, impudence! Gentlemen, do not lead us together, I beseech you.

Captain. Come, come, lead them together: no ceremonies. Your faults are both alike.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

Enter WANTON and WILD.

Wanton. You had best brag now, and use me like my lady what-d'ye-call; but if you do, I care not.

Wild. Come, y'are a fool. I'll be a faithful friend, and make good conditions for thee before thy husband be quit.

[*Wild sits down with Wanton in his lap.*]

Wanton. You must do it now or never.

Wild. Hark! hark! I hear them.—What's the news?

Enter CAPTAIN, JOLLY, WATCH, BAWD, and PARSON.

Captain. We have brought a couple of delinquents before your worship: they have committed a very foul fault.

Jolly. And we have brought the fault along too, that your worship may see it. You will be the better able to judge of the offenders.

Parson. Ha! what do I see? My wife in master justice's lap!

Wanton. What has the poor fellow done?

Captain. Why, madam, he has been taken in bed with this woman, another man's wife.

Wanton. In bed with her! and do you raise him to punish him? Master constable, if you would afflict him, command them to lie together again. Is not the man mad?

Parson. This is fine roguery! I find who rules the roast.

Wild. Well, to the business. You say, he was taken in bed with another man's wife.

Captain. Yes, and't like your worship.

Wild. Make his mittimus to the hole at Newgate.

Wanton. Sure I have seen this fellow's face.---Friend, have I never seen your face before?

Parson. If I mistake not, I have seen one very like your ladyship's too: she was a captain's cast-whore in the town. I shall have a time to be reveng'd.

Wild. How now, sirrah; are you threatening? Away with him.

Captain. I'll fetch a stronger watch, sir, and return presently.

Wild. Do, master constable; and give the poor woman something, and set her free; for I dare say 'twas his wickedness. She looks like one that ne'er thought on such a thing.

Bawd. God bless your worship, I am innocent. He never left making love, till I consented.

Enter CAPTAIN in his own shape.

Parson. Oh miserable! miserable!

Captain. How now! what's the news here? My honour'd friend, and master parson, what makes you here at this time of night? why, I should have thought this a time to have envied you for your fair bride's embraces. Do you give these favours? Are these your bride-laces? It's a new way.

[Plays with the cord that binds his arms.]

Parson. Is it new to you?

Wanton. How now, captain?

Captain. Wanton, is this your plot to endear your husband to you?

Parson. No, 'tis thy plot, poor beaten captain: but I shall be reveng'd.

Captain. Yes, faith, it was my plot, and I glory in't; to undermine my Machiavel, which so greedily swallow'd that sweet bait that had this hook.

Parson. 'Tis well.

Captain. But my anger ends not here. Remember the base language you gave me;—son of a thousand fathers; captain of a tame band; and one that got my living by the longstaff-speeches:—for which, and thy former treacheries, I'll ruin thee, slave. I'll have no more mercy on thee, than old women on blind puppies. I'll bring you to your commendations in Latin epistles again, nor leave thee any thing to live on, no, not bread, but what thou earn'st by ranking gentlewomen's names in anagrams. And, master justice, if ever you'll oblige me, stand to me now, that I may procure the whipping of him from the reverend bench.

Parson. I am undone.

Wild. I can do nothing but justice: you must excuse me. I shall only make it appear how fit it is to punish this kind of sin in that coat in time, and to crush such serpents in the shells.

Parson. Mercy! Oh, mercy!

Wild. Officers, away with him. [*They pull him away.*]

Parson. No mercy?

Wanton. Yes, upon conditions, there may be some mercy. [*The Parson looks very dejected.*]

Wild. And these they are——Let the watch stay in t'other room.---First, your wife shall have her liberty, and you yours, as she reports of you; and when you bring her with you, you shall be welcome. Then you shall not be jealous; that's another point. [*Exit Watch.*]

Captain. That he shall have a cure for.

Wanton. Yes, yes, I'll apply something to his eyes shall cure him of his doubt.

Wild. Then you shall ask the captain pardon, and your wife. To him you shall allow half your par-

sonage to maintain her. The deeds are ready within : if you'll sign them, and deliver your wife to our use, she shall discharge you.

Parson. I submit, sir ; but I hope your worship will desire no witness to the use of my wife. The sumner, and the watch too, I hope your worship will enjoin them silence.

Wanton. You shall not need to fear ; I'll have a care of your credit. Call in the watch. Do you know these faces? [*She discovers them.*]

Parson. Ha ! abus'd !

Jolly. Nay, no flinching : if you do, I betake me to master sumner again.

Captain. And I become severe master constable in a trice.

Parson. No, no, I submit ; and I hope we are all friends. I'm sure, I have the hardest part to forgive.

Wanton. And I before all this company, promise to forget and forgive thee, and am content to take thee again for my dear and mortal husband, now you are tame ; but you must see you do so no more ; and give yourself to be blind when it is not fit for you to see ; and practise to be deaf, and learn to sleep in time, and find business to call you away, when gentlemen come that would be private.

Captain. Why so ! Now things are as they should be ; and when you will obey, you shall command ; but when you would be imperious, then I betake me to my constable's staff, till you subscribe, *Cedunt armis togæ* : and if it be false Latin, parson, you must pardon that too.

Jolly. By this hand, I must have my tithe-night with thee, thou art such a wag. Say, when ? When wilt thou give me leave ? ha !

Wanton. Never.

Jolly. Never !

Wanton. No, never.

Jolly. D'ye hear ? I am none of them that work for charity. Either resolve to pay, or I kick down all my milk again.

Wanton. What would you have?

Jolly. Give me leave to lie with you.

Wanton. No indeed.

Jolly. No!

Wanton. No; but rather than quarrel, as I said before, I will give you leave to say you have lain with me.

Wild. I am of opinion she owes you nothing now. So, Mrs. Wanton, take your husband; and, to remove all doubts, this night I'll be at the charge of a wedding-supper.

Parson. This is better than Newgate-hole yet, Bride-well hemp, brown bread, and whip-cord. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

Enter the WIDOW and MRS. PLEASANT, Master SAD, and Master CONSTANT.

Widow. By my troth, it was a good play.

Pleasant. And I'm glad I am come home, for I am e'en as weary with this walking. For God's sake, whereabouts does the pleasure of walking lie? I swear, I have often sought it till I was weary, and yet I could ne'er find it.

Sad. What do these halberds at your door?

[*A watch at the Widow's door.*]

Widow. Halberds! Where?

Sad. There, at your lodging.

Constant. Friend, what would those watchmen have?

Watchman. The house is shut up for the sickness* this afternoon.

Pleasant. The sickness!

Watchman. Yes, forsooth; there's a coachman dead, full of the tokens.

Sad. Where is the officer?

Watchman. He is gone to seek the lady of the house, and some other company that dined here yesterday, to bring her in, or carry her to the Pest-house.

* The *sickness* was the common name for the plague. See Gifford's Ben Jonson, iii. 353; iv. 9, &c. C.

Widow. Ha! What shall we do, niece?

Sad. If you please to command our lodging.

Pleasant. It will be too much trouble.

Widow. Let's go to Loveall's.

Pleasant. Not I, by my faith: it is scarce for our credits to let her come to us.

Widow. Why, is she naught?

Constant. Faith, madam, her reputation is not good.

Widow. But what shall we do then?

Constant. Dare you adventure to oblige us?

Widow. Thank you, sir; we'll go to my nephew's at Covent Garden: he may shift among his acquaintance.

Pleasant. It was well thought on; the Piazza is hard by, too.

Widow. We'll borrow your coach thither, and we'll send it you back again straight.

Constant. We'll wait upon you, madam.

Widow. This accident troubles me. I am heartily sorry for the poor fellow.

Pleasant. I am sorry too: but pray, aunt, let us not forget ourselves in our grief. I am not ambitious²⁶ of a red cross upon the door.

²⁶ *I am not ambitious of a red cross upon the door.*] This alludes to one of the regulations made to prevent the spreading of the plague. When a house became infected, the officers impowered for that purpose immediately placed a guard before it; which continued there night and day, to prevent any person going from thence, until the expiration of forty days. At the same time, *red crosses, of a foot long*, were painted on the doors and windows, with the words, LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US, in great letters, wrote over them, to caution all passengers to avoid infected places.

In a collection of epigrams, intituled, *More Fools yet*; written by R. S. (Roger Sharpe,) 1610, 4to, is the following:

" Rusticus, an honest country swayne,
 " Whose education simple was, and plaine,
 " Having survey'd the citie round about,
 " Emptyed his purse, and so went trudging out.
 " But by the way he saw, and much respected,
 " A doore belonging to a house infected;
 " Whereon was plac't (as 'tis the custome still)
 " *Lord have mercy upon us!* This sad bill
 " The sot perusde; and having read, he swore
 " All London was ungodly, but that doore.

Constant. Mistress Pleasant is in the right; for if you stay, the officers will put you in.

Widow. We shall trouble you, sir, for your coach.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter PARSON, CAPTAIN, WILD, WANTON, CARELESS, and JOLLY.

Parson. I am reconcil'd, and will no longer be an uncharitable churchman. I think this sack is a cooler.

Captain. What! does it make you to see your error?

Parson. Yes, and consider my man of war; nor will I again dispute his letters of mart, nor call them passes for pirates. I am free.

Captain. And welcome. Any thing but anger is sufferable, and all is jest when you laugh; and I will hug thee for abusing me with thy eyes in their scabbards: but when you rail with drawn eyes, red and naked, threatening a Levite's second revenge* to all that touches your concubine, then I betake me to a dark lantern and a constable's staff; and by help of these fathers whom I cite, I prove my text—Women that are kind ought to be free.

Parson. But, captain, is it not lawful for us shepherds to reclaim them?

Captain. A mere mistake; for sin, like the sea, may be turned out, but will ne'er grow less: and though you should drain this mistress Doll, yet the whore will find a place, and perhaps overflow some maid, till then honest; and so you prove the author of a new sin, and the defiler of a pure temple: therefore I say, while you live, let the whore alone, till she wears out; nor is it

“ Here dwells some vertue yet, sayes he; for this

“ A most devout religious saying is :

“ And thus he wisht (with putting off his hatte)

“ That every doore had such a bill as that.”

* Robert Gomersall, in 1628, published a poem, in three cantos, called *The Levite's Revenge*. It arrived at a second edition in 1633, and seems to have been popular. C.

safe to vamp them, as you shall find. Read Ball the first and the second.*

Wild. No more discourse. Strike up, fiddlers.

Captain. See, who's that knocks?

[*A country-dance. When they are merry, singing catches and drinking healths, the Widow, Mrs. Pleasant, and the two lovers, knock at the door.*]

Servant. Sir, 'tis Mistress Pleasant, and the two gentlemen that din'd there to-day.

Wild. My aunt and Mistress Pleasant!

Jolly. What a pox makes them abroad at this time of night!

Captain. It may be, they have been a wenching.

Servant. Sir, they were upon alighting out of the coach when I came up.

Wild. Quickly, Mrs. Wanton; you and your husband to bed; there's the key. Mr. Parson, you know the way to the old chamber; and to it quickly; all is friends now.

Parson. Sweetheart, we'll steal away.

Wanton. The devil on them, they have spoil'd our mirth. *Exit Parson.*

Wild. Jack, get you and your company down the back-way into the kitchen, and stay there, till we see what this visit means. [Exeunt Fiddlers.]

Captain. Means! What should it mean? It is nothing but the mischievous nature all honest women are endu'd with, and naturally given to spoil sport. I wonder what fart blew them hither to-night.

Wild. Nay, have a little patience, captain, you and Mr. Jolly must sit quietly a while within, till we know the cause.

Captain. It is but deferring our mirth for an hour, or so.

Servant. Sir, here's my lady.

* This is probably meant to ridicule John Ball, a celebrated puritan divine, born in 1585, and died in 1640, after publishing many religious controversial works. C.

Wild. Quickly remove those things there. Captain, step in there——

Enter WIDOW, PLEASANT, SAD, and CONSTANT.

Widow. Nephew, do you not wonder to see me here at this time of night?

Wild. I know, it is not ordinary, therefore I believe 'tis some design. What is it Mrs. Pleasant? Shall I make one?

Pleasant. As I live, sir, pure necessity. Neither mirth nor kindness hath begot this visit.

Careless. What! is your coach broke?

Widow. Faith, nephew, the truth is, the sickness is in my house, and my coachman died since dinner.

Wild. The sickness!

Pleasant. Ay, as I live: we have been walking since the play; and when we came home, we found the watch at the door, and the house shut up.

Sad. And a constable gone in search of all those that dined there to-day, with order to furnish us lodgings in the Pest-house.

Widow. Are you not afraid to receive us?

Wild. As I live, the accident troubles me; and I am sorry such a misfortune should beget me this favour; and I could wish myself free from the honour, if the cause were removed too.

Pleasant. As I live, Mr. Wild, I must have been forc'd to have lain with my servant to-night, if you had not received me.

Wild. If I thought so, I would carry you out in my arms, I am so much Mr. Constant's friend.

Pleasant. But are you more his friend than mine, Mr. Wild?

Wild. No; but I presume by this he has gain'd so much interest, as he would not be very displeasing to you.

Constant. Oh! your humble servant, sir.

Pleasant. If I had had a mind to that lodging, I had ne'er come hither; for when I have a mind to it, I'll marry without dispute, for I fear no body so much as a

husband; and when I can conquer that doubt, I'll marry at a minute's warning.

Widow. No dispute now: can you furnish us with a couple of beds?

Wild. Yes, yes.

Widow. And have you e'er a woman in the house?

Wild. My sister's maid is here.

Careless. Madam, if you resolve to do us this honour, you shall find clean linen, and your beds quickly ready.

Widow. But where will my nephew and you, sir, lie to-night?

Careless. Oh, madam, we have acquaintance enough in the town.

Widow. Well, sir, we'll accept this courtesy; and when you come into Suffolk, you shall command my house.

Wild. Pr'ythee call Bess, and bid her bring sheets to make the bed: I'll go and fetch in a pallet, 'tis as good a bed as the other; and if you will stay the removing, we'll set up a bedstead.

Pleasant. No, a pallet, pray: but what shall we do for night-clothes, aunt?

Wild. Why, what are those you bought my sister?

Widow. Is not that linen gone yet?

Careless. No faith, madam, his man forgot it, till the carriers were gone last week.

Wild. Will that serve?

Pleasant. Yes, yes, pray do us the favour to let us have it, 'tis but washing of it again.

Wild. Nay, it will serve: discourse no more; I'll fetch the bundle; and pr'ythee fetch the combs and looking-glasses I bought the other day: for other necessities that want a name the wench shall furnish you with.

Widow. Nay, but where is she, nephew?

Wild. I'll call her, if she be not gone to-bed. It is an ignorant young thing; I am to send her to my sister's in the country; I have had such ado to put her in the fashion.

Pleasant. What country is she? Pr'ythee, Mr. Wild, let's see her.

Wild. I'll call her down.

[*Exit Wild.*

Sad. Madam, now we see y'are safe, we'll kiss your hands, and wait upon you to-morrow.

Widow. It must be early then, sir, for I shall borrow my nephew's coach, and be gone betimes into the country, to take a little fresh air, and prevent the search.

Constant. Pray, madam, be pleased to command ours.

Wild. No, sir, I humbly thank you; my nephew's will hold our company.

Constant. Your humble servant, mistress Pleasant.

Sad. Your servant, madam.

Pleasant. Good night, Mr. Constant.

Widow. Sir, you'll excuse us, we have nobody here to light you down.

Careless. Madam, I am here your servant as much as those who wear your livery; and this house holds no other: we can be civil, madam, as well as extravagant.

Widow. Your humble servant, Mr. Careless.

Careless. Gentlemen, if you'll wait on my lady to her chamber, then I'll wait upon you down.

Sad. You oblige us, sir.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE V.

Enter WILD, CAPTAIN, WANTON, PARSON, and JOLLY.

Captain. The plague!

Wild. The plague, as I live; and all my relation is truth, every syllable. But, Mrs. Wanton, now must you play your master-piece: be sure to blush, and appear but simple enough, and all is well: thou wilt pass for as arrant a chamber-maid as any in the parish.

Parson. Hum! new plots?

Captain. Let me put on a petticoat, and a muffler, and I'll so chamber-maid it, and be so diligent with the

clean smock and the chamber-pot*—Now would I give all the shoes in my shop to lie with 'em both.

Wanton. Let me alone to fit them; I can make a scurvy curt'sy naturally: remember, I am an Essex woman, if they ask.

Wild. Come, come quickly, take those sweet-meats; bring the great cake and knife, and napkins, for they have not supped; and, Captain, make some lemonade, and send it by the boy to my chamber; and, do you hear, Jolly, you must stay till we come, for we must lie with you to-night.

Jolly. We'll stay, but make haste then.

Captain. And bring our cloaks and swords out with you.

Wild. I will, I will; but be quiet all.

Parson. Mr. Wild, I hope there is no plot in this.

Captain. There's no jealousy, Mr. Parson; 'tis all serious upon my life. Come away with us.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE VI.

The tiring room, curtains drawn, and they discourse. His chamber, two beds, two tables, looking-glasses, night-clothes, waistcoats, sweet-bags, sweet-meats, and wine: Wanton drest like a chamber-maid; all above if the scene can be so ordered.

Enter WIDOW and Mrs. PLEASANT, WILD and CARELESS: the WIDOW and Mrs. PLEASANT salute WANTON.

Wild. Faith, aunt, 'tis the first time I have had the honour to see you in my house, and as a stranger I must salute you.

Widow. As I live, nephew, I'm ashamed to put you to this trouble.

Wild. It is an obligation. — Mrs. Pleasant, I know you have not supped; I pray you be pleased to

* It seems doubtful whether the preceding part of this speech does not belong to Wanton. C.

taste these sweat-meats, they are of Sall's doing; but I understand not sweat-meats, the wine I'll answer for; and, in a word, you are welcome: you are Patrona, and we your slaves.

Careless. Good rest, and a pleasing dream, your humble servant wishes you.

Widow. Good night, nephew; good night, Mr. Careless.

Pleasant. Good night, Mr. Careless; your humble servant, Mr. Wild. *[Exeunt Wild and Careless.]*

Widow. Why ay, here are men have some wit: by this good night, had we lain at my servant's we should have found the lac'd cap and slippers, that have been entail'd upon the family these five descents, advanc'd upon the cupboard's head instead of plate.

[They sit down to undress them.]

Pleasant. They are a couple of the readiest youths too; how they run and do all things with a thought! I love him for sending his sister's maid: a pretty wench!

Widow. Pray, let's go to-bed; I am weary.

Pleasant. You will not go to bed with those windows open: sweetheart, pr'ythee shut them, and bring me hither——dost understand me; as I live, 'tis a great while since I went to the play.

Widow. It has been one of the longest days; a year of them would be an age.

Pleasant. Oh, do you grow weary? you'll break your covenant ere the year go out.

[The curtains are closed.]

Widow. Pr'ythee, shut the windows, and come pin up my hair.

SCENE VII.

Enter WILD, JOLLY, CARELESS, CAPTAIN, PARSON, and Fiddlers, and one with a torch, with their cloaks and their swords, putting them on. Enter Wild's man.

Wild. See you wait diligently, and let them want nothing they call for.—Come, shall we go? 'tis very late.

Captain. But how does Wanton carry it?

Wild. They saluted her; and Mrs. Pleasant swore you might see the country simplicity in her face

Parson. A pox upon her, crafty gipsey.

Captain. Why, art thou glad to see she can be honest when she will?

Parson. I'll shew you all a trick for her, within these few days, or I'll miss my aim.

Jolly. Come, let's go. [*They all offer to go.*

Captain. I have a mind to stay till Wanton comes.

Wild. Stay a little then, for 'twill not be long ere they be a-bed.

Enter WANTON.

Captain. I hear Wanton's voice.

Wild. Are they a-bed.

Wanton. Yes, and have so admir'd you and Mr. Careless, and abus'd the lovers—Well, gentlemen, you are the wits of the time; but if I might counsel—well, they might lie alone this night; but it should go hard if I lay not with one of them within a month.

Careless. Were they so taken with their lodging?

Wanton. All that can be said they said: you are the friendliest men, the readiest men, the handsomest men; men that had wit, and could tell when to be civil, and when to be wild; and Mrs. (what's her name) the younger, asked why Mr. Wild did not go a-wooing to some rich heir; upon her conscience, she said, you would speed.

Careless. Well, well, there's a time for all things: come, let's go. [*They offer to depart.*

Wild. Take a light---Good night, Wanton.

Captain. D'ye hear, d'ye hear? let me speak with you. [*They all come back again.*

Wild. What's the business?

Captain. I cannot get hence this night: but your good angels hang at your heels, and if I can prevail, you shall stay.

Wild. What to do?

Captain. What to do? why I'll be hang'd if all this company do not guess.

Jolly. Pr'ythee, what should we stay for?

Captain. For the widow, and her niece: Are they worth the watching for a night?

Wild. Yes, certainly.

Captain. Then take my counsel, and let me give it out y'are married: you have new clothes come home this morning, and there's that you spoke of I'll fetch from the tailor's; and here's a parson shall rather give them his living, than stay for a licence; the fiddlers too are ready to salute 'em.

Careless. But if they refuse?

Jolly. Which, upon my conscience, they will.

Captain. As you hope, else you are laugh'd at for missing the widow. Ned, follow my counsel; appear at her chamber-window in thy shirt, and salute all that passes by: let me alone to give it out, and invite company, and provide dinner; then when the business is known, and I have presented all your friends at court with ribands, she must consent, or her honour is lost, if you have but the grace to swear it, and keep your own counsel.

Careless. By this hand, he has reason; and I'll undertake the widow.

Wild. It will incense them, and precipitate the business, which is in a fair way now; and if they have wit, they must hate us for such a treachery.

Captain. If they have wit they will love you: beside, if it come to that, we two will swear we saw you married, and the parson shall be sworn he did it.—Priest, will you not swear?

Parson. Yes, any thing; what is't, Captain?

Wild. If this jest could do it, yet 'tis base to gain a wife so poorly: she came hither too for sanctuary; it would be an uncivil and an unhospitable thing, and look as if I had not merit enough to get a wife without stealing her from herself: then, 'tis in mine own house.

Captain. The better; nay, now I think on't, why came she hither? how do you know the plague is there? all was well at dinner; I'll be hang'd if it be not a plot: the lovers, too, whom you abus'd at dinner,

are join'd with them : a trick, a mere trick of wit to abuse us ; and to-morrow, when the birds are flown, they'll laugh at you, and say, two country-ladies put themselves naked into the hands of three travell'd city-wits, and they durst not lay hold on them.

Careless. A pox upon these niceties !

Wanton. If they have not some design upon you, hang me : why did they talk so freely before me else ?

Careless. Let's but try ; we are not now to begin to make the world talk ; nor is it a new thing to them to hear we are mad fellows.

Captain. If you get them, are they worth having ?

Wild. Having ! yes.

Captain. If you miss them, the jest is good. Pr'ythee, Ned, let me prevail ; 'tis but a mad trick.

Wild. If we would, how shall we get into the chamber ?

Wanton. Let me alone for that ; I'll put on my country simplicity, and carry in a chamber-pot ; then, under pretence of bolting the back-door, I'll open it—and yet I grudge them the sport so honestly ; for you wenchers make the best husbands : after you are once married, one never sees you.

Captain. I warrant thee, wench.

Wanton. No, faith, I have observed it, they are still the doting'st husbands, and then retreat and become justices of the peace, and none so violent upon the bench, as they, against us poor sinners. Yet I'll do it ; for, upon my conscience, the young gentlewoman will fall upon her back and thank me. [Exit *Wanton*.

Captain. Away, go then, and leave your fooling ; and in the morning, Ned, get in, and plead naked with your hands in the bed.

Parson. And if they cry, put your lips in their mouths, and stop them.

Captain. Why, look you, you have the authority of the church too.

Wild. Well, I am now resolv'd : go you about your part, and make the report strong.

Careless. And d'ye hear ? be sure you set the cook

at work, that if we miss we may have a good dinner, and good wine, to drink down our grief.

Captain. Miss! I warrant thee, 'twill thrive.

[*Exit Captain.*]

Careless. Nay, if I knock not down the widow, geld me, and come out to-morrow complete uncle, and salute the company with, You are welcome, gentlemen, and good-morrow, nephew Ned.

Wild. Uncle Tom, good morrow, uncle Tom.

Enter WANTON.

Wanton. All's done; the door is open, and they're as still as children's thoughts: 'tis time you made you ready, which is, to put off your breeches, for 'tis almost day; and take my counsel, be sure to offer force enough, the less reason will serve: especially you, master Wild, do not put a maid to the pain of saying, Ay.

Wild. I warrant thee wench; let me alone.

Careless. We'll in and undress us, and come again, for we must go in at the back door.

Wild. I'll meet you. Is the Captain gone?

[*Exeunt Wild and Careless.*]

Wanton. Yes, yes, he's gone.

Jolly. Come, master Parson, let us see the cook in readiness. Where are the fiddlers? What will become of our plot? for the coachman, master Sad, and his friend, will stink of their jest if this thrive.

Parson. They have slept all night, on purpose to play all day.

Jolly. When the ribands and points come from the Exchange, pray see the fiddlers have some; the rogues will play so out of tune all day else, they will spoil the dancing, if the plot do take.

Enter WILD and CARELESS, in their shirts, with drawers under; night-gowns on, and in slippers.

Wanton. Let's see them in the chamber first, and then I shall go with some heart about the business.—So, so, creep close and quietly: you know the way; the widow lies in the high bed, and the pallet is next the door.

[*They kneel at the door to go in; she shakes her coats over 'em.*]

Wild. Must we creep?

Wanton. Yes, yes, down upon your knees, always, till you get a woman, and then stand up for the cause: stay, let me shake my smock over you for luck's sake.

Jolly. Why so? I warrant you thrive.

Parson. A pox take you, I'll pare your nails when I get you from this place once.

Wanton. Sweetheart, sweetheart, off with your shoes.

Parson. Ay, with all my heart, there's an old shoe after you.* Would I gave all in my shop the rest were furnished with wives too!

Jolly. Parson, the sun is rising; go send in the fiddlers, and set the cook on work; let him chop soundly.

Parson. I have a tithe pig at home, I'll e'en sacrifice it to the wedding. [Exit Parson.]

Wanton. They will find them in good posture, they may take privy marks if they please; for they said it was so hot they could endure no clothes, and my simplicity was so diligent to lay them naked, and with such twists and turns fastened them to the feet, I'll answer for't they find not the way into them in an hour.

Enter SERVANT and PARSON.

Jolly. Why then they may pull up their smocks, and hide their faces.

Servant. Master Jolly there was one without would speak with you.

Jolly. Who was it?

Servant. It is the lady that talks so well.

Jolly. They say, indeed, she has an excellent tongue; I would she had chang'd it for a face; 'tis she that has been handsome.

Parson. Who, not the poetess we met at Mr. Sad's?

Jolly. Yes, the same.

Parson. Sure she's mad.

Jolly. Pr'ythee tell her I am gone to bed.

* To fling an old shoe after a person to produce good luck, is a custom still spoken of and hardly yet disused. It is mentioned in many ancient writers: as in *The Wild Goose Chase*, Act 2. sc. 1.

——— "If ye see us close once,
Begone, and leave me to my fortune suddenly,
For I am then determin'd to do wonders.
Farewell, and fling an old shoe."

Servant. I have done as well, sir: I told her Mrs. Wanton was here; at which discreetly, being touch'd with the guilt of her face, she threw out a curse or two, and retreated.

Wanton. Who is this you speak of? I will know who 'tis.

Parson. Why 'tis she that married the Genoa merchant; they cozen'd one another.

Wanton. Who? Peg Driver, bugle-eyes?

Jolly. The same, the same.

Wanton. Why, she is ugly now?

Parson. Yes; but I have known her, by this hand, as fine a wench as ever sinn'd in town or suburbs: when I knew her first, she was the original of all the wainscoat chamber-maids with brooms, and bare-foot madams you see sold at Temple-bar and the Exchange.

Wanton. Ah! th'art a devil! how could'st thou find in thy heart to abuse her so? Thou lov'st antiquities too: the very memory that she had been handsome should have pleaded something.

Jolly. Was handsome, signifies nothing to me.

Wanton. But she's a wit, and a wench of an excellent discourse.

Parson. And as good company as any's i'th' town.

Jolly. Company! for whom, Leather-ears, his majesty of Newgate-watch? There her story will do well while they louse themselves.

Parson. Well, you are curious now; but the time was when you skipp'd for a kiss.

Jolly. Pr'ythee, Parson, no more of wit, and was handsome; but let us keep to this text—[*he kisses Wanton*—and with joy think upon thy little Wanton here, that's kind, soft, sweet, and sound: these are epithets for a mistress, nor is there any elegancy in a woman like it. Give me such a naked scene to study night and day: I care not for her tongue, so her face be good. A whore, dress'd in verse, and set speeches, tempts me no more to that sweet sin, than the statute of whipping can keep me from it. This thing we talk'd on, which retains nothing but the name of what she

was, is not only poetical in her discourse, but her tears and her love, her health, nay her pleasure, were all fictions, and had scarce any live flesh about her till I administer'd.

Parson. Indeed, 'tis time she set out, and gave others leave to play; for a reverend whore is an unseemly sight: besides it makes the sin malicious, which is but venial else.

Wanton. Sure he'll make a case of conscience on't: you should do well (sweetheart) to recommend her case to your brethren that attend the committee of affection, that they may order her to be sound and young again, for the good of the commonwealth.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter FIDLERS, JOLLY, and WANTON.

Jolly. Oh, are you ready? are you ready?

Fidlers. Yes, an't like your worship.

Jolly. And did you bid the cook chop lustily, and make a noise?

Fidlers. Yes, sir, he's at it.

Wanton. I hear the Captain.

Enter the CAPTAIN.

Jolly. Have you brought clothes and ribands?

Captain. Yes, yes, all is ready: Did you hear them squeak yet?

Wanton. No, by this light: I think 'tis an appointment, and we have been all abused.

Captain. Give the fiddlers their ribands, and carry the rest in. Mrs. Wanton you must play my lady's woman to-day, and mince it to all that come, and hold up your head finely when they kiss you; and take heed of swearing when you are angry, and pledging whole cups when they drink to you.

Wanton. I'll warrant you, for my part.

Captain. Go, get you in then, and let your husband dip the rosemary²⁷.

Jolly. Is all ready?

Captain. All, all; some of the company are below already. I have so blown it about, one porter is gone to the Exchange to invite Mr. Wild's merchant to his wedding, and, by the way, to bid two or three fruiterers to send in fruit for such a wedding; another in my lady's name to Sall's for sweet-meats: I swore at Brad-born in his shop myself, that I wondered he would disappoint Mr. Wild for his points, and having so long warning; he protested 'twas not his fault, but they were ready, and he would send John with them presently. One of the watermen is gone to the Melon garden; the other to Cook's at the Bear, for some bottles of his best wine; and thence to Gracious-street to the poulterer's, and all with directions to send in provisions for Mr. Wild's wedding. And who should I meet at the door, but apricock Tom and Mary, waiting to speak with her young master! they came to beg that they might serve the feast: I promised them they should, if they would cry it up and down the town, to bring company, for Mr. Wild was resolved to keep open house.

Jolly. Why, then here will be witnesses enough.

Captain. But who should I meet at the corner of the Piazza, but Joseph Taylor²⁸! he tells me, there's a new play at the Friars to-day, and I have bespoke a box for Mr. Wild and his bride.

Jolly. And did not he wonder to hear he was married.

Captain. Yes; but I told him 'twas a match his aunt made for him when he was abroad.

Jolly. And I have spread it sufficiently at court, by sending to borrow plate for such a wedding.

²⁷ *Rosemary.*] See note 50 to *A Match at Midnight*, Vol. VII.

²⁸ *Joseph Taylor.*] One of the original actors in the plays of Shakespeare. See an account of him in "A Dialogue on Plays and Players," Vol. I.

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant. There's half a dozen coach-fulls of company lighted : they call for the bride-laces and points.

Captain. Let the fiddlers play then, and bid God give them joy by the name of my lady Careless and Mrs. Wild.

Fiddlers. Where shall we play, sir?

Jolly. Come with us, we'll shew you the window.

SCENE II.

[The fiddlers play in the tiring-room; and the stage-curtains are drawn, and discover a chamber, as it were, with two beds, and the ladies asleep in them; Mr. Wild being at Mrs. Pleasant's bed-side, and Mr. Careless at the Widow's. The musick awakes the widow.]

Widow. Niece, niece, niece Pleasant.

[She opens the curtain and calls her: she is under a canopy.]

Pleasant. Ha! I hear you, I hear you; what would you have?

Widow. Do you not hear the fiddlers?

Pleasant. Yes, yes; but you have wak'd me from the finest dream——

Widow. A dream! what was't, some knavery?

Pleasant. Why, I know not, but 'twas merry; e'en as pleasing as some sins. Well, I'll lie no more in a man's bed, for fear I lose more than I get.

Wild. Hark! that's a new tune.

Pleasant. Yes, and they play it well. This is your jaunty nephew: I would he had less of the father in him, I'd venture to dream out my dream with him; o' my conscience he's worth a dozen of my dull servant: that's such a troublesome visitant, without any kind of conveniency.

Widow. Ay, ay, so are all of that kind; give me your subject lover; those you call servants are but troubles, I confess.

Pleasant. What is the difference pray, betwixt a subject and a servant lover?

Widow. Why, one I have absolute power over, the other's at large: your servant-lovers are those who take mistresses upon trial, and scarce give them a quarter's warning before they are gone.

Pleasant. Why, what do you subject-lovers do?—I am so sleepy.

Widow. Do! All things for nothing: then, they are the diligentest and the humblest things a woman can employ; nay, I ha' seen of them tame, and run loose about a house. I had one once, by this light, he would fetch and carry, go back, seek out; he would do any thing: I think some falconer bred him.

Pleasant. By my troth I am of your mind.

Widow. He would come over for all my friends; but it was the dogged'st thing to my enemies; he would sit upon's tail before them, and frown like John-a-Napes when the pope is named. He heard me once praise my little spaniel bitch Smut for waiting, and hang me if I stirr'd for seven years after, but I found him lying at my door.

Pleasant. And what became of him?

Widow. Faith, when I married he forsook me. I was advis'd since, that if I would ha' spit in's mouth sometimes, he would have stay'd.

Pleasant. That was cheap, but 'tis no certain way; for 'tis a general opinion, that marriage is one of the certain'st cures for love that one can apply to a man that is sick of the sighings; yet if you were to live about this town still, such a fool would do you a world of service: I'm sure Secret will miss him, he would always take such a care of her, h'as saved her a hundred walks for hoods and masks.

Widow. Yes, and I was certain of the earliest fruits and flowers that the spring afforded.

Pleasant. By my troth 'twas foolishly done to part with him; a few crumbs of your affections would have satisfied him, poor thing!

Widow. Thou art in the right. In this town there's no living without 'em; they do more service in a house for nothing, than a pair of those what-d'ye-call-'ems,

those he-waiting-women, beasts, that custom imposes upon ladies.

Pleasant. Is there none of them to be had now, think you? I'd fain get a tame one to carry down into the country.

Widow. Faith, I know but one breed of them about the town that's right, and that's at the court. the lady that has them, brings 'em up all by hand: she breeds some of them from very puppies: there's another wit too in the town that has of them; but her's will not do so many tricks; good sullen diligent waiters those are which she breeds, but not half so serviceable.

Pleasant. How does she do it? is there not a trick in't?

Widow. Only patience; but she has a heavy hand with 'em (they say) at first, and many of them miscarry; she governs them with signs, and by the eye, as Banks breeds his horse²⁹. There are some too that arrive at writing, and those are the right breed, for they commonly betake themselves to poetry: and if you could light on one of them, 'twere worth your money; for 'tis but using of him ill, and praising his verses sometimes, and you are sure of him for ever.

Pleasant. But do they never grow surly, aunt?

²⁹ ——— *As Banks breeds his horse.*] Banks, who was famous for a horse, which was taught to shew tricks, and perform several feats of art, to the great admiration of the virtuoso spectator. This celebrated horse is mentioned by several writers of Queen Elizabeth's time, as *Ben Jonson*, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 4. S. 6.

"He keeps more ado with this monster than ever Panks did with his horse, or the fellow with the elephant."

Jack Drum's Entertainment, Sign. B. 3.

"It shall be chronicled next after the death of *Bankes his horse*."

Dekker's Satiromastix.

"I'll teach thee to turn me into *Bankes his horse*, and to tell gentlemen, I am a juggler and can shew tricks."

Dekker's Wonderfull Yeare, 1603.

"——— These are those ranck riders of art, that have so spurgal'd your lustie wing'd Pegasus, that now he begins to be out of flesh, and (even only for provander sake) is glad to shew tricks like *Bankes his curtall*."

See *Digby on Bodies*, c. 37. p. 393. *Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World*, 1st part. p. 178. *Gayton's notes on Don Quixote*, p. 4. p. 289.

Widow. Not if you keep them from raw flesh; for they are a kind of lion-lovers, and if they once taste the sweet of it, they'll turn to their kind.

Pleasant. Lord, aunt, there will be no going without one this summer into the country: pray let's enquire for one, either a he-one to entertain us, or a she-one to tell us the story of her love; 'tis excellent to bedward, and makes one as drowsy as prayers.

Widow. Faith, niece, this parliament has so destroy'd 'em, and the Platonick humour, that 'tis uncertain whether we shall get one or no. Your leading members in the lower house have so cow'd the ladies, that they have no leisure to breed any of late: their whole endeavours are spent now in feasting, and winning close committee men, a rugged kind of sullen fellows, with implacable stomach and hard hearts, that make the gay things court and observe them as much as the foolish lovers use to do. Yet I think I know one she-lover, but she is smitten in years o'th' wrong side of forty; I am certain she is poor too, and, in this lean age, for courtiers, she perhaps would be glad to run this summer in our park.

Pleasant. Dear aunt, let us have her. Has she been famous? has she good tales, think you of knights, such as have been false or true to love, no matter which?

Widow. She cannot want cause to curse the sex: handsome, witty, well-born, and poor, in court cannot want the experience how false young men can be: her beauty has had the highest fame; and those eyes, that weep now unpitied, have had their envy and a dazzling power.

Pleasant. And that tongue, I warrant you, which now grows hoarse with flattering the great law-breakers, once gave law to princes: was it not so, aunt? Lord, shall I die without begetting one story?

Widow. Penthesilea, nor all the cloven knights the poets treat of, yclad in mightiest petticoats, did her excel for gallant deeds, and with her honour, still preserv'd her freedom. My brother lov'd her; and I have heard him swear Minerva might have owned her language;

an eye like Pallas, Juno's wrists, a Venus for shape, and a mind chaste as Diana, but not so rough ; never uncivilly cruel, nor faulty kind to any ; no vanity, that sees more than lovers pay, nor blind to a gallant passion : her maxim was, he that could love, and tell her so handsomely, was better company, but not a better lover than a silent man ; thns all passions found her civility, and she a value from all her lovers. But. alas, niece, this *was* (which is a sad word) *was* handsome, and *was* beloved, are abhorr'd sounds in women's ears.

[*The fiddlers play again.*]

Pleasant. Hark, the fiddlers are merry still. Will not Secret have the wit to find us this morning, think you ?

Fiddlers. God give you joy, Mr. Careless ! God give your ladyship joy, my lady Wild !

Widow. What did the fellows say, God give me joy ?

Pleasant. As I live, I think so.

Fiddlers. God give you joy, Mrs. Pleasant Wild !

Widow. This is my nephew : I smell him in this knavery.

Pleasant. Why did they give me joy by the name of Mrs. Wild ? I shall pay dear for a night's lodging, if that be so ; especially lying alone. By this light, there is some knavery a foot.

[*All the company confused without, and bid God give them joy.*]

Jolly. Rise, rise, for shame, the year's afore you.

Captain. Why, Ned Wild, why, Tom, will you not rise and let's in ? What is it not enough to steal your wedding over-night, but lock yourselves up in the morning too ? All your friends stay for points here, and kisses from the brides.

Wild. A little patience ! you'll give us leave to dress us ?

[*The women squeak when they speak.*]

Careless. Why, what's o'clock, Captain ?

Captain. It's late.

Careless. Faith, so it was before we slept.

Widow. Why, nephew, what means this rudeness ? As I live, I'll fall out with you. This is no jest.

Wild. No, as I live aunt, we are in earnest : but my

part lies here, and there's a gentleman will do his best to satisfy you: [*they catch the women in their arms*] and, sweet Mrs. Pleasant, I know you have so much wit as to perceive this business cannot be remedied by denials. Here we are, as you see, naked, and thus have saluted hundreds at the window that past by, and gave us joy this morning.

Pleasant. Joy! of what? what do you mean?

Careless. Madam, this is visible; and you may coy it, and refuse to call me husband, but I am resolv'd to call you wife, and such proofs I'll bring as shall not be denied.

[*Careless kisses the Widow.*]

Widow. Promise yourself that; see whether your fine wits can make it good—You will not be uncivil?

Careless. Not a hair, but what you give, and that was in the contract before we undertook it; for any man may force a woman's body, but we have laid we will force your mind.

Wild. But that needs not; for we know by your discourse last night and this morning, we are men you have no aversion to; and I believe, if we had taken time, and woo'd hard, this would have come o' course; but we had rather win you by wit, because you defied us.

Widow. 'Tis very well, if it succeed.

Careless. And, for my part, but for the jest of winning you, and this way, not ten jointures should have made me marry.

Widow. This is a new way of wooing.

Careless. 'Tis so, madam; but we have not laid our plot so weakly (though it were sudden) to leave it in any body's power, but our own to hinder it.

Pleasant. Do you think so?

Wild. We are secure enough, if we can be true to ourselves.

Careless. Yet we submit in the midst of our strength, and beg you will not wilfully spoil a good jest by refusing us. By this hand, we are both sound, and we'll be strangely honest, and never in ill humours; but live as merry as the maids, and divide the year between the town and the country.—What say you, is't a match?

your bed is big enough for two, and my meat will not cost you much : I'll promise nothing but one heart, one purse betwixt us, and a whole dozen of boys. Is't a bargain ?

Widow. Not, if I can hinder it, as I live.

Wild. Faith, Mrs. Pleasant, he hath spoken nothing but reason, and I'll do my best to make it good : come, faith, teach my aunt what to do, and let me strike the bargain upon your lips.

Pleasant. No, sir, not to be half a queen ; if we should yield now, your wit would domineer for ever ; and still in all disputes (though never so much reason on our side) this shall be urg'd as an argument of your master wit to confute us. I am of your aunt's mind, sir, and, if I can hinder it, it shall be no match.

Wild. Why, then know, it is not in your powers to prevent it.

Widow. Why ? we are not married yet.

Careless. No, 'tis true.

Widow. By this good light then, I'll be dumb for ever hereafter, lest I light upon the words of marriage by chance.

Pleasant. 'Tis hard, when our own acts cannot be in our own power, gentlemen.

Wild. The plot is only known to four ; the minister, and two that stood for fathers, and a simple country-maid that waited upon you last night, which plays your chambermaid's part.

Pleasant. And what will all these do ?

Wild. Why, the two friends will swear they gave you, the parson will swear he married you, and the wench will swear she put us to bed.

Widow. Have you men to swear we are married ?

Pleasant. And a parson to swear he did it ?

Both. Yes.

Widow. And a wench that will swear she put us to bed ?

Both. Yes, by this good light, and witness of reputation.

Pleasant. Dare they, or you, look us in the face, and swear this ?

Careless. Yes, faith ; and all but those four know no other but really it is so ; and you may deny it, but I'll make Mr. Constable put you to bed, with this proof, at night.

Widow. Pray, let's see these witnesses.

Wild. Call in the four only. [Exit *Careless.*

Pleasant. Well, this shall be a warning to me. I say nothing, but if ever I lie from home again —

Wild. I'll lie with you.

Pleasant. 'Tis well. I dare say we are the first women (if this take) that ever were stolen against their wills.

Wild. I'll go call the gentlemen. [Exit *Wild.*

Widow. I that have refused a fellow that loved me these seven years, and would have put off his hat, and thank'd me to come to bed, to be beaten with watchmen's staves into another's !—for by this good light, for aught that I perceive, there's no keeping these out at night.

Pleasant. And unless we consent to be their wives to-day, Mr. Justice will make us their whores at night. Oh, oh, what would not I give to come off ! not that I mislike them, but I hate they should get us thus.

Enter WILD, JOLLY, CAPTAIN, CARELESS, PARSON, WANTON, with rosemary in their hands, and points in their hats.

Careless. Follow. — Will not you two swear we were married last night ?

Jolly, Captain. Yes, by this light, will we.

Wild. Will you not swear you married us ?

Parson. Yea, verily.

Careless. And come hither, pretty one : will not you swear you left us all a-bed last night, and pleas'd ?

Wanton. Yes, forsooth ; I'll swear any thing your worship shall appoint me.

Widow. But, gentlemen, have you no shame, no conscience ? Will you swear false for sport ?

Jolly. By this light, I'll swear, if it be but to vex you : remember you refused me. [That is contrary to covenants though with my brace of lovers : what will they

do with their coachman's plot? but 'tis no matter, I have my ends; and so they are cozen'd, I care not who does it.] *[Speaks these words marked aside.]*

Captain. And, faith, madam, I have sworn many times false to no purpose; and I should take it ill, if it were mine own case, to have a friend refuse me an oath upon such an occasion.

Pleasant. And are you all of one mind?

Parson. Verily, we will all swear.

Pleasant. Will you verily? What shall we do, aunt?

[Pleasant laughs.]

Widow. Do you laugh? by this light, I am heartily angry.

Pleasant. Why, as I live, let's marry them, aunt, and be reveng'd.

Widow. Marry! Where's the Parson?

Captain. Here, here; Mr. Parson, come and do your office.

Pleasant. That fellow! no, by my troth, let's be honestly join'd, for luck's sake: we know not how soon we may part.

Wild. What shall we do for a parson? Captain, you must run and fetch one.

Captain. Yes, yes: but methinks this might serve turn: by this hand, he's a *Marshal*, and a *Case*³⁰, by fire and dam; pray try him: by this light, he comes of the best preaching kind in Essex.

Widow. Not I, as I live; that were a blessing in the devil's name.

Parson. A pox on your wedding! give me my wife, and let me be gone.

Captain. Nay, nay, no choler, parson; the ladies do not like the colour of your beard.

³⁰ — A *Marshal* and a *Case*.] *Stephen Marshal* and *Thomas Case*, two of the most celebrated divines among the Presbyterians. *Marshal* was the person who preached the famous sermon before the House of Commons, Feb. 13, 1641, from Judges, c. 5. v. 28. *Curse ye Merez, &c.* This sermon is mentioned by *Lord Clarendon*. Both these Sectaries are noticed by *Butler*. See *Dr. Grey's edition of Hudibras*, p. 3. c. 1. l. 884. p. 3. c. 2. l. 636, and the notes.

Parson. No, no, fetch another, and let them escape with that trick, then they'll jeer your beards blue, i'faith.

Careless. By this hand, he's in the right; either this parson, or take one another's words: to bed now, and marry when we rise.

Pleasant. As I live, you come not here till you are married; I have been no body's whore yet, and I will not begin with my husband,

Wild. Will you kiss upon the bargain, and promise before these witnesses not to spoil our jest, but rise and go to church?

Pleasant. And what will Mr. Constant and Mr. Sad say?

Captain. Why, I'll run and invite them to the wedding; and you shall see them expire in their own garters.

Jolly. No, no, ne'er fear't, their jest is only spoil'd.

Captain. Their jest! what jest?

Jolly. Faith, now you shall know it, and the whole plot. In the first place, your coachman is well, whose death, we, by the help of Secret, contriv'd, thinking by that trick to prevent this danger, and carry you out of town.

Captain. But had they this plot?

Jolly. Yes, faith; and see how it thrives! they'll fret like carted bawds when they hear this news.

Pleasant. Why, aunt, would you have thought Mr. Sad a plotter? well, 'tis some comfort we have them to laugh at.

Widow. Nay, faith, then, gentlemen, give us leave to rise, and I'll take my venture, if it be but for a revenge on them.

Careless. Gentlemen, bear witness.

Captain. Come, come away, I'll get the points. I'm glad the coachman's well; the rogue had like to have spoil'd our comedy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

Enter the LADY LOVEALL; MASTER SAD and CONSTANT, undress'd, and buttoning themselves as they go.

Sad. Married?

Constant. And to them?

Loveall. Ay, married, if you prevent it not: catch'd with a trick, an old stale trick; I have seen a ballad on't.

Sad. We shall go near to prevent 'em.—Boy, my sword.

Enter CAPTAIN.

Captain. Whither so fast?

Sad. You guess.

Captain. If you mean the wedding, you come too late.

Constant. Why, are they married?

Captain. No, but lustily promised.

Sad. We may come time enough to be reveng'd though——

Captain. Upon whom? yourselves, for you are only guilty: who carry'd them thither last night? who laid the plot for the coachman?

Sad. Why, do they know it?

Loveall. Well, you'll find the poet a rogue, 'tis he that has betrayed you; and if you'll take my counsel, be revenged upon him.

Constant. Nay, we were told he did not love us.

Captain. By my life, you wrong him: upon my knowledge the poet meant you should have them.

Sad. Why, who had the power to hinder, then?

Captain. I know not where the fault lies directly: they say, the wits of the town would not consent to't; they claim a right in the ladies, as orphan wits.

Constant. The wits! hang 'em in their strong lines.

Captain. Why, ay, such a clinch as that has undone you, and upon my knowledge 'twere enough to hinder your next match.

Sad. Why, what have they to do with us?

Captain. I know not what you have done to disoblige

them, but they cross'd it: there was amongst 'em too a pair of she-wits, something stricken in years; they grew in fury at the mention of it, and concluded you both with an authority out of a modern author: besides, 'tis said, you run naturally into the six-penny room and steal sayings, and a discourse more than your penny-worth of jests every term. Why, just now, you spit out one jest stolen from a poor play, that has but two more in five acts; what conscience is there in't, knowing how dear we pay poets for our plays?

Constant. 'Twas madam with the ill face, one of those whom you refused to salute the other day at Chipp's house: a cheesecake had sav'd all this

Loveall. Why do you not make haste about your business, but lose time with this babbler?

Sad. Madam, will you give us leave to make use of your coach?

Loveall. You may command it, sir: when you have done, send him to the Exchange, where I'll dispatch a little business, and be with you immediately.

[*Exeunt all but the Captain.*]

Captain. So, this fire is kindled; put it out that can. What would not I give for a peeper's place at the meeting? I'll make haste, and it shall go hard but I'll bear my part of the mirth too. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter WIDOW, PLEASANT, CARELESS, WILD, PARSON, JOLLY, WANTON, and SECRET: the fidlers play as they come in.

Parson. Master Jolly, I find I am naturally inclin'd to mirth this day, and methinks my corns ache more than my horns; and to a man that has read Seneca, a cuckold ought to be no grief, especially in this parish, where I see such droves of St. Luke's clothing. There's little Secret too, th' allay of waiting-woman, makes me hope she may prove metal of the parson's standard. Find a way to rid me of Wanton, and I'll put in to be chaplain to this merry family: if I did not inveigle

ormal Secret, you should hang me. I know the trick on't; 'tis but praying to, and preaching of the waiting-woman, then carefully seeing her cushion laid, with her book and leaf turn'd down, does it, with a few anagrams, acrostics, and her name in the register of my bible: these charm the soft-soul'd sinner: then sometimes to read a piece of my sermon, and tell her a Saturday, where my text shall be, spells that work more than philtres.

Jolly. If you can be serious, we'll think of this at leisure. See how they eye Wanton!

Careless. What! consulting, Parson? let us be judges betwixt you. D'ye hear, Jack? if he offers ready money, I counsel, as a friend, take it; for, by this light, if you refuse it, your wife will not. D'ye see those gay petticoats?

Parson. Yes, if you mean my wife's.

Careless. You know they're his, and she only wears 'em for his pleasure; and 'tis dangerous to have a wife under another man's petticoats. What if you should find his breeches upon her?

Parson. Are not you married too? take care that yours does not wear the breeches, another kind of danger, but as troublesome as that, or sore eyes; and if she get but a trick of taking as readily as she's persuaded to give, you may find a horn at home. I have seen a cuckold of your complexion; if he had had as much hoof as horn, you might have hunted the beast by his slot*.

Pleasant. How fine she is! and by this light, a handsome wench. Mr. Jolly, I am easier persuaded to be reconcil'd to your fault, than any man's I have seen of this kind: her eyes have more arguments in 'em than a thousand of those that seduce the world; hang me, if those quivers be not full of darts; I could kiss that mouth myself. Is this she my aunt quarrel'd with you for?

Jolly. The same, self-same: and, by this hand, I

* *Slot*, in hunting, means the print of the foot on the ground.
—See Todd's Johnson. C.

was barbarous to her, for your aunt's sake ; and had I not 'scap'd that mischief of matrimony, by this light, I had never seen her again, but I was resolv'd not to quit her, till I was sure of a wife, for fear of what has follow'd. Had I been such an ass as to have left her, upon the airy hopes of a widow's oaths, what a case had I been in now ! You see your aunt's provided of a man. Bless him, and send him patience ! 'Twould have been fine, to have seen me walking, and sighing upon cold hunting, seeking my whore again, or forc'd to make use of some common mercenary thing, that sells sin and diseases, crimes, penance, and sad repentance together ! Here's consolation and satisfaction in Wanton, though a man lose his meal with the widow. And faith, be free, how do you like my girl ? Rid thee of her ! What does she want now, pray, but a jointure, to satisfy any honest man ? Speak your conscience, ladies : don't you think a little repentance hereafter will serve for all the small sins that good-nature can act with such a sinner ?

Parson. Pray, sir, remember she's my wife, and be so civil to us both, as to forget these things.

Jolly. For that, Jack, we'll understand hereafter. 'Tis but a trick of youth, man, and her jest will make us both merry, I warrant thee.

Parson. Pray, sir, no more of your jests, nor your Jack. Remember my coat and calling. This familiarity, both with my wife and myself, is not decent : your clergy with Christian names are scarce held good Christians.

Widow. I wonder at nothing so much as Mr. Jolly's mirth to-day ! Where lies his part of the jest ? Cozen'd, or refus'd by all, not a fish that stays in's net.

Jolly. No ; what's this ?—[*Jolly hugs Wanton.*]—Show me a fairer in all your streams. Nor is this my single joy, who am pleased to find you may be cozen'd ; rejoice to see you may be brought to lie with a man for a jest. Let me alone to fit you with a trick too.

Careless. Faith, it must be some new trick ; for thou

art so beaten at the old one, 'twill neither please thee nor her; besides, I mean to teach her that myself.

Pleasant. I shall never be perfectly quiet in my mind, till I see somebody as angry as myself: yet, I have some consolation when I think on the wise plot that killed the coachman. How the plague, red-cross, and halberd has cut their fingers that design'd it! their anger will be perfect. Secret says they are coming, and that the lady Loveall has given 'em the alarm.

Enter SAD and CONSTANT.

Wild. And see where the parties come!—storms and tempests in their minds! their looks are daggers!

Pleasant. Servant, what? you're melancholy, and full of wonder. I see you have met the news.

Sad. Yes, madam; we have heard a report that will concern both your judgment and your honour.

Pleasant. Alas, sir, we're innocent; 'tis mere predestination.

Constant. All weddings, Mr. Sad, you know, go by chance, like hanging.

Pleasant. And, I thank my stars, I have 'scap'd hanging. To ha' been his bride had been both.

Constant. This is not like the promise you made us yesterday.

Widow. Why truly, servant, I scarce know what I do yet. The fright of the plague had so possess'd my mind with fear, that I could think and dream of nothing last night, but of a tall black man that came and kiss'd me in my sleep, and slapp'd his whip in mine ears. 'Twas a saucy ghost, (not unlike my coachman that's dead) and accus'd you of having a hand in his murder, and vow'd to haunt me till I was married. I told my niece the dream.

Pleasant. Nay, the ghost sigh'd, and accus'd Secret and Master Sad of making him away. Confess, faith, had you a hand in that bloody jest?

Widow. Fie, servant! Could you be so cruel as to join with my woman against me?

Constant. 'Tis well, ladies. Why a pox do you look at me? This was your subtle plot; a pox on your

clerk's wit. You said the jest would beget a comedy when 'twas known, and so I believe 'twill.

Sad. Madam, I find you have discover'd our design, whose chief end was to prevent this mischief; which I doubt not, but you'll both live to repent your share of, before you have done travelling to the Epsoms, Bourbons, and the Spaws, to cure those travell'd diseases these knights-errant have with curiosity sought out for you. 'Tis true, they are mischiefs that dwell in pleasant countries, yet those roses have their thorns; and I doubt not, but these gentlemen's wit may sting as well as please some time; and you may find it harder to satisfy their travell'd experience than to have suffer'd our homebred ignorance.

Careless. Hark, if he be not fallen into a fit of his cousin! these names of places he has stolen out of her receipt-book: amongst all whose diseases, find me any so dangerous, troublesome, or incurable, as a fool; a lean, pale, sighing, coughing fool, that's rich and poor both; being born to an estate, without a mind or heart capable to use it; of a nature so miserable, he grudges himself meat; nay, they say, he eats his meals twice: a fellow whose breath smells of yesterday's dinner, and stinks as if he had eat all our suppers over again. I would advise you, Mr. Sad, to sleep with your mouth open, to air it, or get the brewer to ton it. Foh! an empty justice, that stinks, of the lees and casks, and belches Littleton and Plowden's cases! Dost thou think any woman that has wit or honour, would kiss that bung-hole? By this light, his head and belly look as blue and lank as French rabbits, or stale poultry! Alas, sir, my lady would have a husband to rejoice with; no green-tail'd lecturer, to stand sentry at his bedside, while his nasty soul scours through him, sneaking out at the back door!---These, sir, are diseases which neither the Spaw or Bath can cure: your garters and willow are a more certain remedy.

Constant. Well, sir, I find our plot's betray'd, and we have patience left. 'Tis that damn'd captain has inform'd.

Sad. Yet 'tis one comfort, madam, that you have miss'd that man of war, that knight of Finsbury. His dowager, with ale and switches, would ha' bred a ballad.

Pleasant. Faith, sir, you see what a difficulty it is in this age for a woman to live honest, though she have a proper man for her husband; therefore, it behoves us to consider whom we choose.

Jolly. The lady has reason: for, being allow'd but one, who would choose such weasels as we see daily married? that are all head and tail, crooked, dirty, sordid vermin, predestin'd for cuckolds, painted snails; with houses on their backs, and horns as big as Dutch cows! Would any woman marry such? Nay, can any woman be honest that lets such hodmandods crawl o'er her virgin-breast and belly, or suffer 'em to leave their slimy paths upon their bodies only for jointures? Out! 'tis mercenary and base! The generous heart has only the laws of nature and kindness in her view, and when she will oblige, Friend is all the ties that Nature seeks; who can both bear and excuse those kind crimes. And I believe, one as poor as the despis'd captain and neglected courtier, may make a woman as happy in a friendship as Master Sad, who has as many faults as we have debts: one, whose father had no more credit with Nature, than ours had with Fortune; whose soul wears rags as well as the captain's body.

Sad. Nay then I'll laugh, for I perceive y'are angrier than we. Alas! h'as lost both ventures; Wanton and the Widow.

Jolly. Both; and neither so unlucky as to be thy wife. Thy face is hang'd with blacks already: we may see the bells toll in thy eyes. A bride and a wedding-shirt! a sexton and a winding-sheet. A scrivener to draw up jointures! a parson to make thy will, man. By this light, he's as chap-fallen as if he had lain under the table all night.

Careless. Faith, master Sad, he's parlously in the right. Ne'er think of marrying in this dull clime. Wedlock's a trade you'll near go through with. Wives

draw bills upon sight, and 'twill not be for your credit to protest them. Rather follow my counsel, and marry *à la Venetiano*, for a night and away; a pistole jointure does it: then, 'tis but repenting in the morning, and leave your woman and the sin both i' th' bed. But if you play the fool, like your friends, and marry in serious earnest, you may repent it too, as they do; but where's the remedy?

Widow. What was't you said, sir? Do you repent?

Careless. By this hand, widow, I don't know: but we have pursu'd a jest a great way. Parson, are you sure we are married?

Parson. Yes, I warrant you, for their escaping.

Careless. Their escaping! Fool, thou mistak'st me; there's no fear of that! But I would fain know, if there be no way for me to get out of this noose? no hole to hide a man's head in from this wedlock?

Parson. Not any, but what I presume she'll shew you anon.

Careless. Hum! now do I feel all my fears flowing in upon me. Wanton and Mrs. Pleasant both grow dangerously handsome. A thousand graces in each, I never observ'd before now, just now. When I must not taste, I begin to long for some of their plumbs.

Widow. Is this serious, sir!

Careless. Yes, truly, widow, sadly serious. Is there no way to get three or four mouthfuls of kisses from the Parson's wife?

Widow. This is sad, sir, upon my wedding-day, to despise me for such a common thing.

Sad. As sad, as I could wish. This is a jest makes me laugh.——Common! No, madam, that's too bitter; she's forest only where the royal chace is as free as fair.

Wanton. Were not you a widow to day?

Sad. Yes, faith, girl, and as foolish a one as ever coach jumbled out of joint.

Wanton. Stay then till to-morrow, and tell me the difference betwixt us.

Sad. I hope, thou'lt prove a she-prophet. Could I

live to see thee turn honest wife, and she the wanton widow!

Wanton. I cannot but laugh, to see how easy it is to lose or win the opinion of the world. A little custom heals all, or else what's the difference betwixt a married widow and one of us? Can any woman be pure, or worth the serious sighing of a generous heart, that has had above one hand laid upon her? Is there place to write above one lover's name with honour in her heart? 'Tis indeed for one a royal palace; but if it admits of more, an hospital, or an inn at best, as well as ours, only off from the road and less frequented.

Pleasant. Shrewdly urg'd.

Wanton. And though the sins of my family threw me into want, and made me subject to the treachery of that broken faith to whose perjury I owe all my crimes, yet still I can distinguish betwixt that folly and this honour, which must tell you, *he or she that would be thought twice so, was never once a lover.*

Constant. Parson, thou art fitted—a whore and apothegms! What sport will she make us under a tree with a sallad, and sayings, in the summer!

Wild. Come, Wanton, no fury; you see my aunt's angry.

Wanton. So am I, sir, and yet can calmly reason this truth. Married widows, though chaste to the law and custom, yet their second Hymens make that which was but dying in the first husband's bed, a stain in the second's sheets; where all their kindness and repeated embraces want their value, because they're sullied, and have lost their lustre.

Sad. By this light, I'll go to school to Wanton; she has open'd my eyes, and I begin to believe I have 'scaped miraculously. By this hand, wench, I was within an inch of being married to this danger; for what can we call these second submissions, but a tolerated lawful mercenariness, which though it be a rude and harsh expression, yet your carriage deserves it?

Pleasant. Fie, master Sad! pray leave being witty. I fear 'tis a mortal sin, to begin in the fifth act of your

days, upon an old subject too, abusing of widows, because they despise you.

Widow. Alas, niece, let him alone, he may come in for his share: the Parson that has so oft receiv'd 'em, will not refuse him tithes there, in charity.

Wanton. That, or conveniency, interest, or importunity, may, by your example, prevail: but 'tis not fair play, madam, to turn your lover to the common, as you call it, now he's rid lean in your service. Take heed Mr. Careless, and warning, Mr. Sad; you see how fit for the scavenger's team your lady leaves her lovers!

Careless. Such a lecture before I had married, would ha' made me have consider'd of this matter. Do'st thou hear, Wanton? Let us forgive one another being married, for that folly has made us guilty alike.

Wanton. And I would fain know the difference betwixt ours and a wedding crime, which is worst: to let love, youth, and good-humour, betray us to a kindness; or to be gravely seduc'd by some aunt or uncle, without consideration of the disparity of age, birth, or persons, to lie down before a jointure. Ladies, you may flatter yourselves; but the ingenuous part of the world cannot deny, but such minds, had they been born where our faults are not only tolerated but protected, would have listen'd to the same things: interest counsels thereto.

Careless. Parson, what boot betwixt our wives? either come to a price, or draw off your doxy.

Parson. Propose, propose: here will be mirth anon.

Sad. Yes, yes, propose, while I break it to your lady. Madam, you see, here's a proper man to be had, and money to boot.—What, dumb?

Wanton. No, she's only thinking. Faith, madam, try 'em both to-night, and choose to-morrow.

Wild. Come, no more of this. Aunt, take my word for your husband, that have had more experience of him than all these: 'tis true, he will long for these girls, as children do for plumbs; and when h'as done, make a meal upon cheese. And you must not wonder nor quarrel at what he says in his humour, but judge

him by his actions; and when he is in his fit, and raves most, put him into your bed, and fold him close in your arms, aunt: if he does not rise as kind and as good a husband as he that sings psalms best, hang me!—Why, you're a fool, aunt: a widow, and dislike a longing bridegroom! I thought you had known better. Do you love a spurr'd horse rather than a ducker, that neighs and scrapes? I would not say this, but that I know him. Let him not go out of your sight, for he's now in season; a ripe mature husband. No delays: if you let him hang longer upon hope, his fruit will fall alone.

Widow. You are merry, sir: but if I had known this humour—

Wild. You'd ha' kiss'd him first; but being ignorant, let me make you blush. Come, a kiss, and all's friends. [*She kisses Careless, and he kisses her twice.*]—How, now, sir! again! again! Aunt, look to yourself.

Careless. Um! By this light, sweetheart, and I thank thee. Nay, widow, there's no jesting with these things—[*Kisses her again.*] nay, I am a lion, in my love. Aware, puss, if you flatter me, for I shall deceive you.

Parson. Since all are cozen'd, why should I be troubled at my fortune? Faith, gentlemen, what will you two give for a wife, betwixt you?

Constant. Faith, they're mischiefs dear bought, though a man get 'em for nothing.

Parson. I'm almost of his mind; and if other people find no more pleasure in a married life than I upon my wedding-day, I'd pass my time in the Piazza, with the mountebank, and let him practise upon my teeth, and draw 'em too, ere he persuades the words of matrimony out of my mouth again. Ay, ay, Mr. Constant, you may laugh, you ha' miss'd a wife: would I were in your case, the world should see how cheerfully I should bear such an affliction.

Constant. Jack, I ha' made my peace at home: and by seeing others shipwreck'd, will avoid the danger, and here resolve never to sigh again for any woman: they're weeds grow in ev'ry hedge; and transplanting

of 'em thus to our beds, gives certain trouble, seldom pleasure, never profit.

Enter CAPTAIN.

Parson. See where the enemy comes! Now, if you be wise, arm, and unite against him, as a common foe. He's come from his old lady, designing a reconciliation. The rogue's provident, and would fain have a nest for his age to rest in. Buff and feathers do well in the youth and heat of thirty; but in the winter of old age, captain, at threescore, lame and lean, may lie with the almanack out of date.

Captain. The parson's grown witty, and prophesies upon the strength of bride-cake. If I guess aright, thou'lt be hang'd: for 'tis a truth, I have been endeavouring to make it appear, her fears were mistaken in me; but I find the witch more implacable than the devil. The waiting-woman is harder to forgive her part, than my lady. Faithful will not be reconcil'd: the merciless bawd is all fire and sword; no quarter. Bless me from an old waiting-woman's wrath! She'll never forgive me the disappointing her of a promise when I was drunk. Her lady and she are coming, but in such a fury, I would not have the storm find you out in the street: therefore I counsel you to avoid the boys, and take shelter in the next house.

Wild. No, let's home, and with all diligence get our dinner to defend us; and let the porter dispute it at the wicket, till she signs articles of peace.

Omnes. Agreed.——

[*Careless is kind to the Widow: as he goes out, Wild and Pleasant go together: Jolly and the Parson's wife go together.*]

Wild. See how they pair now! 'Tis not threescore year will part 'em, now he has tasted a kiss or two.

Jolly. Parson, I'll be your bride-man.

Parson. 'Tis well, sir; I shall ha' my time too.

Jolly. Ay, by this hand. Nay, we'll share fairly.

Captain. That's but reason, Wanton: and since he grows tame, use him kindly for my sake.

Parson. Can any of you digest sponge and arsenic?

Captain. Arsenic! what's that?

Parson. An Italian sallad, which I'll dress for you, by Jove, ere I'll walk in my canonical coat lined with horn. Death! if I suffer this, we shall have that damn'd courtier pluck on his shoes with the parson's musons. Fine i'saith! none but the small Levite's brow to plant your shoeing-horn seed in?—How now?

[*As he is going off, the Captain stays him.*]

Captain. Pr'ythee, Jack, stay, and say something to the gentlemen, by way of epilogue. Thou art a piece of scurvy poet thyself; pr'ythee oblige the author, and give us a line or two in praise of his play.

Parson. I oblige him! hang him and all his friends, and hurt nobody.—Yes, I'm likely to speak for him. You see how I ha' been used to-day betwixt you. I shall find a time to be reveng'd. Let go my cloak; I have a province, within, of mine own to govern:—let me go.

Captain. Who, thy wife? Faith stay, and give them an opportunity; thy pain will be the sooner over. You see, 'tis a thing resolv'd betwixt 'em; and now thou'rt satisfied in the matter, be wise and silent, who knows what good she may do thee another time? I dare say, if she had as many souls in her as she had men, she'd bring thee a cure of herself.

Parson. Let me go, or I shall be as troublesome as you are injurious, for all your titles, sir.

Captain. Lend me your cloak then, to appear more decent; you'd no ha' me present epilogue in buff,³¹ whoreson dunce, with a red nose?

Parson. Sir, my business is praying, not epilogues.

Captain. With that face? By this light, 'tis a scandal to see it flaming so near the altar: thou look'st as if thou'dst cry Tope in the face of the congregation, instead of Amen.

Parson. Thou'rt an ass, 'tis proper there; 't has zeal

³¹ You'd not ha' me present epilogue in buff.] Prologues and epilogues were formerly spoken in black cloaks. See Note I, to *The Four Prentises of London*, Vol. VI.

and fervor in't and burns before the altar like the primitive lamps.

Captain. I cry thee mercy. By this light, he'll make it sacrilege anon to steal his nose! thou'lt entitle the altar to that coal. Was't not kindled *ex voto*? Nay, I will have your cloak.

Parson. Take it; would 'twere Nessus's shirt, for you and your poet's sake. [Exit Parson.]

Captain. What, does the rogue wish 'twere made of nettles?

[Captain puts on his cloak, and addresses himself to speak the epilogue, and is interrupted by Lady Loveall and Faithful, her woman: who, in haste, and full of anger, pull him by the cloak.]

Loveall. By your favour, sir; did you see any company pass this way?

Captain. None, but the three brides, and they are gone just before you.—Hark! the music will guide you. [The music plays.]

Loveall. Is it certain then they're married?

Captain. Yes, lady, I saw the church's rites performed.

Faithful. Why does your ladyship lose time in talking with this fellow? don't you know him, madam? 'tis the rascally captain, hid in a black cloak. I know you, sirrah.

Loveall. She has reason; now I mark him better, I should know that false face too: see, Faithful, there are those treacherous eyes still.

Captain. Alas! you mistake me, madam, I am Epilogue now; the captain's within, and as a friend I counsel you, not to incense the gentlemen against the poet, for he knows all your story, and if you anger him he'll put it in a play: but if you'll do friendly offices, I'll undertake, instead of your pearl you lost, to help you to the jewel; the Scotch dictionary will tell you the value of it; let them go alone, and fret not at their loss; stay, and take my counsel, it shall be worth three revenges.

Loveall. Well, what is't, sir?

Captain. They say, you have a great power over the

parson: if you can prevail with him to express his anger in some satiric comedy (for the knave has wit, and they say his genius lies that way,) tell him, 'tis expected he should be revenged upon the illiterate courtier that made this play. If you can bring this business about, I may find a way, as Epilogue, to be thankful, though the captain abused you to-day. Think on't: Stephen is as handsome when the play is done, as Mr. Wild was in the scene.

Loveall. There's something of reason in what he says. —But, my friend, how shall one believe you? you that were such a rascal to-day, in buff, is it to be hoped you can be honest only with putting on a black cloak? Well, I'll venture once again; and if I have any power. he shall sting the malicious rascal; and I think he is fit for such a business. I'm sure he has the worst tongue; and a conscience that neither honour nor truth binds; and therefore 'tis to be believed, if he will rail in public, he may be even with your poet. I will clothe and feed him and his muse this seven years, but I will plague him. Secret tells me, 'twas your poet too that pawn'd me, to-day, in the tavern.

Captain. By my faith, did he; nay, 'twas he that told me of your friendship with Jolly.

Loveall. I wonder the parson has been so long silent; a man of his coat and parts, to be beaten with a pen, by one that speaks sense by rote, like parrots! one that knows not why sense is sense, but by the sound! one that can scarce read, nay, not his own hand! Well, remember your promise.

Captain. Leave it to me, he is your's; and if our plot take, you shall have all your shares in the mirth; but not the profit of the play; and the parson, more than his tithe, a second day.

Loveall. We will discourse of this some other time; and pray dispatch what 'tis you have to say to this noble company, that I may be gone; for those gentlemen will be in such fury, if I stay, and think, because we are alone, God knows what.

Captain. 'Tis no matter what they think, 'tis not them

we are to study now, but these guests; to whom pray address yourself civilly, and beg that they would please to become fathers, and give those brides within.—What say you, gentlemen, will you lend your hands to join them? the match, you see, is made: if you refuse, Stephen misses the wench, and then you cannot justly blame the poet; for you know, they say, that alone is enough to spoil the play.

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